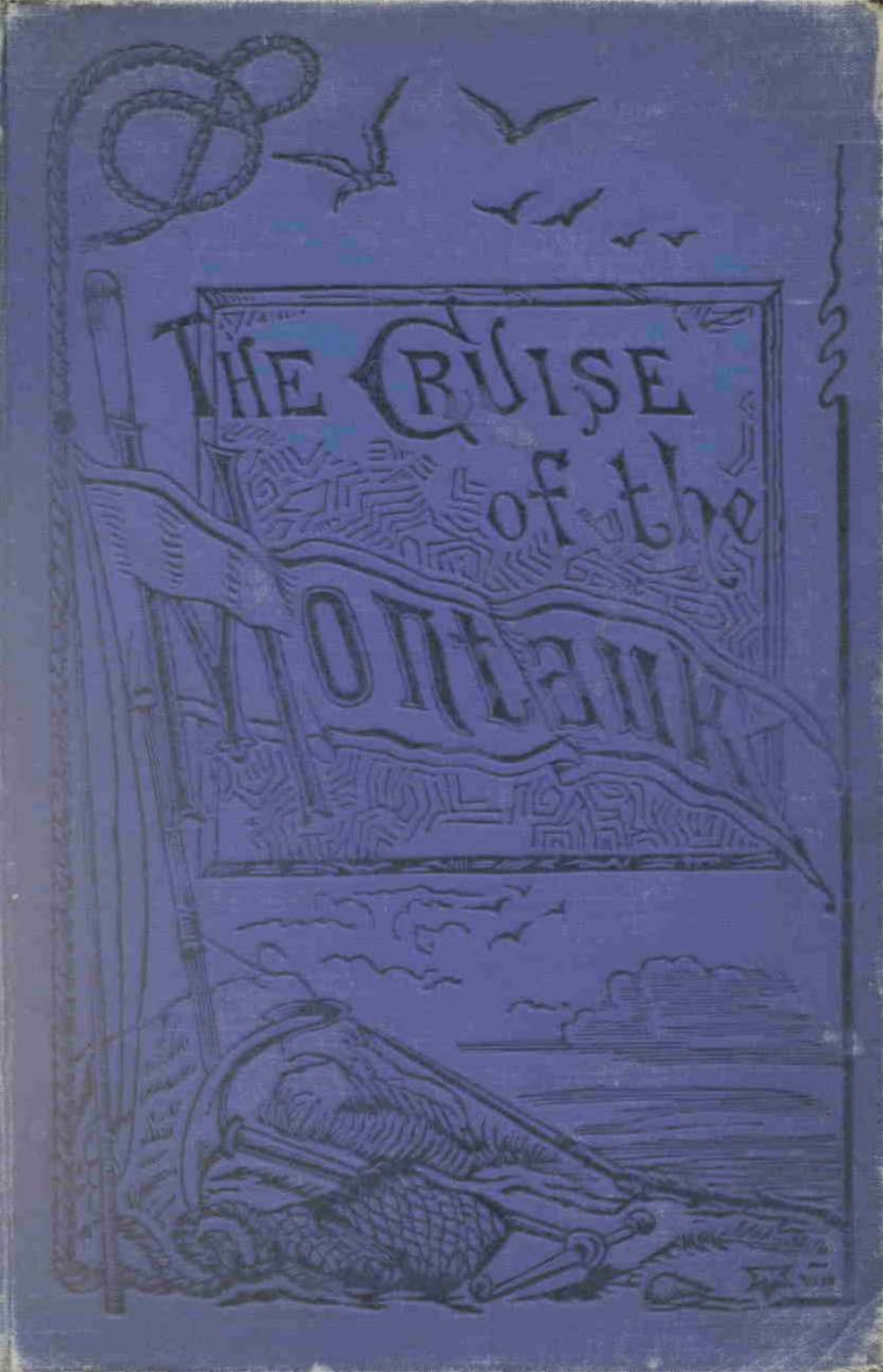
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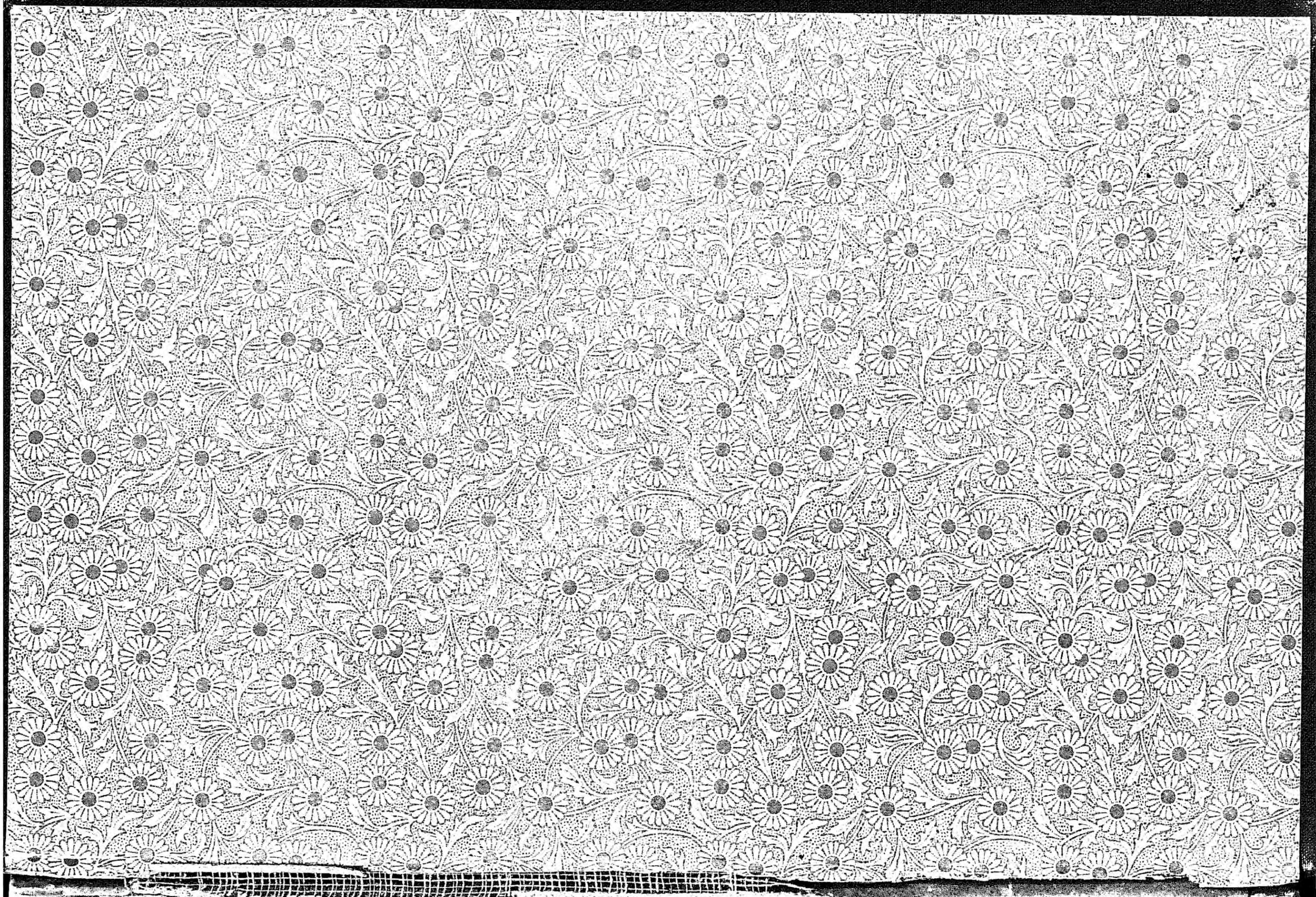
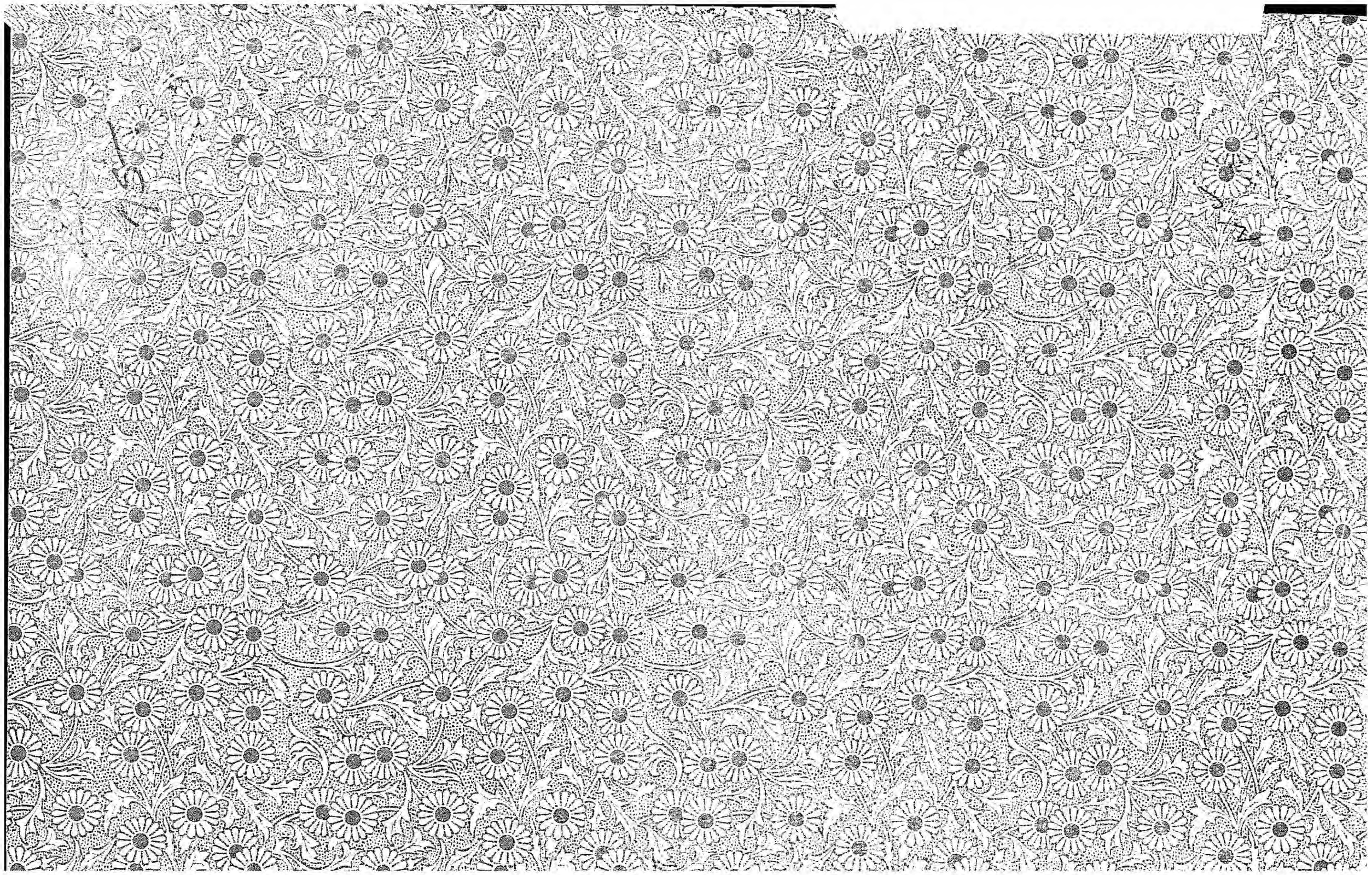
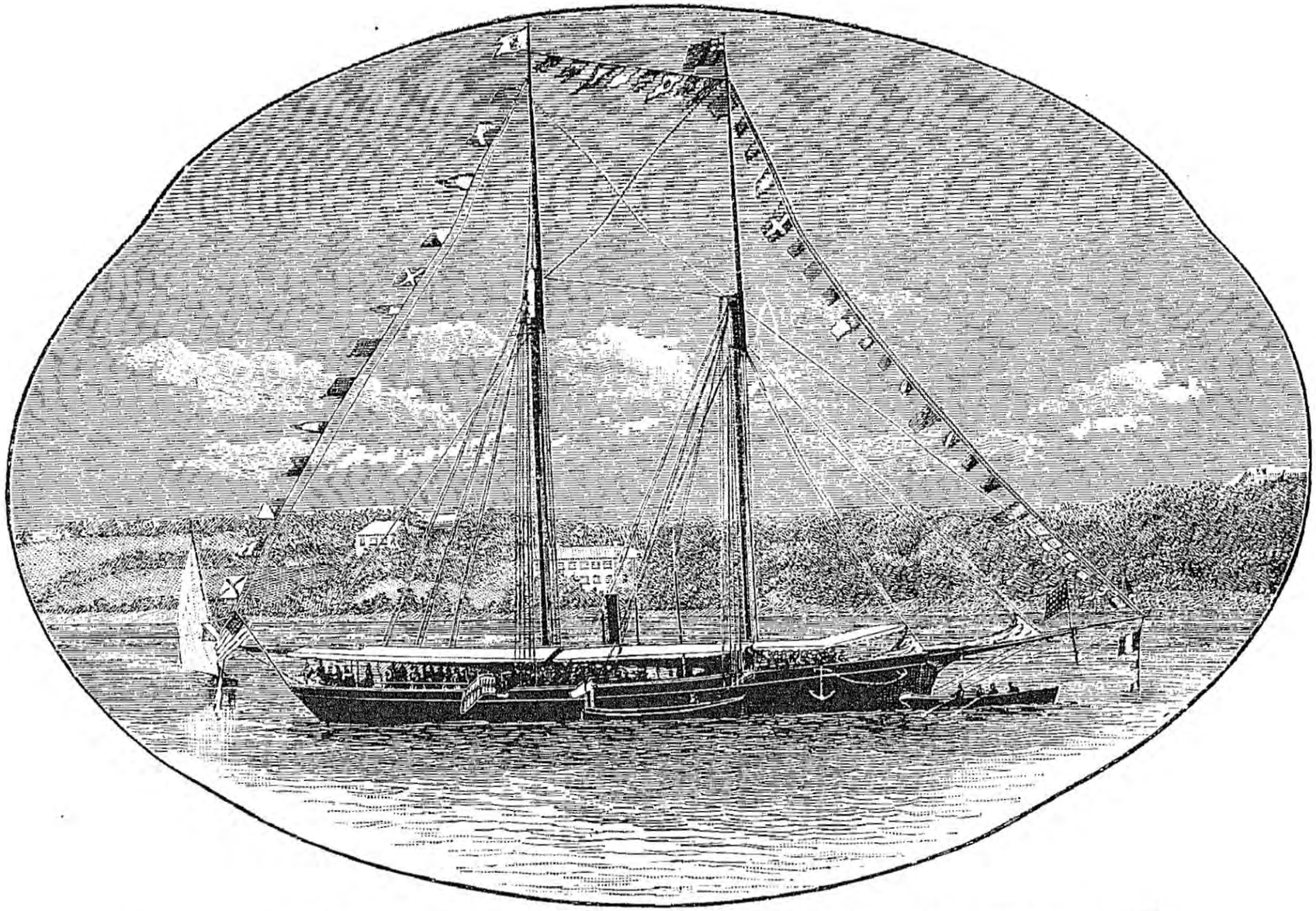






REAR-COMMODORE PLATT, N.Y.Y.C., "AT HOME," HAMILTON HARBOR, MARCH 6, 1884.

THE CRUISE OF THE MONTAUK

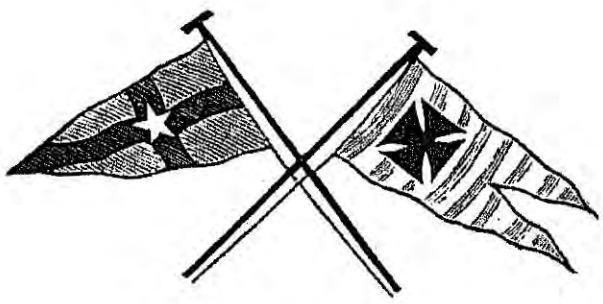
TO

BERMUDA, THE WEST INDIES AND FLORIDA

BY

JAMES MCQUADE

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB



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1885

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PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

To

MR. JOHN R. PLATT

THE GENIAL "UNCLE JOHN," WHOSE JOYOUS PRESENCE ENLIVENS THESE PAGES,

AS HIS UNFLAGGING CHEERFULNESS ENHANCED THE PLEASURES
OF A HAPPY VOYAGE,

I DEDICATE THIS COLLECTION OF LETTERS, DESCRIBING

THE CRUISE OF THE MONTAUK.

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PREFACE.

THIS book grew out of a postage-stamp. Possibly the reader may think it might better have remained in embryo, but the mischief is done, and I have written the opportunity for mine enemy—if I have one.

A few of these letters were published, at the time of their receipt, in the *Utica Observer* and *Utica Herald*. The suggestion that they ought to be collected in a book so tickled my self-esteem that I yielded to the implied flattery; but not until I had consulted my friends, Mr. E. Prentiss Bailey and Mr. S. N. D. North, editors, respectively, of the journals named, whose favorable opinion reinforced the appeal to my vanity. Even then I had such misgiving that personal partiality biased their judgment, that I did not decide until the matter was submitted to Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, the poet and accomplished man of letters; but when his authority confirmed the commendation of the other competent judges I ventured to exhibit my small wares, shifting a portion of the responsibility of presentation from my own, to abler, shoulders.

These screeds have no literary pretension. They are

simply light, gossipy, and perhaps trifling, narrations of what I saw, enveloped in desultory commentaries, without much orderly arrangement and, therefore, inartistic in the book-making view. But I have no pride of authorship, and shall be grateful if they find even a moderate share of acceptance.

It is proper to say that I alone am accountable for the somewhat peculiar views advanced in discussing various topics (which, I know, run counter to the generally-accepted opinions), and that my voyage-companions are not responsible for them; neither are my sponsors, whose encouragement presents me at the font of literature. In the advocacy of my opinions, I am prone to manifest a certain degree of boldness, which may not always be politic, but I invite for them the same degree of criticism I apply to differing views. I act on the principle that everything should be weighed in an unprejudiced scale; that facts, and not mere assertions, ought to form the basis of intelligent opinion; that clamor should not be accepted as argument; and that it is well to heed the counsel of St. Peter: "Be always ready to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is in you."

I have taken the liberty of using names with great freedom, in order to give interest to the dry details of a voyage. I trust I have mentioned no name (whether of those we met, or of others, introduced by way of illustration) the owner of which will find cause for offense in its employment. I

may have written at times with a sharp-pointed pen, but it was dipped in no rankling ink.

I am afraid to acknowledge with how much diffidence I launch my first book venture; I shall not be surprised if it goes down, yet I hope for some propitious breeze of kindly consideration. If I am pardoned for this transgression, I will promise not to offend again—at least until I shall have secured an indulgence from the reading world.

J. McQ.

NEW YORK, November 4, 1884.

CRUISE OF THE

SCHOONER YACHT MONTAUK, N. Y. Y. C.

REAR-COMMODORE S. R. PLATT, Owner.

Sailed from Pier 3 N. R., February 21, 1884, at 8.45 A.M.
Returned (anchored off Stapleton) May 3, 1884, at 11.40 P.M.

SALOON.

REAR-COMMODORE S. R. PLATT, N. Y. Y. C.
(*Land and Water Club*).

MR. JOHN R. PLATT, N. Y. Y. C.
(*Olympic Club*).

MR. THOMAS B. ASTEN, N. Y. Y. C.
(*Olympic Club*).

GENERAL JAMES MCQUADE, N. Y. Y. C.
(*Carlton Island Club*).

OFFICERS AND CREW.

CAPTAIN PETER N. BREITFELD.....*Sailing-Master.*
M. L. BUTTKE.....*Mate.*
RICHARD ZAUK.....*Boatswain.*
CHARLES GOLDON.....*Quartermaster.*
PAUL WEIRAUCH..... "
OLAF PAULSON.....*Able Seaman.*
JOHN PETERSON..... "
ALBERT HOCH..... "
DIEDRICH BORNEMAN..... "
AUGUST FRATA..... "
LOUIS KROUSER.....*Steward.*
ALBERT DERR.....*Messroom Steward.*
WILLIAM MAYO.....*Cook.*
WILHELM BECKER.....*Boy.*

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THE CRUISE OF THE MONTAUK.

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree ;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would see.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Prefatory Apology—Postage-stamps—Renowned Travelers : Sindbad, Gulliver, Munchausen, Marco Polo, the Jesuits—Prester John—The Fog—Fortune in Misfortune—The Compass—Prolonged Send-off—Departure—The Direct Course—A Smiling Sea.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, February 28, 1884.

WHEN I accepted the invitation of my kind friend, Commodore Platt, to accompany him in his yacht on a winter's cruise to the West Indies, you asked me to write you from beyond the seas, so that you might receive letters embellished with foreign postage-stamps. I was somewhat nettled at this request to drop a line merely to hook up varied postal designs from abroad, for it implied incapacity to make my correspondence interesting, assuming that all the value would be on the outside, like a new hat on the head of a dude ; so I resolved, in a spirit of pique, to essay the writing of letters that would have intrinsic value as well as outside stamp attractions.

Whether I shall succeed is problematical. My literary ability is of doubtful merit, and if I have any skill at all it is not in the line of description; at least I have never made an attempt in that direction, and have grave distrust of powers which have not been exercised by, nor subjected to the test of, experience. I have traveled in many lands, but never wrote anything from them save infrequent laconic epistles to the family, containing nothing important except requests for further remittances. But I shall make an effort on this cruise (the greatest effort of my life) under an extraordinary stimulus. I shall dip my pen in the fountain of deep affection, and bring loving inspiration to the surface of these letters. If I fail to make them entertaining, you will at least receive the objects of your desire—the postage-stamps. If you should happen to find anything attractive, I shall be fully recompensed, in whatever pleasure you may derive from their perusal, for the pains I shall take to render them worthy your acceptance.

It is possible that I may be able to present some jottings of personal observation not absolutely devoid of novelty, as few, except those who have visited them, are familiar with the West Indies. Europe is so well known, through the multitude of descriptions by tourists, that it is difficult to pick up anything noteworthy in its well-gleaned fields; but we are comparatively so uninformed regarding the islands I am about to visit, that something may be found to communicate not altogether trite and common-place. I have had a thrilling experience already; nothing remarkable in the occurrence itself, for the winds have blown and the waves have rolled ever since "the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters," but it was a novel encounter with a hurricane in a smaller vessel that I had ever been in before during a gale. The attempt to convey an idea of the little unpleasantness through

which we passed will involve my experimental effort at description, and if I succeed, I shall be encouraged to proceed with less difficult subjects. Not that I would be presumptuous enough to venture upon describing a storm at sea, for it would require an able writer to portray by adequate expression that sublime exhibition of majestic force. I shall simply tell you how I felt about it.

I do not expect in this brief voyage to meet with wonderful adventures, such as are recorded in the veracious chronicles of Sindbad the Sailor, or Gulliver's travels. I take occasion to remark here that, when a boy, before the days of dime novels and the trashy compounds that now supply the youthful mind, I devoured the pages of Gulliver. I never believed all the marvels contained in Swift's great work. I regarded Gulliver as some graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, sent out as a special correspondent, by an enterprising newspaper, on a political survey, who drew upon his imagination to offset the drafts on his publisher. It is now generally conceded—except out in Kansas, where they still read the agricultural columns in farmers' journals—that the adventures of Baron Munchausen are fabulous. Mungo Park told the truth, perhaps, about the compassionate negro women ; but I never credited the description of certain animals by Voltaire. The voyages of Captain Cook are full of interest ; and funny things were "did" by Captain Kidd "as he sailed." The invasion of Mexico by Cortez afforded material for narratives of absorbing interest ; only excelled in modern times by the thrilling adventures of the daring Sergeant Bates, who fearlessly invaded the United States with a United States flag, and ran the risk of having it seized for debt at a village tavern. Pizarro is a figure enchanting to the young reader, who is afflicted by the sorrows of Cora.

The travels of Father De Smet among the Indians be-

yond the Rocky Mountains, are highly entertaining; as are the accounts of the discovery of Peruvian bark by the Jesuit missionaries in Paraguay. It is the bark of a tree. Rome was saved by the hissing of geese, but it remained for the Jesuits to work a miracle and make a tree bark to chase away fever. It may have been a deception, however, for there is a story told (possibly an invention of the Pope Joan order) that the bark was produced by one of their own Order, an Irish priest named Quinquin, suffering from the influenza. He is supposed to have been a relation of a sailor nicknamed Tar Quin, a beastly fellow, mentioned unfavorably by Shakespeare and other chroniclers of the times, but who, if he lived in our day, would probably become a candidate for the Legislature on the Reform ticket. There are certain antiquated notions about the sanctity of the marital relation which, in the progress of the age, require readjustment. Some, however, readjust themselves without regard to law.

I don't expect to see anything in my travels so strange as the land described by Prester John, in his letter to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, which is supposed to have been written by his private secretary, one Morey. The Morey letter is still preserved in the tomb of Barnum as a *memento mori*. I shall not give all the marvelous things he says in this letter of Prester John, for the Morey writes, the less I believe, but here are some extracts. He commences modestly enough:

"John, Priest by the Almighty power of God and the Might of our Lord Jesus Christ, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, to his friend Emanuel, Prince of Constantinople, greeting, wishing him health, prosperity, and the continuance of Divine favor."

His household service was performed by a small staff, consisting of the following servants:

"Seven kings wait upon us monthly, in turn, with sixty-two dukes, two hundred and fifty-six counts and marquises; and twelve archbishops sit at table with us on our right, and twenty bishops on the left, besides the patriarch of St. Thomas, the Sarmatian Protopope, and the Archpope of Susa. Our lord high steward is a primate and king, our cup-bearer is an archbishop and king, our chamberlain a bishop and king, our marshal a king and abbot."

The palace in which "our Supereminency" resides is partially described as follows:

"Ceilings, joists, and architrave are of Sethym wood, the roof of ebony, which can never catch fire. Over the gable of the palace are, at the extremities, two golden apples, in each of which are two carbuncles, so that the gold may shine by day, and the carbuncles by night. The greater gates of the palace are of sardius, with the horn of the horned snake inwrought, so that no one can bring poison within."

"The other portals are of ebony. The windows are of crystal; the tables are partly of gold, partly of amethyst, and the columns supporting the tables are partly of ivory, partly of amethyst. The court in which we watch the jousting is floored with onyx, in order to increase the courage of the combatants."

This description of his house may be exaggerated. There is always a little latitude given in these matters. Perhaps this was an advertisement of sale on a mortgage given to his plumber to pay for stopping a leak in the water-pipe.

The territory of Prester John contained a variety of animals, as will be seen by the following list, which reads like one of Faughpore's menagerie posters:

"Our land is the home of elephants, dromedaries, camels, crockadiles, meta-collinarum,' cametennus, tensevetes, wild apes, white and red lions, white bears, white merles, crickets,

griffins, tigers, lamias, hyenas, wild horses, wild oxen, and wild men, men with horns, one-eyed, men with eyes before and behind, centaurs, fauns, satyrs, pygmies, forty-ell-high giants, Cyclopses, and similar women; it is the home too of the phenix, and of nearly all living animals. We have some people subject to us who feed on the flesh of men and of prematurely born animals, and who never fear death. When any of these people die, their friends and relatives eat him ravenously, for they regard it as a main duty to munch human flesh. Their names are Gog and Magog, Anie, Agit, Azenach, Fommeperi, Befari, Conei-Samante, Agrimandri, Vintefolei, Casbei, Alanei. These and similar nations were shut in behind lofty mountains by Alexander the Great, toward the North. We lead them at our pleasure against our foes, and neither man nor beast is left undevoured if our Majesty gives the requisite permission. And when all our foes are eaten, then we return with our hosts home again."

This is an economical way to dispose of prisoners; it saves the cost of transportation and maintenance. Instead of being compelled to maintain them, they maintain you. Had this system been in operation during our war, we would not now be compelled to endure the infliction of flatulent political orators who ruthlessly "proceed to state and relate how our poor prisoners suffered at Andersonville." In the list of monsters I find no mention of the accident-insurance agent. He must be a modern animal. Would that he were of the Megatherii or Plesiosauri.

I fancy that Prester John was a mythical potentate, although the indefatigable traveller Sir John Mandevil explains his priestly title, and Marco Polo identifies him with a Tartar Khan. Uncle John (no relation of Prester John) remarked that if the description of this truculent despot be correct, he must have been a hard case; a sort of austere Khan. I

don't know what he meant; it was some poor pun, I suppose. My main reason for doubting the existence of this mighty monarch is the claim put forth in this extract from his letter:

"All riches such as are upon the world, our Magnificence possesses in superabundance. With us no one lies, for he who speaks a lie is thenceforth regarded as dead; he is no more thought of, or honored by us. No vice is tolerated by us."

Surely this must be a forgery. The idea of a country where nobody lies. We cannot grasp it in our favored land, where nearly everybody lies; except railroad managers who become millionaires.

It is evident that Ireland was within his dominions, for he says, "Our land streams with honey, and is overflowing with milk. In one region grows no poisonous herb, nor does a querulous frog ever quack in it; no scorpion exists, nor does any serpent glide among the grass, nor can any poisonous animals exist in it, or injure any one."

Yet, in the face of this, the Irish St. Brandan sailed away from the land of my forefathers in search of Paradise, and found it somewhere east of Ireland. The Green Isle itself would have been selected as the site of Paradise but for a climatic obstacle: the snake who tempted Eve couldn't live on Irish ground. I mention this to rebut the claim put forth by certain over-zealous members of the Land League, that Ireland was actually the Garden of Eden until the landlord came in. As St. Brandan found Paradise in the East, there is no use of my looking for it in the West Indies. Besides, my paradise nearer home is good enough for me.

You must not expect me to discover Atlantis or the Fortunate Isles, for I shall be too busy, keeping an eye on the steward to see that he has the mineral-water box packed with ice, and jealously watching the cook lest he delay the dinner;

which duties devolve on me as navigator of the ship's saloon. Still I shall send you something that may vary the dull expanse of news in the Utica newspapers, regarding the color of Reuben Snifkin's new barn on Quality Hill, the quantity of doughnuts contributed at Elder Silas Tartough's donation-party at Empeyville, or conveying the startling intelligence that Ellie Dodkins had gone to spend two days with Daisie Schlunker at Log City.

You know we intended to sail on the 11th of February, and the yacht was at the dock that day, with stores aboard, patent-leather pumps packed, and everything ship-shape, ready for the voyage. I provided a sou'wester (a head covering of oiled silk, something like a poke-bonnet with a long cape, a sort of cross between a coal-scuttle and a sun-umbrella), water-proof boots (the maker wants me to mention his name here, but I won't), and a heavy india rubber overcoat, formerly lyricised as hooptedoodendoo. I have not worn them yet, but I feel the nautical influence of possession, and already speak of north as "noathe," and no longer verdantly talk of going down-stairs to take something. All we needed for a start was a nor'west wind (we don't say northwest in the navy) and the lifting of a pertinacious fog, which stuck like a book-peddler, or a porous plaster to a gauze undershirt in August. We waited patiently for ten days, but the fog didn't lift as much as a shoveler in the street-cleaning brigade; nor did the wind shift, but was as obstinate as Carl Schurz in his adherence to one political party. That nor'wester sulked away up in Alaska or somewhere else, utterly disregarding our bland invitations to pay us a visit east and join in a send-off. We had a send-off every day; our friends congregating in hilarious numbers, devouring the ship's stores, and wishing us *bon voyage* with kindly fervor and unabated enthusiasm which seemed to grow with what it fed upon. That send-off

became as monotonous as the Mulligan letters, sermons describing the novel horrors of intemperance, or diatribes on the infamy of Governors who pardon men improperly sentenced so as to override our liberties with convict votes. Undaunted by the unpropitious weather, our visitors continued to throng to the send-off, making away with edibles, bibables and fumibles, and heartily promising to call again to-morrow, with an alacritous cheerfulness and sympathetic vigor that evinced the greatest interest in our detention. We were enabled during this sluggish period to feel the force of La Rochefoucauld's apophthegm, that we always derive more or less consolation from the misfortunes of even our best friends. Yet we found much comfort in these visits, without which our stay, tied up to the dock, would have been extremely dull, dreary, and disagreeable. The tie that bound us so long to that send-off was a strong one, not easily broken.

The delay, although vexatious to the voyagers, had its compensation for me, as it enabled me to attend a ceremony where my presence was particularly desired by those interested. It was a coincidence worthy of attention, that the very afternoon of this event the wind veered around suddenly, coming out of the northwest, the skies cleared, and we were permitted to depart, as if the weather had been waiting for this event before giving us a clearance to sail. Whether this was a providential interposition, as was claimed by some pious ladies who had assailed Providence with prayerful importunity, I am unable to say. I have not the ear of the Court, and am not consulted regarding the framing of decrees at Special Term; but it certainly was remarkable that the clearing of the sky and the performance of this ceremony were coincident. It was regarded as an auspicious omen, not only because the opportune detention rendered my par-

ticipation possible, and spared the disappointment that absence would have caused ; but because of the superstition connected with the old saying, "Happy the bride the sun shines on."

I bought a compass. Not a large one, for I am not strong enough as a mariner yet to wrestle with a full-sized instrument, but a miniature affair, to hang on my watch-chain as a charm. I can get points in navigation on that compass ; I could see them as soon as I put it on. What is a sailor without a compass? Having shipped behind the mast, that guide became indispensable. Without it, I might have lost my bearings in tacking up Broadway, and strayed into Trinity Church instead of the Stevens House, or gone ashore at the City Hall, and been wrecked on promontorial Hubert O. Thompson.

At length, on the twenty-first day of February, A.D. 1884, the good schooner yacht Montauk, flying the broad pennant of Rear Commodore Samuel R. Platt, New York Yacht Club, left her berth, at Pier 3 North River, and sailed away. As we were towed out of the slip before nine o'clock, it was too early for our friends to give us the final send-off; for which extensive preparation had been made, with full-dress rehearsals and consumption of genuine properties, every day for nearly two weeks. As they were not present to receive anything else, we gave them the slip ; that is, we left it behind, and they can occupy it if they pay wharfage. That send-off was linked sweetness (with a dash of bitters and bit of lemon-peel) long drawn out. It must be adhering to the vicinity of South Ferry yet. It certainly did not come off. It may be wandering around there like an uneasy ghost, crowned with faded flowers and smelling of rum and tobacco. After successive adjournments from day to day, when the time came for the *sine die* motion, there was no one on the dock to make it. We had often welcomed the coming guest, but there was

none to speed our parting. As there were no starters in the stand to give us the send-off, we went off on our own hook, to Sandy Hook.

It was bitter cold as we sailed down the Bay, and we only remained on deck long enough to acknowledge the farewell salute from Miss Walke's flag at Cliff Cottage; when, as it was "a nipping and an eager air," we went below, eager to utilize the proper facilities afforded there for nipping. We knew, however, that many hours would not elapse before the heavy clothing would be thrown aside and we would be luxuriating in sun-baths, shirt-sleeved and straw-hatted. Soon after the tug-boat cast off, the nor'wester, which had blown tingling blasts all the way down when we didn't need its help, treacherously deserted us, and we dawdled along for some hours in a calm. A moderate breeze sprang up in the afternoon, and we started lazily on the direct course, S.S.E., for Bermuda.

There had been a great difference of opinion regarding the adoption of this short course instead of the longer one usually taken—down the coast to Cape Hatteras, thence across to the islands. Strong arguments were offered for both, but the weight of opinion was decidedly in favor of the coast route. When it was learned that Commodore Platt had characteristically determined to keep on the straight path, there were many dubious shakes of the head and prognostications of disaster among the sea-going cognoscenti. One newspaper, which contained a description of the yacht, predicted that if this course were pursued there would be "divine services aboard the Montauk;" which was true in any event, as religious observance is habitual with us on a cruise. This prediction, however, contemplated ministrations *in extremis*. The foreboding came near being right, but not quite. It was a tight squeeze; but the Montauk is too proud

to go down in anything but a hurricane of the first magnitude. It must be first-class, A 1. No second-rate gale can make her yield, if you please.

The claim in favor of the coast route is, that in case of heavy weather some accessible port might be made, while by the direct course, in the event of a hurricane, disablement, or serious accident of any kind, the yacht would be on a comparatively unfrequented waste of waters, out of the track of vessels, far from succor, except such as fortunate chance might bring. That this objection was well founded, is evident from the fact that during our seven days' voyage to this port we saw no vessels.

Perhaps I can explain the difference in routes in this way: Suppose you were on the northwest corner of Washington Square and desired to go to Fourth Street. Taking the direct course, you would go through the square transversely, instead of going along Waverley Place and down University Place, which would be the usual course, to make it analogous to this description of the Hatteras route. In one case, you would have the houses along the street for refuge should accident happen; in the other, you would be in the open square, with only those near who happened to be passing.

It may be that the adoption of the direct course showed more courage than discretion, but I am glad we took it, for during three days the seaworthiness of the Montauk was demonstrated by extreme tests to which yachts are rarely subjected; fully justifying the confidence of Commodore Platt, who, relying on her stanchness and buoyancy, disregarded ominous warnings and sailed straight for Bermuda. The Montauk is a new boat, not yet two years old, and while she had exhibited unequaled sailing qualities, many yachting *quid-nuncs* prophesied that she might do well enough in summer-cruising waters, but would fail if she encountered heavy

seas, to meet which keel-boats were better adapted by their construction. We can now laugh at the croakers. She has come out of the test triumphantly, and, while renowned as an unrivaled swift sailer, can claim to be quite as good as an able sea-boat. A noble yacht is the Montauk. If she were not, I might not be here to write you this letter.

We sailed along under a clear sky Thursday, not making much headway, but basking lazily in the sunshine. It blew quite fresh at night, making it necessary to reef the mainsail. Sleep was difficult, owing to the unaccustomed motion, and the lee-boards were required, but toward morning the wind moderated, and Friday opened delightfully warm and balmy. We sat on deck, without overcoats, and enjoyed keenly the beautiful spectacle. There were no high waves running, but the sea pulsed in smiling ripples; the dark blue expanse, relieved by gleams which burst out in unending repetition, was like some vast plaque of oxidized silver, from the indented laminations of which rays of reflected light glinted in multitudinous sparkles.

CHAPTER II.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The Banquet—Toasts—The Day we Celebrate—The City of New York—The Army and Navy—Woman—The Growl of the Hurricane.

HAMILTON HARBOR, February 28, 1884.

IT was Washington's Birthday, and we observed the Feast of the Father of his Country in due and ancient form. Being but the second day out, we had abundance of delicacies aboard, which had escaped the ravening touch of the send-off, to eke out the "salt-horse" and "dandy-funk" on which we poor sailors suffer. The bill of fare was excellent. Our steward, Louis Krouser, is well up in the duties of his most important office, and the cook, venerable Doctor William Mayo, aged sixty-nine, descendant of an African prince, is a *chef* worthy to wear the *cordon bleu* in the kitchen of an ambassador (always saving and excepting the American). After the cloth was removed, toasts appropriate to the occasion were offered and responded to in the usual manner.

In offering the first toast, "The Day we Celebrate," the Commodore said:

"Gentlemen: In proposing this sentiment I beg leave to premise by congratulating you upon the propitious breezes that are wafting us gently to our first harbor of destination. Before our departure some fears were expressed by anxious friends that, owing to continuous fogs and adverse winds, we might experience rough weather in the Gulf Stream, but we

have entered it without observing any unusual commotion. We have not been compelled to take the ordinary precautions and set the table-racks, for here we are, gliding along on an even keel as comfortably as if seated around a table in the Gilsey House. I am happy to say that there is assurance of continued good weather."

(Here I mumbled a feeble protest, based upon a cloud-observation I had taken in the afternoon, but in my fresh seamanship I dared not assert too boldly the conviction I entertained; which will be referred to further on.) The Commodore continued:

"The day we celebrate is a theme for the loftiest inspiration of the poet, the orator's most impassioned rhetoric, the grandest efforts of the painter's pencil. I cannot do justice to Washington, and shall not dwell at length upon his colossal figure in history. Although he owned slaves, drank rum, and played cards, this truly great and good man, like Deacon Richard Smith, had none of the blemishes which unfortunately disfigure the private characters of many in public life. His slaves were well fed, well clothed, well treated; he was kind to them, and indeed occupied toward them a sort of patriarchal relation. His rum was good; none of your modern simulations and D. T. blendings, and he played a good game of whist. He was a soldier stanch and firm, who could not be beguiled into going in on a weak hand, nor could he be raised out if he held them strong. Take him for all in all, we shall not probably look upon his like again in the presidential chair: I do not intend to become a candidate. Washington himself could not hope for success in these days, and for the same reason that I would decline the nomination, even were I dragged to the Lupercal by Keely's motor—he could not tell a lie.

"This owner of slaves, drinker of rum, and player of cards;

this great soldier, wise statesman, incorruptible patriot, and dignified and courtly gentleman, will forever hold the highest place in the regard of his countrymen, as fast as they arrive from Ireland and Germany. Who can estimate the magnitude of the boon conferred on mankind by the event we are met to commemorate; for which the world is indebted in some degree to his worthy parents, Mr. and Mrs. Washington; to whose memory I beg leave to return the sincere thanks of this gathering. For this purpose, as poor old Sam Glen of the *Herald* used to say, let us 'gather.'

"If their son had not been born, or had turned out to be a daughter, there would be no city of magnificent distances; no monument to mark the tardiness of niggardly recognition of greatness under a Republican form of government; no Boss Shepard, by whom virulent partisan journals could 'point a moral and adorn a tale' of injustice and inappreciation. If Washington had not been born, there would have been no Capitol bearing his name to enframe the Honorable Peleg Slobber, our distinguished member of Congress; and form a background to display the shining virtues of Senator Vorean. Gentlemen! fill your glasses to the first regular toast: The day we celebrate, which gave us a Washington, to fill the world with the glory of his patriotism, and established a Republic so that Slobber might draw his pay regularly as an M.C., and Vorean display the beauties of Christian statesmanship."

The next regular toast was: "The City of New York; a refuge for the oppressed of all nations, the western *refugium peccatorum*."

The Commissioner was called upon to respond. He read from notes, which were renewed from time to time as they fill Dew. He said:

"I thank the distinguished presiding officer and this vast

assemblage for the honor conferred in selecting me to respond to this toast when there are present so many better qualified than I to do it justice. Who can do justice to New York? Not the judges of the criminal courts and police magistrates; there are not enough of them. Nor do we want equal and exact justice to all in its fullest extent. In our young country we must facilitate immigration, we must foster and encourage an increase in the number of inhabitants, so as to develop our resources, and the strict administration of justice would have the effect of depopulating our beautiful city. We have a beautiful city, clean, well paved; carefully swept, and garnished with *chiffonnières* of hoopless old ash-barrels and *jardinières* filled with cabbage-stalks and potato-parings. Look at our sweet-smelling public places and interior parks, the ventilators of over-charged atmospheric fetidness. Let us wander, in leafy seclusion, through shady paths, in the sylvan coverts of the Battery, where, with no discordant sound of jarring traffic to disturb our contemplations, we can enjoy the beauties of nature, soothed by the warblings of sweet birds filling the air with melodious iron-filings. Let us watch Strephon and Chloe and Hezekiah and Amaryllis, innocently disporting amid the far-reaching groves, in unconscious ignorance of the worldly wickedness that prowls outside the precincts of this Arcadian retreat. The gentle shepherds no longer pipe upon oaten straws, but the voice of the accordeon is heard in bosky echoes; likewise doth the entrancing strain of the hand-organ replace the plainings of the whispering lute. Then do musical cranks abound. The shepherd wears not as of yore bunches of gay ribbon at his knee, but there may be a deftly-embroidered patch on the quarter-deck of his corduroys. Nor doth the shepherdess coquettishly shorten her gown to display a shapely leg encased in dainty stockings, quaintly clocked with colors bright;

but she flasheth the Parisian diamonds of the Bowery, and twirls the spinning wheel of the shin-scraping baby-wagon. Now do nymphs on roller-skates glide gracefully over the green sward of asphalt, and fauns frolicsome emerge from trellised fountains to gambol with dryads among the rose-bushes; while the aborous benches in the pastoral scene are filled with shepherd "crooks." See our breathing-places for the poor! Look at breezy St. John's Park!

"In what other city can be found such beneficent public institutions? We have Tammany Hall, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Museum of Anatomy, the Shepherd's Fold, and the Association for the Erection of a Pedestal for the Bartholdi Statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the World' under a bushel of mortar, contributed after much arduous solicitation by the generous American people, in recognition of what France did for us in the War for Independence. Bartholdi *exegit ære monumentum perennius.* His design will outlast the pedestal brass, which, notwithstanding frantic appeals, doesn't seem to be forthcoming.

"Speaking of brass, I am reminded of the Tax Commission, which assesses property with that liberal disregard of relative values adapted to the wants of a free people, particularly that portion that shirks off the tyrannical yoke of taxation.

"Gentlemen, did time permit, I could dwell for hours on the beauties of New York. Consider our devotion to the fine arts; our statue of Lincoln, our great picture-galleries, open for all—*Harper's*, *Leslie's*, *Puck's*, and *Judge's*. Look at our Clubs! Where will you find one so willing and powerful as the New York policeman's? But I cannot enumerate all these salient features which prove that a government of the people, for the people, by the people, finds its most perfect development of botching the charter by rural legislators, in

the great and good city of New York, together with the County of the same."

The Commissioner's remarks were received with tremendous applause, for it was evident he "knows how it is himself," and can confidently challenge an answer to the impertinent governmental interrogatory, What are you going to do about it?

To me was assigned the task of responding to the third regular toast: "The Army and Navy." I said:

"Fellow-voyagers! It is with unfeigned reluctance that I approach the consideration of this theme, of such overwhelming magnitude that I doubt my ability to do it justice. Whether we view the Army of the United States, in its entirety, through a small field-glass, or in detachments, pursuing industrious deserters, it is, like General Jackson in the song, 'an honor to the country and a terror to the foe.' There have been larger armies, but none that have received more attention in Congressional debates, and been made the recipients of more profuse renewals of the assurances of distinguished inconsideration. When I think of the imposing proportions of that grand army, my soul swells with pride. Even now, with comparatively little turbulence, there are in some places as many as three privates and a corporal to a hundred miles, massed along the frontier to protect it from the depredations of Indians on the sutlers' stores. For what is the army without the sutler? it is principally sutler. In the soldier, we have a sutler friend; and, than the Indian, where can be found a subtler foe?

"It is almost unnecessary to say that our magnificent Navy commands the admiration of the world; and that portion of New Jersey situated on Chesequakes Creek, where it might all ride with ease and safety were it not for the Bergen Point mosquitoes, against which iron-clads afford no adequate

protection. The voyages of that briny old sea-dog, Secretary Chandler, from Newport to Martha's Vineyard, fill voluminous annual departmental reports with matter far more interesting to the naval contractor than recitals of the heroic deeds of La Pérouse, Van Tromp, Drake, Nelson, and Paul Jones. What would our navy be without the contractor? It is principally contractor. It affords an example of economical and effective expenditure, prudently placed "where it will do the most good," before election, not paralleled by any of the great maritime powers, from Saxony to Bohemia. They may pilfer us on other appropriations, but they cannot Robeson our Navy."

Here the Commodore interrupted and said severely that politics was interdicted on the yacht, that we were off for pleasure, like the man going to Europe without his family, and did not want the American bane of partisan discussion introduced. I made a suggestion about using the bane to get rid of the Roach in our war-vessels, but the Commodore indignantly shouted silence! so I silenced. The rest of that speech—in which I intended to sail in on frugal appropriations of the River and Harbor Bill for dredging Cohoes Falls, and placing the rivers of John Brown's tract, and the West Canada Creek harbors in proper defensive condition—was drowned in the Commodore's rebuke, and is lost forever to an admiring reading public.

The last regular toast was "Woman." Uncle John was chosen to respond to this, as no one else present was so well qualified, from long years of familiarity with the topic. It required some effort to induce him to undertake the response, for, he said, a woman requires nobody to speak for her; she is able and willing to do it for herself. Then, the speeches thus far were in a mocking vein, and he could not treat this subject facetiously. It was customary at public dinners to

say witty things and crack jokes about the ladies, but he couldn't bring himself to speak lightly of them. He was an old fogy, with obsolete ideas, who retained that respect for women which seems to be lost in the sneering coarseness of this epoch of emasculated dudery.

Upon our assurance that jocularity would not be expected, that he might be as sedate as he pleased, and wouldn't be considered out of place were he as solemn as a deaf man at the Opera, he consented to speak, and responded with eloquent feeling, showing plainly that under the snow-laden foliage of his frosty pow lay verdant tenderness and manly devotion to woman. After some hesitation, Uncle John commenced:

"Ladies and gentlemen——" (When reminded that there were no ladies present, he said, "There are always ladies present in our hearts, and I am going to speak from my heart!"—a gallant remark of the gay old squire of dames that evoked loud applause, as we all felt the sweet presence when he spoke.)

"Mr. Chairman, I feel that I am not qualified to do justice to this subject. I approach it with some trepidation, for I am a married man, and one is apt to be placed in a false position by these discussions. If he is calm, critical, just, and unimpassioned, he renders himself liable to the imputation of evincing the cold cynicism of disillusioning experience, of manifesting the proverbial contempt bred of familiarity; if, on the other hand, he is exuberant and unstinted in his admiration, he incurs the suspicion of extolling a cynosure, of pretending to generalize while having in view some particular object of enthusiasm, in whose regard he feeds the flickering light that burns before the shrine of beauty. Then there's a row in the family. In this remark I desire to have it understood that I am strictly impersonal. Those who

know me need no assurance that I am incapable of giving the slightest cause for matrimonial infelicity. Indeed I might claim to be worthy of being regarded as Cæsar's wife's brother.

"But I am going to be serious in these remarks. Levity grates harshly when women are in question. It is the bad habit to be facetious in the post-prandial treatment of a toast which deserves the first place, but, for some traditional reason, is offered last, and comes in when the audience is tired and requires jocoseness to stimulate flagging interest. I shall be serious, and, instead of trying to be funny and flippant, I shall express my hearty, honest, earnest appreciation of the admirable attributes of woman, which exalt her so far above the coarser nature of man.

"In his rebuke of the exceptional haughtiness of a proud beauty, Tennyson says:

> 'Howe'er it be it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.'

"History abounds with instances of invincible heroism, of fortitude and endurance of misfortune by women, fit to rank with the achievements of mighty conquerors. Woman is noble because she is good; her simple faith, which clings unalterably even to unworthy objects, makes her superior to man, who is often to her a tyrant and a deceiver. Women are true and loyal; they are never traitors. The speaker who preceded me treated the army in a ridiculous sort of a way, but I may be permitted, with grave earnestness, to draw an illustration of woman's fidelity from the late war for our Union. The women of the North were uncompromising adherents to the Union, there were no secessionists among

them; the women of the South beheld unappalled the horrors of war, and were willing, patient, and uncomplaining sharers in the sufferings and privations that attended adhesion to the Lost Cause. In the North, women were faithful to the right; in the South, loyally devoted to politically disloyal fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, they were faithful to the wrong. They clung to their respective standards with unswerving tenacity; until one floated in triumph, and the other, tattered and torn, trailing in the dust of defeat, was picked up and clasped to the constant heart of the ever faithful Southern woman.

"There were many on both sides worthy to rank with Joan of Arc, though they did not don cuirass and helmet and lead mailed warriors in the fray. It required an effort of heroism to part with beloved ones who took up arms to engage in bloody conflict and run the hazard of cruel war. Where in all language is there such a compendium of the better emotions of our nature as the word Mother. She was of heroic mould who said, 'It is hard to part with my first-born; but go, my son! do your duty to our country, and may a mother's blessing attend you wherever you may go!' As the sentinel paced his weary round, while the night wind distilled the odors of Virginian forests; and the air was vocal with myriads of insects hymning lauds to the Creator; and the stars shone down serenely radiant—that mother's blessing was around and about him; more fragrant than the perfume of the trees; the words, echoing in the ear of memory, more tuneful than the subdued harmonies of the night; and the recollection of tears that sparkled in loving eyes while pronouncing the parting benediction, pure as the holy light from heavenly dome above.

"But it is not in the heroic view that woman appears in the most admirable light. It is in the sacred retreat of do-

mestic life that she shines. She is like the glow-worm that emits its radiance in the shade, remote from public view, but pales in the garish light of selfish worldliness. Here we find the tender mother, the loving wife, the dutiful daughter, the patient, untiring nurse. How often does woman's heart bear up bravely against miseries under which man's would sink; how many temptations are resisted before which man's would yield!

> 'Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!'

"The name of Florence Nightingale has become famous in every civilized land; it is a synonym of merciful self-abnegation. There is a multitude of unrenowned Florence Nightingales in every war; and they walk among us, through peaceful paths, every day, unnoticed and unknown. The Geneva Cross is the labarum of the grand army of benevolence. The volunteer hospital nurse is held in grateful remembrance by those who experienced the solace of her benign presence. We cannot pay too much reverence to the holy sisterhood whose lives are dedicated, in the name of religion, to the cause of suffering humanity; who relinquish the pleasures of the world, and abandon their own proper names, to merge themselves in the unidentified designation of 'Sister,' for the purpose of ministering to the poor and afflicted. The maimed or fever-stricken occupant of the bed which charity provides, tossing in pain, sees approach a form clad in sombre raiment, and soon the gentle offices of her vocation alleviate his sufferings, and the cool touch of pious fin-

gers on his burning brow seems to soothe with healing influence. And if it happens that all these efforts are ineffectual to prolong the payment of the last debt, there bends over the stricken couch a saintly figure, and the glazing eyes of the dying man reflect an angelic presence, impressed upon them when they re-open in the brightness of the world beyond. The unsymmetrical folds of that shapeless black gown are the chrysalis husk, which some day will burst into glory, revealing beneath the enfolded seraph wings, that will spread to bear aloft a triumphant soul, buoyed with sustaining good deeds done on earth.

"Mr. Chairman, out on the wide sea, surrounded by voracious waters, at the mercy of spiteful winds, far from home, family, friends and companions, we think more seriously than we are apt to do amid the distracting pleasures and turmoil of shore occupation. I have treated this toast with a gravity not suited perhaps to the joyous abandon of a feast, but in a manner congenial to my own feelings. I respect and honor womankind. I offer as a sentiment: The Sister of Charity and the volunteer hospital nurse—impersonations of self-sacrificing womanly compassion; their uniforms are the outward and visible signs of the innate nobility of the true woman."

That Uncle John had struck a vibrating chord was manifest in the sympathetic silence that followed his remarks. We retired from the table, touched and softened. There were no more toasts, for we were but four voyagers, and each had performed his allotted duty. Before the conclusion of the last speech there were unmistakable signs of a storm brewing, which would soon burst upon us, an ironical comment on the Commodore's complacent felicitations of assured continuance of fine weather. I had my joke at his expense, you may be sure. I don't often miss a chance. A threatening growl

was heard coming over the sea, as if a lion were giving notice that he was about to come out of his den ; there was an unsteadiness among the glasses on the board, which we knew were not deceptive waverings that came from looking at the bottles, for we are not prone to over-indulgence ; we could hear the sailors on deck taking in sail, and there was every indication of a nasty night. We turned into our berths, silently and soberly, still feeling the influence of Uncle John's soul-felt tribute to Woman.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM.

No Poppy-juice—Meteorology—Laying to—A Disturbance—Queer Fancies—Optical Delusion—Life Insurance—My Own Funeral—The Flute—Mont Cenis—Old Theatres—The Banshee—A Daughter's Devotion—Corked-up—Seasickness—Depression—The Convent Bell.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, February 29, 1884.

THE soothing influence that attended us when we turned in was "not poppy nor mandragora" that could medicine us to that sweet sleep inferentially promised by the Commodore in his rose-colored anticipations of smooth sailing. We were soon in a state of topsy-turvitude that murdered sleep. Our heads had hardly softly sought the pillow when the gale, that had been menacing for some time, struck us with great fury. The skirmishers had been sent out before, and we felt the scattering fire while yet at table, but now the attack was made in force. We had a doleful experience following the feast of the nativity of Washington, notwithstanding the enthusiastic Commodore's complacent promises of lullaby winds and cradling waves. They were not a bit like the cradle, but had more promise of the grave. We sat down to dine Friday evening at six, and didn't go on deck again for any considerable length of time, until Sunday morning at ten o'clock.

During that time we were close prisoners, guarded by implacable winds and rough waves with unremitting vigilance.

We performed an enforced forty hours' devotion, in retreat; *Quarante oro*, quarantined by old Neptune. I venture to suggest, without much fear of contradiction from my fellow-prisoners, that, mildly speaking, it was not comfortable.

I am going to set up as a meteorologist. I have established quite a reputation for weather wisdom. But why shouldn't I? Who ought to know about weather so well as the Utican? Where is there more weather to be found? Besides no true Utican will permit his native place to be excelled in any respect, and it must now take high rank as the home of the weather-wise, as well as the harbor of politicians from other haunts of the world who settle there to become Governors, United States Senators and Members of Congress. Friday afternoon, as I emerged from the companion-way, I saw a thin streak of ragged cloud in the south-eastern sky, which looked like a fragment, with a frayed edge, torn off from a larger piece. I remarked that I thought it indicated a storm, but my landsman opinion evidently met with no consideration, as the sky was clear in every quarter, although there were some small blurs of fleeciness discernible near the western horizon. My prognostic not being received with the favor with which an opinion on any subject coming from the home of statesmen and sages is entitled, I belayed my tongue and shut my prophetic mouth, simply suggesting, apologetically, that I was born on the shores of the Erie Canal, and ought to know something about the sea. Shortly afterward, I ventured to remark to the sailing-master, with becoming diffidence, that he would have to double reef the mainsail again to-night. He thought not, but said, with a sailor's characteristic caution, that he could not tell. Soon the clouds began to gather threateningly in the western sky, which assumed a vaporous appearance, with the water elevators, showing their divergent ladders, strongly marked; and

the sun went down behind a bank of coppery clouds, with lurid, menacing glare. There were no positive indications of close proximity to a storm even then; indeed, when we sat down to our frugal Washington's Birthday repast, the wind lulled, and we ate our dinner in happy unconsciousness of the imminent hurricane.

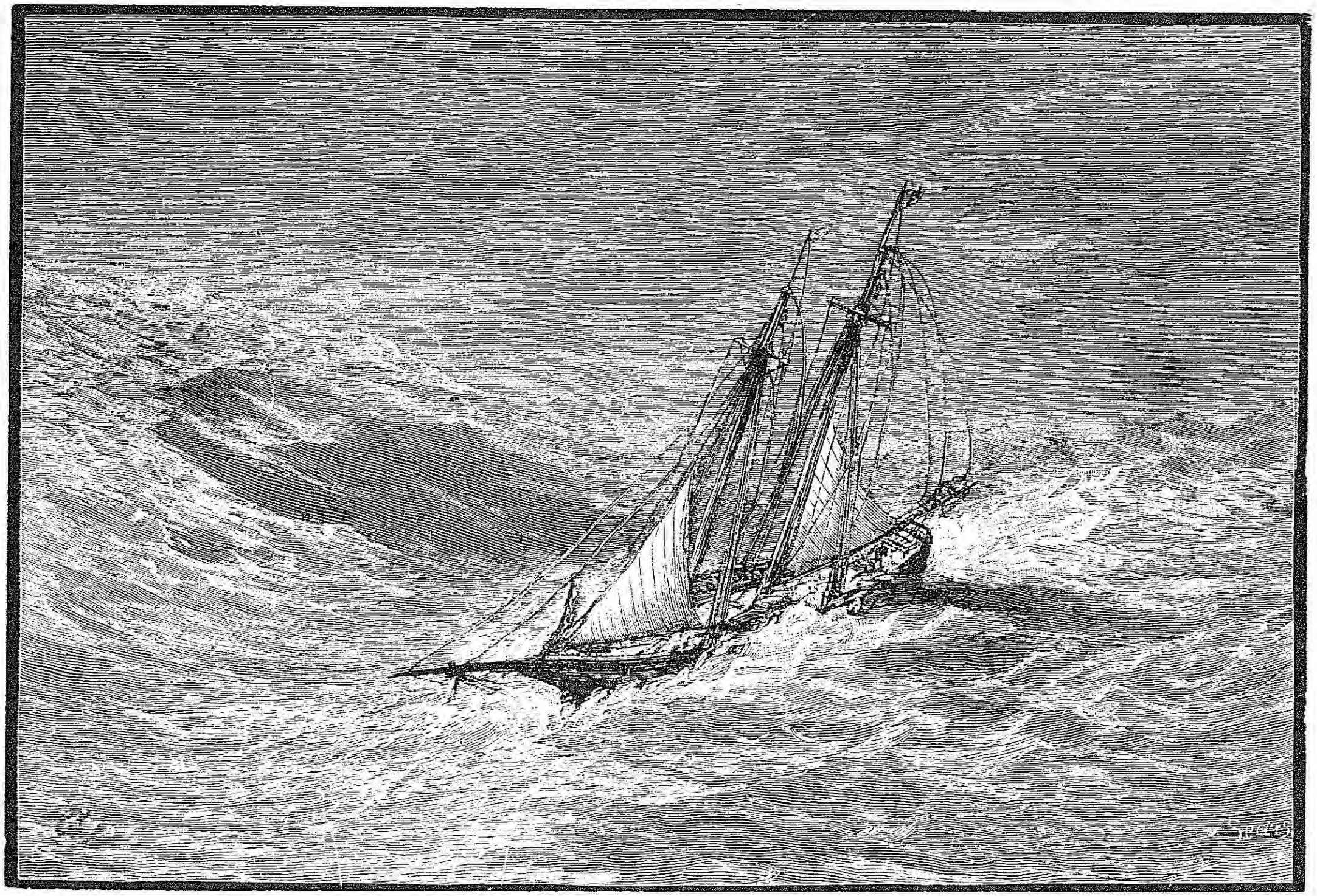
It blew hard the night before, but then it was clear and starlight, while now the sky was overcast with sullen, lowering clouds; the barometer fell with alarming rapidity; the sea looked angry and rose with threatening surge, and it was evident, to say the least, that a hard blow was coming on. At midnight it blew a gale, and it was found necessary to "lay to." This laying to is resorted to when it is found that the vessel is unable to carry sail on account of the dangerous wind and high-running waves. It is done by furling the sails, except some small bit of canvas, to give steerage-way, and pointing the vessel directly in the teeth of the wind. Thus the only resistance offered is by the hull, masts, and rigging, and the wind has but comparatively little to take hold of, the craft remaining stationary, except that she may drift sternward in a current made by the gale. A low vessel has an advantage, in not presenting so much surface for the assaults of the wind.

I can illustrate this process of laying to by an umbrella. Suppose you are out in a strong wind, with an umbrella raised. If it is so violent that you cannot hold it safely, you close the umbrella, which is furling sails. If you point the ferrule straight at the wind, your umbrella is "laying to."

I have experienced some heavy storms at sea, in the north and south Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the English Channel, and elsewhere, and have been in squalls on Lake Ontario that were not to be sneezed at, but this excelled anything that I had ever met before. Theretofore I had been on large

steamers of two or three thousand tons burden, with decks towering above the sea, beyond the reach of waves unless they ran extraordinarily high; but here we were on a little yacht one hundred feet long and twenty-five in breadth at the widest point, with a deck exactly four feet above the water-line. When you think that the waves were running fifteen or twenty feet high, and that the wind was blowing a fierce gale, you may imagine that the deck of the Montauk was not a pleasant place to be. I wasn't there, however. I was below in the saloon with the other voyagers. We had no particular inclination to be on deck, and if we had, its gratification would have been attended with much difficulty. It was a wonder how the sailors could maintain their footing even to do what little they had to do with all the sails furled.

I have not the power to describe that storm. If you can imagine in the howling wind a continuous roar such as one hears at Niagara Falls, with a beating on the masts and rigging sounding like a train of railroad cars in motion, interspersed with frequent booms like the discharge of cannon when huge waves struck forward, and rushed in tumultuous torrents, seething, lashing, foaming, the spiteful floods seeming as if seeking to tear something venomously, you might form an idea of the babel of unpleasant sounds which filled our ears as we lay below in the saloon, with the skylight covered with boards under layers of strong canvas screwed to the deck, the hatches battened down, and everything sealed tight to keep out the water. If I may use the simile, we made a sort of water sandwich. Underneath, with a few planks between us and the mighty ocean, the angry waves, lashed into fury, struck at our vessel with untiring persistency; overhead, the deck was covered with streams of water from the seas, shattered into spray that broke constantly over the bulwarks, causing her to tremble in every joint; the flood surg-



IN THE STORM.

ing, advancing and receding, forward and aft, shifting from side to side until it found an outlet through the scuppers. Then the fearful din outside was re-echoed within by the creakings and groanings of the joiner-work, filling the saloon with all kinds of queer noises, whistles and sighs and moans, sometimes sharp and petulant, at others taking the tone of hushed, whispering voices. One might imagine that they were wails and lamentations for a coming disaster; the keening of the Banshee commingling with the screechings of malignant water-demons.

Strange fancies came to us, while we lay, tossed by the vexed seas, in the closed saloon, the turned-down wick of the ceiling-lamp lighting with shadeful indistinctness, casting around vague shadows of weird, shuddering aspect. It is impossible to sleep soundly grasping the lee-board to keep in the berth, but one occasionally drops off in an uneasy doze, when phantasmagorial troops come riding through the brain, in quick succession, like the figures on the revolving toy held before a mirror, mingling in heterogeneous contact.

Nearly everybody is familiar with optical delusions created by objects seen in an imperfect light, particularly at night; how garments, hung over the backs of chairs, become figures apparently substantial; how flickering gleams on the wall take varied conformations, graceful and beautiful, familiar and homely, or extravagant, grotesque and bizarre. I experienced one of these effects which had every appearance of reality. On account of the greater warmth of the saloon, which was heated by a stove, we occupied the flanking berths in it, instead of sleeping in our state-rooms. My room is on the port quarter aft, opening from the companion-way, in the direct line of vision from the forward starboard berth where I lay. The door was open and a lantern, swinging outside, dimly revealed the interior. Awaking from a

troubled drowse, the first thing that met my eye was this room, in which I saw, distinctly and clearly-defined, the figure of a nun kneeling in prayer, with folded hands, and veiled head bent forward in attitude of supplication. I was startled; just coming out of a doze, with confused faculties, obscured by the clinging mists of sleep partially dispelled. I looked intently: there was the figure plain and palpable. I knew there was no person in the room, and that it was not, therefore, a real presence with changed appearance caused by the cloudy light; nor was it a phantasm, for my nerves were not shaken in the least by the somewhat appalling situation, and I was as calm and self-possessed, though appreciating the danger, as if I were in my bed on land. I lay there some time, watching the shape, endeavoring to make it change to the view, but in vain. I would shut my eyes and re-open them quickly, but beheld again the suppliant nun in precisely the same position.

At length I quit my berth and crawled over to the room to learn what material composed such a remarkably distinct deceptive impersonation to the fancy. The inside of the room is painted white, the bedding is of the same color, and the apparition was created in this way: I had thrown a long overcoat carelessly on the high berth, so that it hung down in front of the drapery, and, in the relief of staring white background, it assumed the appearance of a kneeling figure, when seen across the saloon. I did not disturb it, but returned to see if it would appear the same when revealed in the knowledge of what caused the *similacrum*. Re-entering my berth, I looked again, and there it was, without the slightest change. It was such a remarkable verisimilitude that it possessed a sort of fascination, and I spent a long time looking at the shape, straining my eyes and shifting my position in the endeavor to make it conform to what I knew it to be—an over-

coat spread on a white coverlet. Had I been prone to accept supernatural appearances, I might have believed when I first saw the figure that it was some benignant guardian shape sent to protect me in the surrounding perils; or the water-wraith warning of disaster. Many well-authenticated "appearances" have no more foundation than this figment of the imagination. And yet who knows but that, far away, some nun may have been praying in her dreams, and the aspirations took form and shape in my room? Who knows?

I suppose if one were lost at sea the life insurance companies would offer no objection to paying the risk, if the requisite permit had been obtained to sail, which involved the consent of the Company to go down. They are never exacting in these matters. After one has paid premiums for many years they never set up a quibbling defence to cashing the prize drawn by a lucky number. The proof of loss is the rub. If we all go down in this gale, how would the loss be proved? We couldn't very well swear for each other, as I fancy the Governor hasn't appointed any notaries-public for Davy Jones' locker. There is no Senator from that district to procure the appointment.

A queer idea strikes me, as a piece of possible bad luck. I have made posthumous provision for a moderate collation to veteran soldiers and friends upon their return from my funeral, by and by, and it occurs to me that if I am lost at sea the entertainment could not come off as advertised; which would be hard on the boys. Then, too, I have been noted for my faithful attendance at funerals, and it would be a cruel stroke of unkind fortune if, after having been present at so many obsequies of others, I should be denied the privilege of attending my own funeral.

That little sound, like the note of a flute, coming timidly out of the mast-case, reminds me of Miller, from whom I

took music-lessons. He was a shaky old chap, who had been a musician in the British Army, and played liquid notes with true vinous quaver. I remember the first tune I essayed—after disastrous contention with scales and exercises, where they had the worst of it—"My love is but a lassie yet." I was faithful to that lassie. I failed to win her, but I never courted another tune. How these long-forgotten trifles come back when we lie awake all night! The mind seems to leap backward and forward, annihilating both time and space without the slightest regard for the unities.

I was nearly thrown out of my berth by a sudden lurch while half asleep. The covering had fallen off, and, as the fire was out, I felt cold. I imagined I was again undergoing my coldest experience—crossing Mont Cenis in the *coupé* of a *diligence* at night. I dreamt that the lurch of the ship was the diligence-wheel striking a stone in the rocky pass. I pulled up the clothing and was warm again. What a wonderful thing is a dream! The events of days flash through the brain in an instant. Actual occurrences move slowly, like sound, the dream must travel as quickly as light.

The Park Theatre was burned down finally about the time roaring Jack Scott played at the Bowery, and made nearly as much noise as Forrest when he made Rome howl. I don't remember the old Park, but I can recall Burton, in Palmo's Opera House, on Chambers Street, with Harry Placide in the "Old Guard," and John Brougham playing Captain Murphy Maguire in the "Serious Family." Mary Taylor was the great favorite in Mitchell's Olympic; snug little box, home of farce, vaudeville, and operetta, with George Holland, that "rascal Jack" Dunn, Walcot, the Mestayers, and Isherwoods. I don't know what makes me think of theatres now; I ought to have churches in my mind. But man is perverse. Perhaps this is my last act and I am about to make an exit,

in a grand tableau without any audience. Well, I will get the best of the life insurance companies, if I do. I have been trying it, at great pecuniary loss, for years, but I may have the bulge on them in this swelling sea.

I wonder if there is such a thing as the Banshee attached to old Irish families. It is a belief very generally accepted in Ireland. The Banshee is a spirit who assumes the shape of a woman, and her duty is to warn the family of which she is a retainer, of approaching misfortune. The music of the song of the Banshee is given in Mrs. Hall's sketches of Ireland; a correct notation of the wail, which forms the theme for the keen or death-cry furnished by old women at funerals. Somebody must have heard the lament who understood music and put down the notes. I have heard it several times to-night. According to the old bardic verse:

> The Banshee mournful wails
> In the midst of the silent, lonely night,
> Plaintive she sings the song of death.

The Banshee may be seen as well as heard, but only by the person on whom she specially waits. She always appears in a white robe, or I might have taken the apparition in my state-room for the family attendant. That is, if I am entitled to one, but it is probable the spirits don't emigrate. They would be of no use in this country. We couldn't make Banshee aldermen. I have no desire to see mine yet awhile, but if she comes I can't help myself. Let her come; it will be all the same to Vanderbilt and me a hundred years hence.

Women exhibit more fortitude than men. I have been thinking of the wonderful nerve displayed by a young girl not long ago. Her mother lay unconscious, with the shadow of approaching dissolution on her features. The loving

daughter knelt by her bedside and, as the life-stream slowly ebbed, to meet the turn of flood-tide to eternity, she read the form of prayer for the dying prescribed by her church ritual. She was her mother's favorite child, bound to her by the strongest affection. She recited the prayers for the departing soul in tones clear, distinct, and firm as if she were reading the ordinary services of the day, without the heart-breaking accessories which made her performance of this religious duty, sustained by exalted faith, a marvel of self-control. Even when she came to the agonizing words, *In manus tuas, Domine*—"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit"—her voice pronounced the sentence without faltering inflection, though the mighty effort required to maintain her composure was manifest. *Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!* Not until the physician said, "All is over!" did she betray her anguish, but then she gave way to her overwhelming sorrow, and burst into a flood of heart-bleeding tears. The spectacle of this young girl—with loving eyes glancing from the book of prayer to her mother's face, gradually fading into the ashy hue of death—restraining the manifestation of her poignant grief so that she might properly perform the offices prescribed by her belief, was a sublime exhibition of the invincible power of religious faith.

We have little faith in these times. Who can discern the line that divides faith from superstition? It would be well if we had more superstition of the right kind.

I can hear the pumps working occasionally, but they find little water in the hold. The Montauk is exceptionally strong-timbered; she is not liable to spring aleak. But an anticipated terror haunts us. Amid the trampling and shouting on deck, we dread lest we hear the cry of Man overboard! That is our only fear. We lie here below, battened down, corked up as if in a bottle. We can float even if the

sticks are taken out of the yacht by the hurricane. Grant said something about Butler being bottled up, but he could get away after some fashion. We can't; there is no place to go. We can't go ashore. I wish we were in the Dutch Gap Canal rather than the Gulf Stream.

What an awful sight is the sea, lashed into fury! Looking out, through a small aperture in the canvas covering the companion-way hatch, at the heaving masses of surging black water, we can see fitful apparitions of crested foam flying by, like sheeted ghosts gibbering malignly.

This gale is so violent that some of the crew are seasick. The old cook, a veteran sailor, who prepares the hot coffee for the watch—all are on duty now—has been compelled to lie down. He may heave too. Seasickness is the most distressing of ailments. It is difficult to explain the sensations one experiences floundering in this slough of despond. It is so overpowering that, after the first contortionate encounter, the wretched victim sinks into a helpless state of inertness and lassitude, and becomes perfectly indifferent as to what may happen. The affliction is a happy combination of nausea, yellow fever, pneumonia, epizoöty, cholera morbus, chilblains, toothache, inflammatory rheumatism, ephialtes, malaria, acetic acid, gall, Limburger cheese, mining stocks, and temperance lectures, which makes the unfortunate possessor feel that life has become a burden, which he would gladly throw off had he the strength to reach the ship's side. There is no appetite, nor any place to put it. Seasickness is sole tenant in possession, occupying all the premises. Were one able to eat it, the food, like a Fenian orator, couldn't be kept down. Nor would it come up smiling, as a plucky pugilist after losing a round. *Au contraire.* A man seized and possessed in fee-simple of all and singular the right, title, and interest in and to a full-sized, able-bodied seasickness, is op-

pressed with more property than he can get rid of on favorable terms. He can't even quitclaim.

He feels as if he were plunged in the crater of a volcano; submerged beneath an iceberg of ten thousand thousand tons bergden; he is a frightful example of gaping vacuity; he is a mixture of Scylla and Charybdis; he is Sisyphus rolling marbles; he is Prometheus bound, with the eagle preying on his vitals and finding there nothing worth preying for. He is a howling wilderness. The seasick man has a great deal on his mind and nothing on his stomach. He is an aching void. He has swallowed the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. He is in a state of total depravity. He hates his friends, and detests young onions, sliced with cucumbers in vinegar. The man who first ate boiled mutton, raw, with capers, or invented mint-sauce for roasted lamb, must have been seasick. He wonders why he was born; and is in such a flimsy, dilapidated, limp, and demoralized condition, that he wouldn't have courage enough to refuse his name for a book on the war, sold only by subscription. As an alternative misery, he would consent to serve as an inspector of election, although he couldn't hold the appointment, and would soon have to throw it up. The man genuinely seasick is lost to all sense of honor, and would eat with his knife, devour underdone veal, or pour molasses on codfish-balls. He would peddle lightning-rods, or infallible cures for catarrh, make love to Erinnys, and quote the *Sign Post* in politics. It is an extreme surmise, hardly within the range of probability, yet such is the dementation of seasickness, that the miserable sufferer may become so far lost to a sense of propriety as to read a President's message aloud, at the breakfast-table, in the bosom of his own family.

A story is told of a captain going around among his passengers, during a violent storm, and warning them to pre-

pare, as the ship would go down in an hour. "Good gracious!" exclaimed one, writhing in the travail of seasickness, "must I live an hour longer!" I told this story to Uncle John, as a cheerful and enlivening narrative, suited to our condition—shouting it in his ear as we clung temporarily to the sideboard—and when I remarked that, to the captain's suggestion, the seasick passenger demurred, the veteran yachtsman said, "Of course; he couldn't help himself; it was spontaneous; he *mal-de-mer*ed." This is the most atrocious pun I ever heard; but I excuse him. Still it was hardly fair to take advantage of me in a hurricane. Uncle John would have his joke if a wave were hovering over us, like the rock suspended over Tantalus, threatening to descend and crush in the deck of our little yacht, atomical in this vast expanse of water.

I have imagined all this seasick business. I know nothing by experience. I am proof; something above proof, for I am always in high spirits. I have never been seasick under any circumstances. Once upon a time I was crossing the English Channel in one of the cockle-shell steamers that ply between Calais and Dover, and there were but two passengers unaffected by the short chopping sea which is such a provocative of the malady—I and a bagman from Manchester. We sat forward, under the half-deck, and smoked, greatly to the disgruntlement of the pewter-mug *malades*. We were out of the way, to be sure, but they can stand anything better than tobacco, to which they have an unconquerable aversion. It is nearly as bad as a politician's explanation of the tariff question, which nobody can stand. I don't hanker after seasick experience, so as to be able to describe it. None in mine, if you please; it isn't nice. It can be described by the imagination. This is such a description; an eidolon, like the figure I saw in my state-room, anent which

Uncle John remarked that it had no business to be eidolon around there frightening people. Nobody is so deserving of compassion as the seasick, yet nobody receives less sympathy. It is a "dem'd moist unpleasant body," as Mantilini says, but everybody ridicules the subject. There is no remedy for seasickness. Champagne, brandy, and other stimulants are held in high repute, but there is no effectual cure. Many nostrums have been prepared, but none of them prove genuine; the compounds all turn out spurious.

The sleighing must be fine near Utica now. I would rather be driving my black mare, Viola, through upper Genesee Street, with a wolf-skin robe to keep us warm, in the bright, frosty, exhilarating air, properly charged with oxygen, than groping here, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in to saucy doubts and fears," in the unelastic atmosphere of the saloon, with no ventilation, except through the stove-door, which is left open for that purpose.

It is depressing, do what we may to simulate jollity; and we have a strain of the Mark Tapley blood among us. We cannot, however, constantly entertain cheerful thoughts as guests, though we may strive to bar out all others. The melancholy will come uninvited and force their way in. The mind often undergoes some strain, which leaves it for a long time sensitive to dejecting influences, which it feels first in the abraded strand of recollection. I think of one now. A husband was sent for hurriedly to come to the bedside of his sick wife. He did not know that she was dangerously ill until his arrival, when he found her unconscious. She lay in a comatose state for five days, during which he eagerly hung over her with wistful gaze, yearning for a moment of consciousness that would enable her to hear him say good-by before she started on the last journey. But this boon, so fervently prayed for, was not granted. She was unconscious

to the last, and died without recognizing her long-time companion, whose mind during these weary five days was stretched relentlessly on the rack of torturing anxiety. The mind may wear scars. There are mental afflictions as hard to bear as physical sufferings, for they are always with us. The illness of the body may yield to medicine, but who can "minister to a mind diseased," and "pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?"

That thunderous booming of the waves recalls Malvern Hill, with the massed artillery plunging slaughterous missiles through Magruder's gallant column of venturesome Confederates, who paid a fearful penalty for their temerity. The drumming of the rigging is beating the long-roll to meet a night attack.

But I will not indulge these dismal reflections. Rather let the thoughts be joyful and happy. I can find in these crackling noises, that fill the saloon with apparent discordance, cheerful sounds; for everything depends on the manner in which we receive impressions; the mould in which we cast them. Therefore will I be deaf to Cassandra. I will hear no notes of evil, but these whispers will be to me soft murmurs, flying over the boisterous waves and finding a resting-place in the ark, sweet-voiced messengers, bringing fond remembrance from dear ones on land. I will hear in these whistles the song of the oriole on embowered Rutger Street, the trilling of the robin from the venerable old elms of Broad Street, and the flutter of bright wings, circling around the fountain where birds sip in Chancellor Square. But above all will I hear the mellow tone of holy convent bell, pealing out, from cloistered retreat, a reverent invitation to join in the prayers constantly ascending for all that dwell on land, or sail in ships on the sea.

CHAPTER IV.

A HARBOR REACHED.

Still Below—A Dilemma—Short Commons—Under Bare Poles—Monsieur Tonson come again—29.50—The Barometer Watch—A let up—Gulf-weed—Flying-fish—Ash Wednesday—Bermuda Light—Hamilton Harbor.

HAMILTON, February 29, 1884.

WE lay through that raging night, buffeted about as if the sea-king were kicking and cuffing us spitefully for venturing to cross his domains in such an insignificant vessel while he was in bad humor. Keeping in our berths was a matter attended with much difficulty, tumbling, posturing, and contortion, and it might have been with some swearing, had we been addicted to the profane habit of our countrymen, many of whom interlard conversation with oaths without any apparent necessity for their emphatic employment. Expletives are common everywhere, but we excel in downright hard swearing; profanity for the sake of being profane, without meaning any harm. In some places oaths are employed for terms of endearment, as Senator Nye once explained to Charles Sumner. In the United States, one may be regarded as a gentleman even if he swears and chews tobacco.

The deck was hardly a comfortable place. There is not much fun in crouching on slippery planks, holding on like grim death, or being lashed, which is the only safe precaution; to say nothing of the constant showers of spray whirling overhead; so we made the best of it and kept in our

berths. To brace up required some skill in equitation; we could not read because of the general shakiness, and smoking was forbidden by the lack of adequate ventilation. This condition lasted until about four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, when, after laying to for seventeen hours, we found ourselves in a dilemma. The wind, which had been blowing from south-by-east, shifted and came out of the northwest with equal violence. Here was a complication; we were struck between wind and water. The yacht couldn't carry sail with such a gale blowing, nor could she be laid to in the direction contrary to that she had occupied, for the sea was running very high from the southward, and if she turned about and pointed northwest she would take the waves over the stern and run the risk of being swamped. It was a perplexing moment for the sailing-master, who had to decide quickly. Were it possible to lay to on the other quarter without being pooped, wearing ship would be attended with difficulty, and something unpleasant might happen if the yacht broached to. Then he found that the vessel was not long enough to "reach" as the sea was running, so there was nothing for it but to buck into the waves, run under bare poles and take the chances. A bit of canvas was set, a reefed fore-staysail about as big as a Deerfield pocket-handkerchief, and off she started before the wind, breasting the sea gallantly, driving her bowsprit into the advancing waves and rising like a duck, shaking herself as she emerged and casting the waves contemptuously on either side. She reminded one of a noble Newfoundland dog plunging into the surf. It was a grand sight: the huge waves advanced, towering far above the yacht as if they would overwhelm her, and just as it seemed that she was about to be engulfed, she would lift up her head and the threatening waves would glide harmlessly under the keel. Peerless yacht Montauk!

A little of this went a good way with us; it was a splendid display, but we didn't stay outside in the storm; we knew enough to come in when it rained. The usual attention was not paid to the *cuisine* during that forty hours below. The table was not spread. There were several sets of dishes in the steward's pantry, but no dishes set on the table. Too much knocking about for unguyed crockery. Then I don't think we had much appetite, notwithstanding we took considerable exercise on an empty stomach. Fortunately we had a good dinner Friday, as we ate nothing Saturday except some chicken-soup, served in teacups at the berth-side. This was the only meal between Friday's dinner and breakfast Sunday morning. Nothing is so good for the health as abstinence; we all eat too much. After nightfall, the head-sea went down under the northwest gale, and rose in the opposite quarter, but, as we were scudding before the wind, and the sea was running with us, we moved along with comparative comfort. Sunday, the wind lulled, but the waves ran high and looked sullen and treacherous, oppressed by the gloomy clouds. All through Monday we made but little progress, the wind being light, but at night the gale set in again from the southeast with greater violence than it exhibited Friday and Saturday. We knew then that it was a circular storm, a windy Monsieur Tonson come again, and that it must be a hurricane, which caught us somewhere within its radius. The wind blew at least sixty miles an hour. I didn't go on deck to hold up a wet finger as an anemometer, but the sailors said that facing it they could hardly hold their breaths. I had been reading up the hurricane question. The yacht's library contains a large collection of maritime works, among them some books published by the Government, giving information regarding tides and currents, with valuable meteorological observations. I flatter myself I am well up in storms. I learned that when

the barometer fell to 29.50 it indicated a hurricane, and one of the books gave directions how to escape from the vortex. This is not the regular season, but I thought one might be out on the road, taking a strolling tour, vagrantly flying around loose in these parts—a hurricane tramp as it were. It was possible that one might have been left over from last fall's stock and put in among the spring goods by mistake.

The grave question was the state of the barometer. This was watched with as much solicitude as the election returns from an October State. It is situated in the companion-way over the saloon door. We took observations of it with long wax tapers. At midnight the glass was falling fast. Occasionally a spectral figure, in pajamas, could be seen stumbling along—like some white-robed sinner, taper in hand, making an expiatory pilgrimage—peering anxiously at the barometer. About two o'clock Tuesday morning, things became what is popularly described as "mixed." The wind howled like a Mississippi camp-meeting feeling the "power;" the roar was deafening, and all the experiences of Friday night were renewed, only a little more so. At three o'clock, Uncle John, who was at that moment the rueful Knight of the taper, keeping watch and ward over the barometer, exclaimed: "The glass has gone down eight points in fifteen minutes; it is now at 29.50." This was the hurricane Rubicon. This crucial point passed, we had the vortex business, I had been studying up, on hand. It oppressed me. In my life I had faced some difficulties successfully. I had taught clodhoppers to salute officers in the military style, I had drilled political torch-bearers, but I doubted my ability to handle a vortex.

Then, for the first time that dolorous night, the Commodore appeared on the scene. He has a large cabin of his own, with a wide double-bed, and, having more lee-way, can

be knocked about with less discomfort than if he were in an ordinary berth, with not so much space to pay out when a blow comes on. He had been thrown out on the floor of his room nevertheless, and appeared at the door of the saloon before reëntering his berth. Said he, with the laconicism of an old salt, "You are looking at the wrong glass." *Libbiamo!* Silence. We look at the other glass. In point of fact, we look into two of them. Then, with observant taper light, I approach the barometer and gaze at it, mournfully, reproachfully. The needle hovers over the fateful point 29.50. It oscillates tremulously, as if restrained by some better impulse before taking another downward step in the path to destruction. I breathe upon it. It flutters doubtfully at receiving the communication from the other glass. It doesn't go below 29.50, but remains fixed there, and shortly after, feeling the influence of the spirits, shows an inclination to ascend. That glass of old Oscar Pepper was too strong for the weather-glass. The hurricane is averted. We are saved!

We lay to for eight hours, but the gale blew itself out before morning, like a stump-speaker whose supplies are cut off by the committee. That night there were three watches, all on duty at once; the starboard and port watches on deck, and the barometer watch below. After breakfast we found a heavy sea on, but it was subsiding slowly. The day was cloudy, and, as no observation could be taken, we were uncertain as to our position. No observation had been had since Friday; this was the fourth day of the sun's obscuration. Theretofore the yacht had been sailed by dead reckoning, and, as the allowance for drifting during the gales was necessarily guess-work, we could not determine where we were with precision. Masses of gulf-weed floated by, specimens of which were fished up, and some of them are enclosed in this letter. The gulf-weed does not come from the Gulf,

as its name would imply, but grows in the great Sargasso beds at the bottom of the Atlantic, somewhere in the vicinity of the Azores, or propagates itself floating, a habitat for indigenous parasites, crabs, and mollusks. We found some tiny crustacea clinging to the branches we took aboard, which had probably embarked on a voyage to Europe but came to grief in mid-ocean. I send you some of these diminutive mollusks, they are something like the crabs we find in oysters. I am not enough of a naturalist to describe the various living things found in the interstices of the weed. Besides, I am not writing an encyclopedia, and don't pretend to convey much information in these letters. They are principally personal experiences and gossip, with an occasional fact thrown in, like the infrequent raisin in plum-duff. You must go to the books for knowledge. You can simply get an idea of what the gulf-weed is by the sprig I send. A full branch is very pretty, with its slender, graceful stalks, bearing yellow berries, something like the mistletoe.

We saw a good many flying-fish darting over the waves, singly and in groups, like swallows skimming the surface. At night the steward was smoking a cigar forward when one of these fish flew on deck, attracted by the glow. Perhaps it only came aboard to ask the steward for a light, but he didn't view it in that light, and brought the fish to us. It is shapely and, with wings expanded, not unlike the swallow in appearance. As the next day was Ash-Wednesday, and I make *maigre* (the way we did at the gray old *Collége de Ste. Hyacinthe*), the steward offered to cook it for me as a *bonne bouche*, but I refused. In the first place, I couldn't indulge in any luxury, even piscatorial, on the first day of Lent, and then the pretty fish looked so imploring, quivering in the steward's grasp with a frightened look in its glittering eyes, that I couldn't find it in my heart to eat it. I would as soon have

thought of eating a singing-bird. It would give me indigestion.

Wednesday opened bright and fair, and we bowled along right merrily under unclouded skies, with zestful enjoyment enhanced by past tribulation. We often met that venturesome little mariner, the nautilus, riding over the waves, as confidently as if he were a great ship, instead of a bit of fragile shell with a membraneous pink sail. He always goes in ballast, never carries cargo, and is himself his only passenger, and by the time he reaches the other side he must be a dead-head at that. He didn't hail us as we passed, not even to ask us where the National Committee had decided to hold the next convention to nominate a candidate for President to take a mud-bath. The sailors call this odd little shell the Portuguese man-of-war; why, I could not learn.

Although observance is not obligatory at sea, we kept Ash-Wednesday with conventional rigor. We are scrupulous about recognizing all the feasts, and do not always forget the fasts, though they seem to have a looser hold on the remindful conscience. Yes, we observed Ash-Wednesday religiously. We had codfish *pâtés* for breakfast, and boiled cod with egg-sauce for dinner.

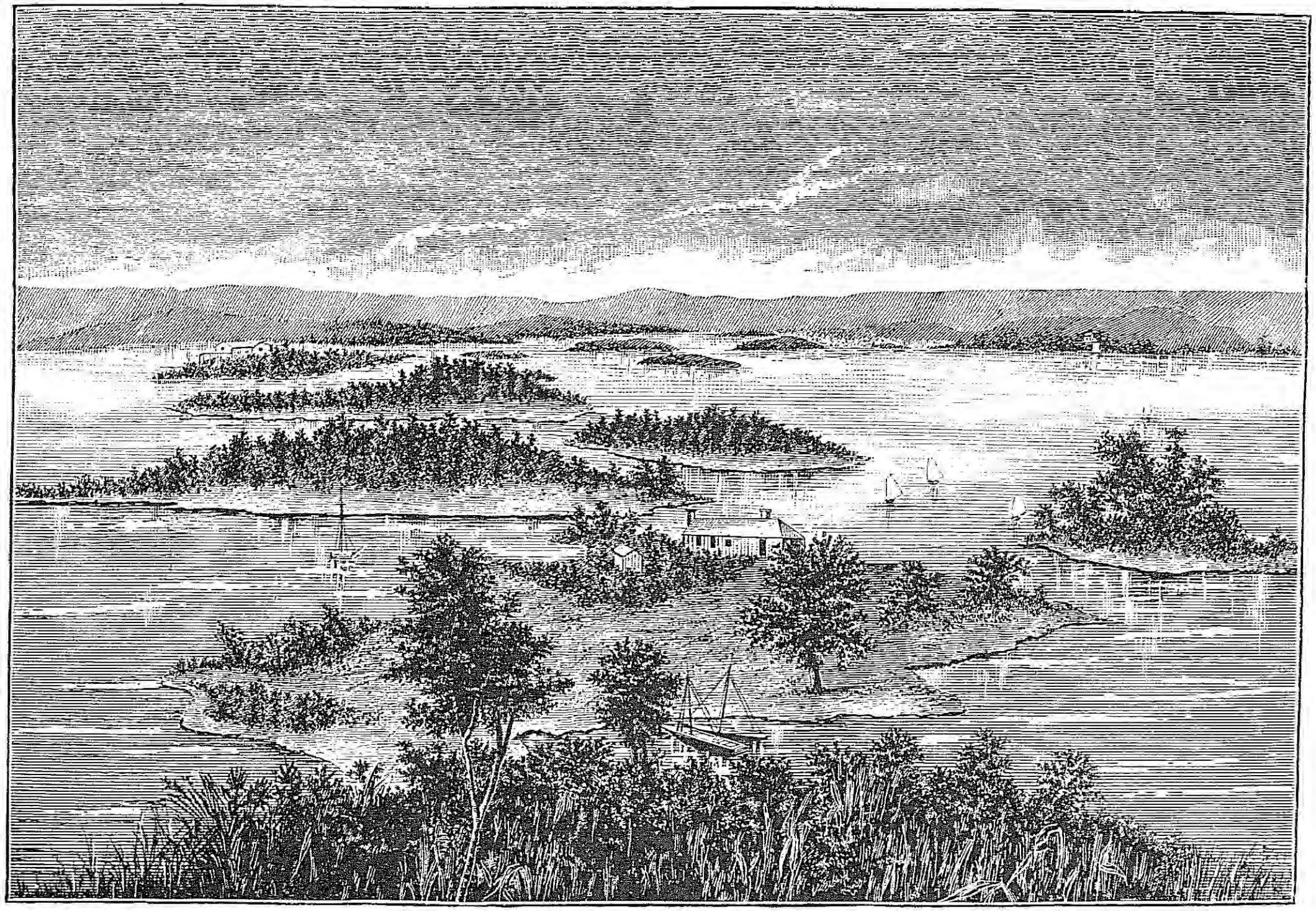
Toward evening, anxiety set in as to our whereabouts. The observations showed that we could not be far from Bermuda, but a slight chronometric variation might send us so far westward that we would fail to see the light, and pass the islands in the night. The group is not large, and may be easily missed, particularly where you have been working by dead-reckoning for four days, laying to twice in hurricanes, where allowance for drifting has to be made by conjecture. However, the anxious consultation that was going on between the sailing-master and a conferree (shall I mention him? no,

modesty forbid! it is sufficient to say that he owned a compass), was interrupted by the look-out crying, "Light on the port bow, sir!" We had made Bermuda light.

We lay off St. George's all night, and the next morning were boarded by a pilot, who said that the breeze was good but nearly ahead, and he doubted whether we could make up through the crooked channel of Hamilton Harbor until it shifted. The sailing-master asked him where we were to go, and when the marking buoys were pointed out, simply said that we could get there. And so we did, greatly to pilot Peter's astonishment, who had never seen a vessel sail so close on the wind, or come about in little more space than her own length. "I never see'd nothin' like that before, and I'm an old sailor," was his admiring comment. Yet Peter refused to take our sheet-iron stove for his pilot fee.

Away then—by the sturdy fortifications of St. George's, the hospital glimmering white in the transparent air; through sparkling waters of pale-green tint, looking like a tray of mixed diamonds and emeralds flashing in the agitation of some unseen power; past Ireland Island, where the mammoth floating-dock loomed up like some mighty marine monster stranded on the beach—until at length we dropped anchor in Hamilton Harbor. Hardly had we rounded to, when a resonant voice came hailing out, and a hand waved in friendly recognition from the shore. It was the hearty greeting of a member of the New York Yacht Club, Captain F. W. J. Hurst, who had arrived by the New York steamer a few days before, and now stood on the dock, offering us welcome such as a warm, enthusiastic nature like his is capable of extending. He is an old resident of Bermuda, and soon came aboard, with some of his relatives of the Darrell family, a few of whom will be mentioned hereafter. Our appearance was an agreeable surprise to Captain Hurst, who encountered

the first hurricane I have mentioned while on the steamer, and surmised that we had been blown off our course, and would be heard from somewhere in the West Indies. Our friend Captain E. E. Chase, owner of the yacht Clio, N. Y.Y.C., who was visiting the island with Captain Hurst, also came aboard. After examination by the Health Officer, the Commodore went ashore, reported at the Custom House, called upon the U. S. Consul, was put down at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, and in a few hours we were made to feel entirely at home in hospitable Bermuda.



ISLANDS OF BERMUDA.

CHAPTER V.

BERMUDA.

Bermuda—Settlement—Government—Departed Glories—Religion—Revenues—Exports and Imports—Climate—Vegetables—Flowers—Water—Fruits—Dock-yard.

HAMILTON, March 3, 1884.

BERMUDA is a queer old place. It is a group of islands, popularly supposed to number three hundred and sixty-five, corresponding numerically with the days of the year, as our old negro pilot, Peter Smith, informed us when he came aboard. As this exact number is allotted to groups in other parts of the world, it is given probably without exactitude; still there are over a hundred islands in the group, the largest, Long Island, containing the principal town of Hamilton, which gives the name to the harbor in which we are anchored. St. George's, on the other side, is fortified by a formidable armament, which looks imposing as we enter, from the sea, the channel which it commands. Ireland Island is the most important, as here is the naval station, with extensive arsenals and workshops. It was formerly a convict station, but has not been used as a penal settlement for twenty years past. The fine roads, many of them hewn out of the solid rock, which are everywhere in these islands, were mainly the work of convicts.

The islands, rising grimly out of the sea, remote from the mainland (the nearest point being Cape Hatteras, six hundred

miles distant), were originally a coral formation. The action of the waves, throwing sand upon them, caused masses to be piled up, which atmospheric influences converted into limestone, covered in time with soil and vegetation. This limestone is soft, though not friable, and is quarried with handsaws. It is strange to see a man digging the cellar of his house with a saw, and erecting the superstructure from the product of his excavation. The houses are roofed with the same stone, and, as a rule, are whitewashed all over, presenting a vivid glare, not ungrateful when peeping out isolated from amid verdure, but somewhat monotonous and trying to the eye when grouped. Viewed from the deck of a vessel in harbor, the village of Hamilton, bathed in moonlight, enhancing its pallor, reminds one of the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, with its massive tombs staring out, ghostly mansions in a veritable city of the dead. But here the comparison ends; for Hamilton, sleeping placid in the silvery light, has a great, warm, noble heart pulsing generous red blood beneath its outward paleness. Then there is no tomb of Abelard and Heloise for weeping lovers' pilgrimage. Bermuda is too proper to tolerate such vagaries.

Bermuda is the oldest English colony. The islands were discovered by Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard, whose vessel was wrecked on the reefs, twenty-three years after the discovery of America by Columbus. Twelve years afterward, Camelo made an abortive effort to settle the islands for Spain. In 1609, ninety-four years after the discovery by Bermudez, Sir George Somers was shipwrecked here, and remained several months, when he sailed for Virginia. Virginia being in great necessity, he volunteered to return to Bermuda to obtain a supply of provisions for suffering Virginians. He died here in November ensuing. General J. H. Lefroy, twice Governor of Bermuda, caused a tablet to be placed in the wall near his

monument in St. George's (named after him) containing this inscription:

"Near this spot was interred in the year 1616 the heart of the heroic Admiral Sir George Somers, Kt., who nobly sacrificed his life to carry succour to the infant and suffering plantation, now the State of Virginia. To preserve his fame for future ages near the scene of his memorable shipwreck, 1609, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of this colony, for the time being, caused this tablet to be erected 1876."

The government of the colony was administered by the Bermuda Company until 1687, when it was dissolved, and Sir Richard Robinson was appointed Governor by the British Crown. There is a large number of officials, imperial and colonial, whose names make quite an imposing array in the pages of the "Bermuda Almanack," a valuable compendium, statistical, and historical, published by Mr. Lee, of the *Bermuda Royal Gazette*, a newspaper founded over fifty years ago. The Governor's whole salary amounts to $15,000, including, I suppose, his pay as an officer of the British Army; of which $3,500 is paid by the Colony. The next largest salary is that of the Chief Justice, $3,500 and fees. In looking over the list, I find that the poorest paid officer is the Solicitor-General, Richard D. Darrell, who is marked "No salary." If scholarly attainments and attractive personal attributes constituted the requisites for official place, there would be no position, howsoever eminent, beyond Mr. Darrell's deserts, nor any that he would not dignify and adorn. And were remuneration commensurate with merit, his emoluments would be exceedingly large.

The Governor of Bermuda is appointed by the Crown, as are colonial officials generally, but there is a pretense of representative government, in a House of Assembly, consisting of thirty-six members, elected septennially, four from each

parish, by qualified voters. Happy land! where an election is held but once in seven years. The number of voters is 968—675 white and 293 colored. Thus there is one representative for every 27 voters. In Smith parish there are 49 qualified voters, each Member of Assembly from that precinct representing 12 electors, with one extra as a reserve. With a like ratio of representation, the State of New York would have an Assembly of 100,000 members, and a Senate of 25,000. Shade of Buddy Parns! defend us from any increase in the existing membership.

The resident population of Bermuda, according to the census of 1881, is 13,948—5,384 white, and 8,564 colored. In addition, are some hundreds connected with the military and naval establishments. Stationed here at present, are the Second Battalion (84th) York and Lancaster Regiment of Foot, and some companies of Artillery and Royal Engineers. This is the headquarters of the British Naval Station for the western hemisphere, the fleet in the waters consisting of fourteen vessels of various sizes, ranging from the armor-plated, double-screw ship, Northampton, 7,630 tons, to the gunboat of 430 tons. Among these is a Confederate ram captured during our civil war.

Here are no manufactures, no evidences of mechanical occupation, no chimneys reeking with the sulphurous breath of toiling machinery. We saw a steam-engine in the carpenter-shop of Mr. Jackson, who not only runs the carpenter's horse, but a livery stable as well. His main business seemed to be the construction of burial cases from the native cedar, which apparently makes an attractive, comfortable, and satisfactory coffin. Although the climate is a great promoter of longevity, there is an occasional death in Bermuda. Mr. Jackson, who is an intelligent gentleman of color, of mixed race, with pleasing manners and address, showed us a backgammon board, which

contained many variegated specimens of the cedar. Speaking of the colored population, which largely outnumbers the white, except when it comes to voting, the colored people are ordinarily quiet, orderly, temperate, and industrious. Nearly all the manual labor is performed by them, and there are no other domestic servants. They are the pilots, boatmen, coachmen, cooks, chambermaids, waiters, and gardeners. The whites are merchants, doctors, lawyers, and priests.

Formerly there was much shipping at this port, but it has nearly vanished; the merchant vessels owned numbering less than a dozen, with not more than a hundred mariners. Things were different in the lush days of blockade-running during our civil war, when Bermuda was a favorite resort of the runners. Then it was crowded with adventurous sailors, and the appearance of the bold privateers, who thronged the streets, scattering dollars with lavish hand, must have suggested shadowy recollections of old-time stories of dashing buccaneers, sailing among the West Indies, and ravaging the Spanish Main. They were calculated to bring to mind the wondrous feats of Morgan and Black Beard, which fascinated our boyhood's days in the "Pirate's Own Book," and made the hair stand on end in that dimly-remote period when there was hair to stand. This, of course, without the blood-stains which mark the record of piratical exploits; for the modern privateer was a most inoffensive, mild-mannered gentleman, in guileless pursuit of the honest dollar, who felt cotton and tested tobacco instead of handling cutlass and boarding-pike. No doubt blockade-running was remunerative to Bermuda, a convenient way-station where seafarers stopped for refreshments, and there would be little regret felt, perhaps, if another scrimmage were to break out which would bring her advantageous position to a profitable market. In the matter of wrecking, she presents superior attractions,

her coral reefs extending far out to embrace, siren-like, the unwary ship, while the tortuous channel of entrance can only be threaded by experienced native pilots. But there are not many wrecks around in these degenerate days of steam navigation. Indeed, Bermuda, not to put too fine a point on it, may be described as quiet. Hamilton Harbor is no longer white with sails, nor do the wharves exhibit the bustling activity of a seaport town. Front Street is almost deserted, and where 'urst, the gay blockade-runner, adorned the sidewalk with debonair presence, lethargic trade flows in uneventful currents through commonplace, sluggish channels. It would seem as if nothing could be quieter than Hamilton on secular days, but the acme of repose is attained on Sunday, which is observed rigidly, with almost Puritanical severity, notwithstanding the affiliation of nearly the whole population with the Church of England.

Perhaps this sabbatical tone is owing, in some measure, to the fact that Bermuda was settled about the time of Puritan ascendancy in England, the formal incorporation of the Bermuda Company, which administered affairs for seventy years, having been made under letters-patent granted by James I. These colonists would be astonished to drop into Chicago, of a Sunday, and see the theatres open and the restaurants and drinking saloons in full blast. The absence of governmental bigotry is evinced in the grant of $50 per annum to every one hundred persons of each denomination; the Established Church receiving $5,000; the Wesleyan, $850; the British Methodist Church, $400; the Presbyterian, $350; the Roman Catholic, $200, and the Reformed Church of England, $200. The rectors of the Church of England receive an annual allowance of $700. The religious profession of the inhabitants is as follows: Church of England, 10,000; Wesleyan Methodist, 1,672; British Methodist Episcopal,

752; Presbyterian, 686; Roman Catholic, 391; Reformed Church of England, 208; other denominations, 236. It will thus be seen that the entire population of 13,948 is classified according to some religious profession. Evidently there are no atheists nor free-thinkers. A prudent eye watches that allowance of fifty cents a head. As brusque Dr. McCraith used to say, with reprehensible irreverence: "Religion, what is it? *Dominus Vobiscum;* down with your money!" This would be a paradise for timid souls who live in constant terror of papal aggression. If, as was suggested by the *New York Herald*, some years ago, the Pope should quit Rome and establish his See in the Western world, it is not probable that Bermuda would be selected; as a residence with a contiguous parish of 391 worshipers, and an allowance of $200 per annum would hardly afford opportunity for elaborate displays of the stately ceremonial of the Church of Rome at the Holy See. In a religious regard, the English Government affords a favorable contrast to the Italian. England supports, Italy robs, the Church.

Bermuda has a tariff on importations. There is a duty of four shillings a gallon on spirits, and twenty per cent. *ad valorem* on wines. The revenue of the Colony from importations in 1883, was $123,875, of which $62,910 was from liquors; $2,665 tobacco and cigars; $1,210 beef cattle, and $54,750 from all other sources. Falstaff's estimate of the proper proportion of bread to sack would seem to be carried out in these figures, showing the relative receipts from importation of spirits and beef.

For the year 1882, the total value of imports was $1,400,000; exports, $450,000; showing a balance of trade against the colony of $850,000. The greatest disparity is in the English trade, for while England exported to Bermuda $300,000, she imported in return but $6,000. The United States

did better. We sold the colony $900,000 worth, and bought to the amount of $500,000. But it must be borne in mind that England sends large sums for the maintenance of her military and naval establishments, which in turn maintain Bermuda to some extent.

In 1883, the value of vegetables exported was: Onions, $253,000; potatoes, $122,500; tomatoes, $35,000; arrowroot, $2,600; beets and other vegetables, $4,500. The arrowroot is said to be the best in the world, yet, as will be seen by the extent of exportation, the production is comparatively insignificant. The onion comes to the front as the Bermuda specialty, with the potato a good second in the race. One sees onion beds everywhere. The spade is the agricultural implement in general use. Reapers, mowers, binders, tedders, and other labor-saving devices have no use here. There is but little grass for the mower to mow; no grain for the reaper to reap; no sheaves for the binder to bind. Even Uncle David Gray's potato-digger would hardly be utilized; the fields are not large enough for its ambitious grasp, which extends beyond pent up Utica and broad Marcy to fresh fields of illimitable extent. The potato patches are situated in nooks. It looks as if there had been a rain of vegetables, which ran down the stony hillsides in rivulets and gathered into onion ponds in the hollows. After all, the most valuable plant in Bermuda is the British Army and Navy.

The climate is salubrious, particularly in the winter months, when the growing vegetation affords a contrast to the snow-clad hills of our rigorous Northern clime. Trees attain no considerable altitude, but bear the somewhat stunted appearance incident to places subjected to high winds. The principal timber tree is cedar, which has a grain of diversified beauty. This material is used in building the Bermudian boats, which have some celebrity from their peculiar rig.

There are palmettoes, tropical trees, and some found in the temperate zone. Indeed, in its appearance and products, Bermuda is a sort of connecting link between the temperate and tropical; with characteristics of both, but with the exclusive features of neither. There is an exuberance of flowers, particularly roses, which are of extraordinary variety. The wonderful display of geraniums would excite the envy of even Sam Lane Florus.

The water is brackish. There are no springs, and rain-water is used almost exclusively. Perhaps this accounts for the sparing use of this fluid as a beverage. We saw the familiar tumbler, found invariably on the American dinner table, but soon learned that it was not intended for water. It was a beer glass. One of the dinner habits here is to serve beer, after the usual courses of wine, before dessert. No doubt it is a good digestive, like the hot whisky punch which is introduced at the same stage at Irish dinner tables—the "hot wather and matayreals." Water being such an expensive luxury, the frugal Bermudian, with his simple tastes, is fain to content himself with whisky, wine, or beer. Strange how rapidly we heeded the scriptural injunction, and did in Bermuda as Bermudians do. The facility with which we fell into their habits, reflects credit upon our capacity of assimilation, and we manifested the greatest philosophy in becoming reconciled to our aqueous deprivation. *Facilis descensus!* The water taken aboard the yacht to supply the exhaustion of our New York store cost three cents a gallon. Requiring a large quantity of ice, it was furnished at twenty dollars a ton. The usual price, when purchased at retail, is at the rate of forty dollars, or two cents a pound. In our voyage to the West Indies, we shall be prudently careful of water, and use it only for the purposes for which a kind Providence designed it for mankind—cooking and washing Notwithstanding the ab-

stention from the use of water as a beverage, I am informed that drunkenness is a rarity in Bermuda. Possibly the ignorance of prohibitory legislation may have some bearing on this noteworthy exemption from a crying evil in our own land. But there may be a change in this regard. I see by the "Bermuda Almanack" that there are some lodges of Good Templars established for the promotion of teetotalism. They might import a few drunkards for planting. But I don't think they could raise a crop. Planting, by the way, is the best use a drunkard can be put to.

The Bermudians may not be entirely abstemious, but they are certainly temperate. There are no intoxicating liquors produced on the island. Soda-water is manufactured to some extent—for diluting brandy. There is no danger of a drought, however, for there is stored here a quantity of American whisky—90,000 barrels, exported by the distillers to evade the payment of internal revenue tax just before the expiration of the bonded period. An effort was made to tax this whisky for the benefit of the Colony, but it failed. Among the surmises as to the moving cause of the incendiarism which recently destroyed the handsome parish church or cathedral, was a suspicion that its contiguity to the warehouse where this whisky is stored might secure a wholesale unloading of watered stock on the insurance companies. This suspicion was as unfounded, no doubt, as the popular attribution of the nefarious act to Fenianism, which is a bugbear among cis-Atlantic English Colonies, "to fright the isle from its propriety." I took occasion to say that my sympathies were entirely with the cause of Irish nationalism, but I believed this charge was unjust. I was well acquainted with some Fenians, and was confident that the cause of Ireland did not demand the destruction of the churches of England. For the future I felt assured. I knew that the personal friend-

ship for me of a gentleman in Utica, N. Y., would prompt him to heed my intercession and "let up" on Bermuda, as a recognition of the kindness extended to his townsman.

The drives through Bermuda are delightful. Roads, perfectly smooth, with no dust, wind among deep cuts through solid rock, affording sea-views of ever-shifting attractiveness. I have never seen anything like the diversified tints of the water, varying from a peculiar delicate light blue to the dark ultramarine, alternating, as the water is deep or shoal, with shimmering colors of green. The foliage, while not showing the tender verdure seen at home, is not without beauty. The substantial stone walls bordering the road are covered with trailing vines, laden with scarlet, white, and pink blossoms; and oleander hedges, geranium beds, and rose trees abound in gorgeous display. I question, however, the abundance of fruits said to be found here. Except the banana and the date, or fig, so called, I failed to find any large supply of fruits. The climate is adapted, no doubt, to the growth of the strawberry, and it might be cultivated, but it is not; which is a pity. Good old Dr. Boteler said, a couple of hundred years ago, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry; but doubtless God never did." I would rather have the apple orchards of our Clinton hills than all the fruit-trees in Bermuda.

We witnessed a battalion drill of four companies of the garrison, under command of Major Luck. The movements were not much different from those practiced in our service, though the commands were simplified, and better on account of their brevity. The bayonet exercise, by battalion deployed at skirmishing intervals, was admirably performed. I have never seen it better done, except, perhaps, by the Fifth New York Volunteers (Duryea Zouaves), noted for its proficiency in this drill.

The most interesting point in Bermuda is Ireland Island, containing immense workshops for naval repairs, and the famous floating-dock, Bermuda, the largest in the world, capable of docking the greatest vessel in any navy. It was built in England, and towed across the Atlantic by two men-of-war. To place it in position, 1,200,000 cubic feet of sand and coral were dredged up. It is 381 feet long, and there are in it no less than 3,000,000 rivets. The ship of war Tenedos, of about 2,000 tons burden, was in dock while we were there, and it looked like a small vessel in the dwarfing embrace of the mammoth dock. We lunched with Captain Clapp, Royal Navy, an officer in charge, who had sent his steam-launch to convey us to the yard. Captain Clapp, a model British naval officer, is also an enthusiastic yachtsman and Commodore of the Bermuda Club.

A dingey race took place while we lay in the harbor. The Bermudians are not given to brevity in the matter of titles; and the imposing magnitude of its name, "The Royal Hamilton Amateur Dingey Club," is in inverse ratio with the size of the boats of this organization; the maximum length permitted being fourteen feet, one inch. Ordinarily these races are quite exciting and attended with ludicrous mishaps. The peculiar rig, with the mast set forward, renders the dingey liable to take headers into the waves and go under if the sea should be running high. The race in question was tame, the wind not blowing fresh enough to cause any of the accidents which give zest to the lively contests. These little boats are handled with much skill.

The Government House, the Governor's official residence, was under a self-imposed quarantine on account of the illness of one of General Gallwey's children, but the General paid a visit to the yacht, accompanied by his son (a fine young officer, his A. D. C. and private secretary) and his daughter,

regarding whom I took the liberty of respectfully suggesting, to her brother, that she was beautiful and graceful enough to be taken for an American girl. The Lieutenant, however, would not admit our national superiority, but stoutly maintained English supremacy, saying that Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, would afford an exhibition of charms unequaled in the world. But, although an intelligent young man, he is not well educated in this important matter; he has never been in the United States. He intends to visit us one of these days, and if he should, I will have him come to Utica. There he will find how greatly he is mistaken.

The Governor is a man of varied knowledge, thoroughly conversant with public matters throughout the world, and particularly well informed in American affairs. He was in the United States during the war, but Secretary Stanton denied him the facilities he desired to witness our operations. The General did not know how to obtain favors from the War Department. He ought to have procured the influence of some political shouter or shoddy contractor to aid him. The Governor appears to be in high favor with the Bermudians. I have no doubt, however, that the popularity of his administration (enhanced by his agreeable manners and charming family surroundings) is aided to a considerable extent by the efficiency of the Colonial Secretary, Hon. Cavendish Boyle, who administers his office with ability that would be marked in a more important position.

The superiority of the well-regulated English Civil Service system, to our disjointed, erratic way of doing things, is illustrated in his case. Men are trained to diplomatic and governmental service, and are transferred from one place to another, as occasion requires. Appointments depend in some degree upon political influence, and administrative changes involving distribution of patronage, but the abom-

inable doctrine, "to the victors belong the spoils," applied to subordinate positions, does not obtain. With us, whenever there is a change of administration, every "leader" in the victorious ranks, who can run a ward caucus successfully, becomes a candidate for something, or rather anything, from Secretary of the Treasury, to sweeper in a Government building. Civil service in England is genuine; with us it is a base pinchbeck imitation, a good deal like the high-sounding professions in political platforms, and protestations of windy demagogues. The difficulty is that our public men lack the courage to disregard the clamors of the office-seeking mob.

CHAPTER VI.

HOSPITABLE BERMUDA.

Letter-writing—Laziness—*In re Darrelli*—Festivities—Prospero's Grot—The Mess Dinner—Benny Havens, Oh!—Uncle John—The Happy Valley—Lily Bower—At Home—The Hand-Clasp.

ON BOARD MONTAUK, AT SEA,
March 9, 1884, Lat. 31.49 N., Lon. 63.51 W.

I HAD intended to write you again before leaving Hamilton Harbor, but lavish Bermudian hospitalities interposed insurmountable obstacles. I might say, they erected barriers of mountainous generosity, although the expression may appear exaggerated to those who have not been enabled, by experience, to appreciate the appositeness of the simile. What with dinners, luncheons, drives, "moist" chats at the Club, visits to the barracks and dock-yard; together with reciprocal entertainment aboard the yacht, to the limited extent afforded by shore preoccupation, we barely have had time to meet our engagements, with none to spare for letter-writing. Besides, no one who has not felt the laziness of sea-voyaging can understand the effort required to write. When, for example, one embarks on a steamer for Europe, he collects a small library of books—mainly of the light literary complexion—and provides ample store of writing materials, with suitable blanks for memoranda, jottings, journals of travel, observations, and data for interesting communications to friends "we have left behind;" but the chances are

that not a letter will be written aboard, and hardly a book read. But on a steamer there is the acceptable excuse of looking after the ladies on deck, placing chairs, arranging shawls and rugs, encircling—ahem !—when the ship "heels," and paying those general and particular little attentions obligatory at sea; while we, having no ladies on board, can offer no such pretext for epistolary negligence, and must frankly attribute it to the real cause—laziness. I hope these desultory scribblings may be intelligible; and, although disjointed and shapeless, not uninteresting. At any rate, they possess the novelty of being written at sea, and if there should be nothing fresh in them, please bear in mind that the sea is always brackish.

After boring you with all the dry statistics contained in my last letter, I may be pardoned for introducing here some notes of personal experiences, which may not be of much interest to you, but were vastly entertaining to our party while in progress.

The afternoon of our arrival at Bermuda, we were invited by Mr. Henry Darrell to drive to Cavendish, the residence of his father, formerly Chief Justice of the Colony, who had a little party to celebrate the fifty-eighth anniversary of his marriage. As we drove along a road that wound through the grounds, and approached the house (the only one in Bermuda from which the sea is not visible), a charming sight met our eyes. In a lovely, tree-shaded glade, a number of young ladies and gentlemen were playing tennis and a sort of game something like our base-ball, and the scene was strikingly like a rural view in England. Beneath the spreading branches of a tree near the house, a table was spread with suitable refreshments, of which the guests partook at their convenience. We were presented to the Chief Justice, a venerable, well-preserved, suave gentleman, whose eighty-

eighth birthday was close at hand, and his wife, a handsome, cheerful, stately old lady of eighty-one, who stood by his side, entering with hearty zest into the youthful enjoyment of the generations of their descendants by whom they were surrounded. We took a glass of wine with the aged couple, and couldn't help but be impressed with the exceptional length of time that they were permitted to live together, in placid communion, unclouded by care, exemplifying, in an eminent degree, the beauties of domestic life.

The Darrell connection seems to be a large one in Bermuda, and, from the dignified Chief Justice, "full of wise saws and modern instances," to the "Infant" of Mr. John H. Darrell, Jr., redolent of spirits and vivacity—"babe in the house, a well-spring of pleasure"—they appear to be a truly happy family.

In the evening we dined with Mr. Henry Darrell, who lives in a quaint, commodious house, two hundred years old, full of nooks and crannies that would delight the heart of that unreasonable, pessimistical old fogy who writes on musty topics in the Utica newspapers, finding nothing to suit him now-a-days. The obsolete four-posted bedsteads and cedar chests of drawers, of veritable antique pattern, would be things of beauty and joy to him, although he would resent the absence of dust, to which Mr. Darrell's sister, and housekeeper, appears to have an unconquerable aversion. Our host sat at the head of his bounteous table and carved, in the good old-fashioned way, spicing the delicious dishes with frequent *bon-mots* and funny stories, for he is a witty *raconteur*, with copious store of anecdote, foreign and domestic, at the command of his ready tongue. He lives, like a fine old English gentleman, on his own estate. He mentioned, with much complacency, that on the table were diverse products of his own farm—the fowls were from his barn-

yard, the vegetables fresh plucked from his garden, the fish caught that day on his own fish-farm, in pots set in front of the shore of his demesne, and the flowers grew invitingly around the latch-string that hangs outside his hospitable porch. It must be admitted that the wines were not of home vintage, but of choice importation—a whiff from the open mouth of a special bottle of Santa Cruz rum came like a reminiscence of the halcyon days when a famous cellar in Utica responded to the calls of Aaron Burr, the venerable ex-mayor, contemporary of James Crumley, and other gentlemen, all of the olden time, who wore ruffled shirts and knee breeches. The exceptional coolness of the evening (it must have been nearly as cold as a May day in New York) afforded a pretext for lighting the unusual fire, which shone upon us with homelike gleam when we returned to the cheerful drawing-room. We found that the post-prandial cigar, an indispensable adjunct to the American feast, is not an habitual sequence to the Bermudian dinner. Universal smoking is not a feature here. We met many men who did not smoke at all, and but few are cigar-smokers, the pipe and cigarette furnishing fumiferous indulgence to the votaries of tobacco. After a brief acquaintance with it, I don't wonder that the Bermudian cigar finds small favor.

Proffers of entertainment greatly exceeded the capacity of acceptance during the period allotted for our stay. The British Army and Navy officers vied with colonial residents on the extension of kindly attention. A dinner given by Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, at which Capt. Chase and Mr. D. S. Appleton, of New York, and Mr. Bloor, of Philadelphia, were present, was most enjoyable, and fully maintained the reputation held by the jovial host in the city of his adoption.

Lady Commerell, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir John E. Commerell, in command of the naval station, sent us cards for

her reception, and being unable to accept, our regrets were sent by one of the quartermasters, a spruce young sailor, in yacht uniform. Admiralty House being distant, he procured a carriage and was driven up there; the sight of a sailor, in full seaman's rig, riding in solitary grandeur, being something of a novelty. Somebody suggested that a bicycle would have been a more stunning vehicle for nautical service. Then he would have been taken for part of the United States Navy.

Mr. Boyle and Lieut. Gallwey gave a dinner at the Club, with a capital *menu*, but particularly pleasant in its congenial characterization. It sparkled with wit, humor, sentiment and song. A very late game of pool was engaged in after dinner, which was played differently from the American game, each player having a special object ball; but one of our party came off triumphantly, winner of two shillings. Thus did he inflict retributive financial justice upon Bermuda for harboring blockade-runners during our war; and, as there were some English army officers participating, give the tail of the British lion a severe twist, maintaining defiantly the honor and glory of the American *queue*. Who will dare to say after this that the billiard tables of the Fort Schuyler Club were set up in vain? The table was not of modern pattern, but a broad, verdant expanse, across which Friede could not be discerned without a telescope. It was aptly compared to a tennis-court, with marbles for balls. According to custom, all games are played for a stake, to make them interesting. With us, the hazard, however small, would constitute reprehensible gambling. We have some crude and erroneous ideas, which are in gradual progress of correction, among intelligent and cultivated persons who have opportunities to observe the manners and customs of other lands.

It is habitual in England always to play for a stake of some kind. In a game of whist, ladies play for sixpenny or shilling

counters, in which they see no impropriety. Imagine ladies in the United States sitting at a table and—gambling! *Proh pudor!* the pew-door would come down on them with a vengeance. Unfortunately, boisterous extremists and addle-pated fanatics have too much clamorous influence in directing public opinion with us. They drown the quiet voice of moderation and good-sense. Great is pretense, and the blatherskite is its prophet! The fanatic sees no difference of demerit between moderate drinking and drunkenness; and, in his eyes, playing for a small stake, to enhance the interest in an amusement, is abominable equally with professional gambling, cheating at cards, reckless improvidence, and ruinous infatuation with a vice. His argument is that if cards and dice were not used, there would be none of these deplorable evils of gaming. True, and so if there were no water, men couldn't commit suicide by drowning. They would have to resort to some other mode of exhibiting insanity; they would have to cut their throats or hang themselves. Then the fanatic would prohibit ropes and razors.

The dinner of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club deserves more than passing mention. It was given on an island belonging to the Club, which is fitted up with all conveniences for a recreative retreat. Here the members assemble and enjoy themselves to their heart's content. As one of them remarked, they are remote from prying curiosity, and can indulge in hilarity without bated breath. Green turtle became the *pièce de résistance*. The noble reptile was served in all the most approved styles, turtle soup, turtle steak, and turtle fins, the latter an esteemed delicacy. We ate so much of these that we were unable to do justice to other toothsome viands. But it is not an every-day dish with us. The good-natured turtle is not in the habit of sprawling along the shore of Staten Island, inviting somebody to

catch and eat him, as it is his benevolent custom in Bermuda. The President, Mr. Richard D. Darrell, presided over the jolly yachtsmen with a graceful tact that added much to the unflagging gayety of the symposium. The responses to numerous toasts were apt and to the point; the remarks of the Commodore, Uncle John, and the Commissioner being notably pertinent and well-timed. Uncle John responded for the Ladies, and an effort was made to induce him to explain the hand-clasp, for the use of the natives after his departure, but it failed. In these things he never gives anything away. About midnight, we left this joyous island, under a bright moonlight, with a spanking breeze, in club yachts, full of turtle, and with abundant material for pleasant recollections of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club.

We drove out to the residence of Mr. Allen, U. S. Consul, situated on the ocean side, six miles from Hamilton; a charming islet, connected with the main island by a short bridge over the narrow stream that creates the insular disseverance. This might well be the spot (it is somewhere in Bermuda) where the entranced eyes of Ferdinand beamed revealingly upon the unenlightened virgin heart of Miranda and quickened it into loving fruition.

> "Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
> Which spungy April at thy hest betrims,
> To make cold nymphs chaste crowns."

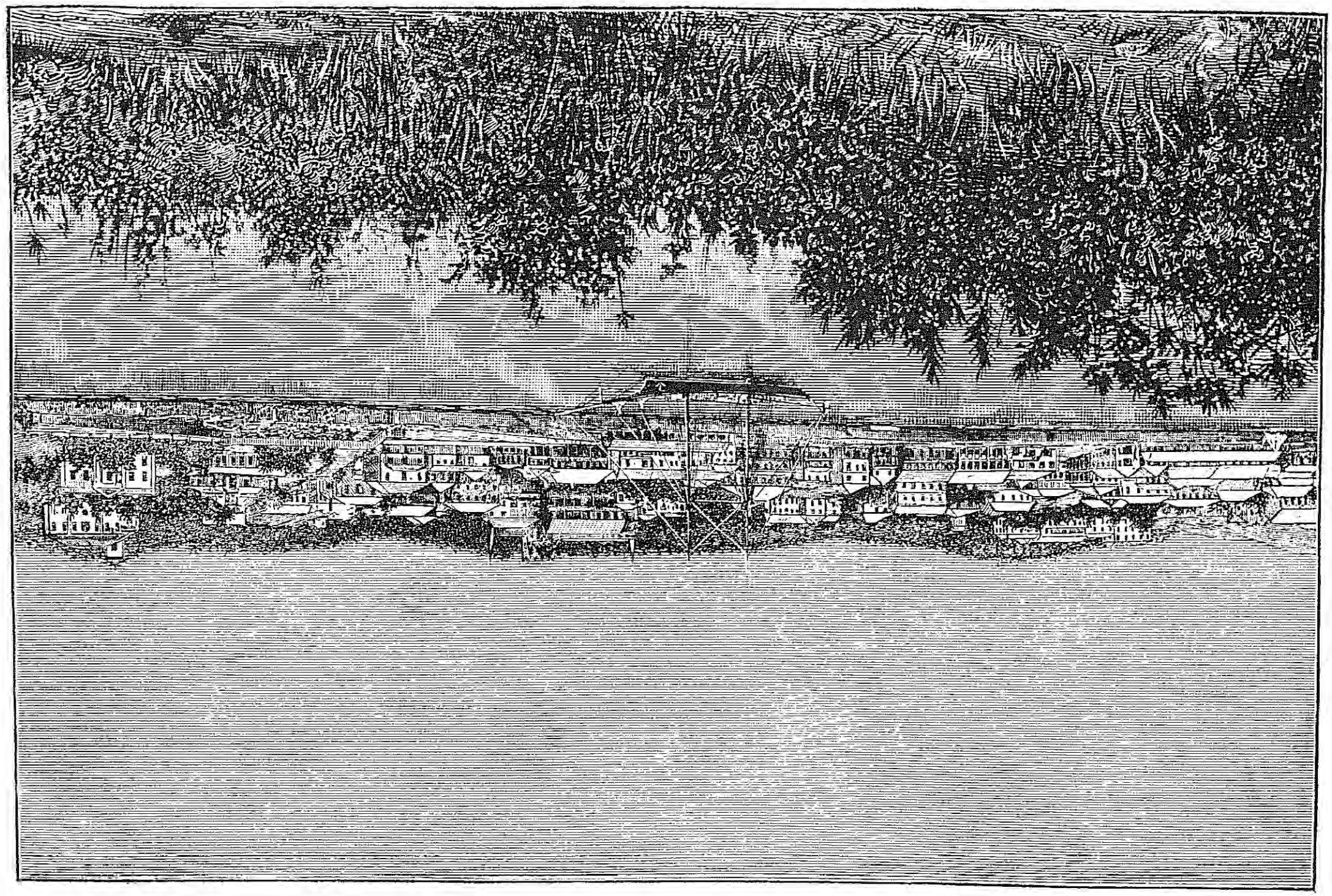
Caliban no longer resides here, but a large monkey served to do the monster business.

We met, at luncheon, Dr. and Mrs. Brower, of Utica, and some other American visitors, who had been invited to join us. Mr. Allen has a taste for ichthyology, and his aquarium contains some curious specimens, among them the brilliant angel-fish. A curious creature is the trunk-crab, which

packs up its claws and marches off like a belle preparing for a season at the sea-shore. The operation of this shell-fish is a reminder of the man who lifts himself up by the waistband of his trousers. We went to the sea-shore, the boundary of Mr. Allen's property, and saw the growing coral. It is not of the valuable variety, like the pink and red of the Mediterranean, but the ordinary gray madrepore.

Mr. Allen has been Consul here for twenty-three years, and we heard many expressions among the inhabitants of the hope that a change of administration would not effect his removal. Those simple islanders are not aware that it is our patriotic duty as freemen to rally on the colors every four years and try to turn the rascals out. The man who is out, inspired by a lofty sense of duty, always regards the man who is in as a rascal. We haven't succeeded in turning them out to any extent for the past twenty-five years, but we shall accomplish our disinterested object in time. Everything comes to him who waits, even though he waits unwillingly. We outside patriots are singing, "There's a good time coming, boys; wait a little longer." A change will come. The desire for a change, like Hope, springs eternal in the human breast. Hope has fooled us several times, but she can't do it much longer.

We dined with the Mess of the Eighty-fourth, and nothing could excel the cordiality with which we were received. The dinner was excellent, served on the mess-plate of the regiment, massive and elegant, appropriately inscribed, bearing on each piece the regimental crest. It is customary when an officer leaves the regiment, or is transferred, to present a piece of plate to the Mess, and the accumulations of years form a large and handsome service. In accordance with their rule, the only toast offered at table was the Queen, which was received with the usual antiphon, God bless her!



HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

As a stanch republican, it is my duty to frown on queens in the abstract, but I like to see the honest and loyal enthusiasm displayed by these soldiers for their sovereign, so I joined in heartily and said, "The Queen, God bless her!" though she is not My Queen. Mine is uncrowned.

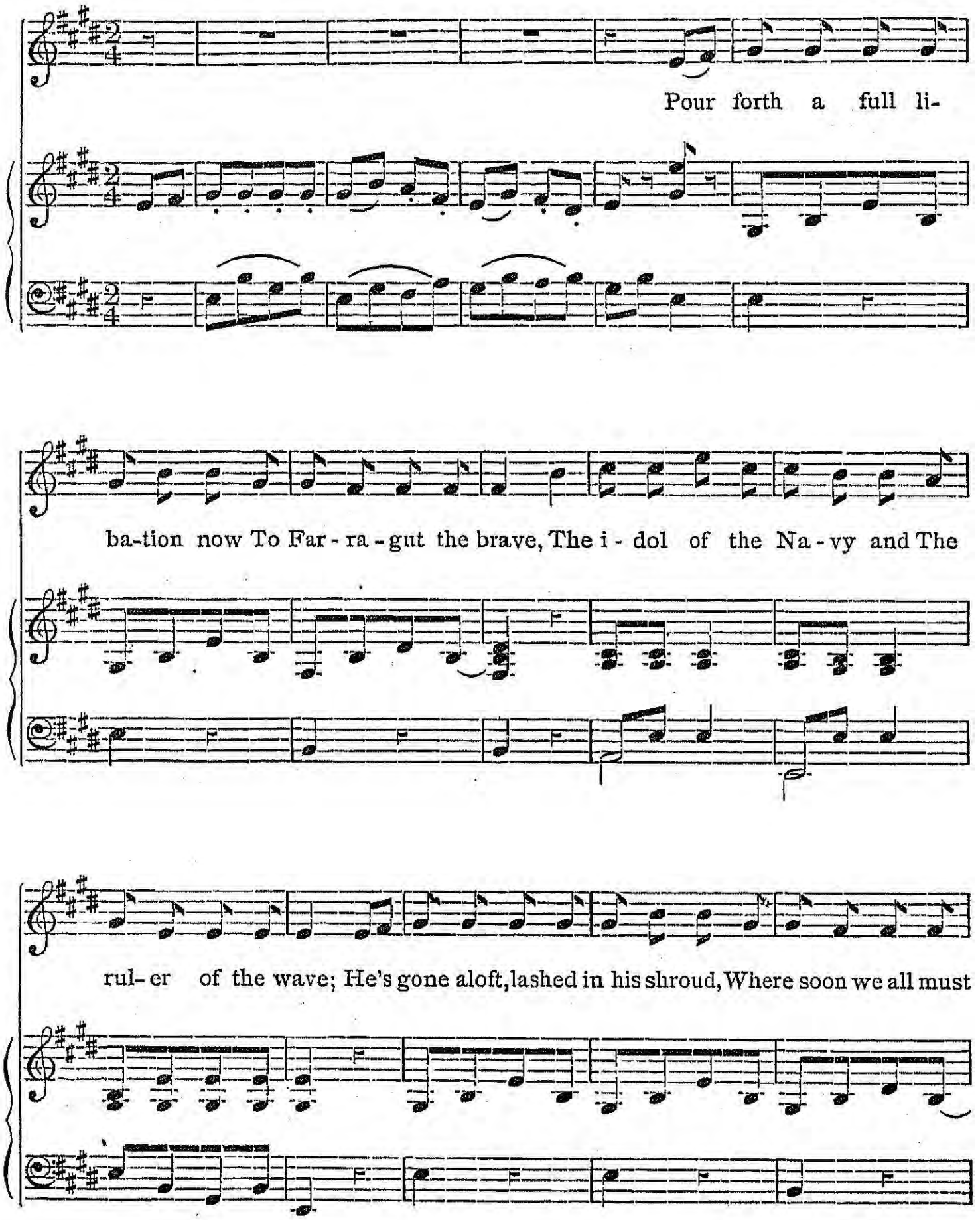
After leaving the table, there was a social gathering in the mess-room, which was a most refreshing and profitable season, as the deacons say after a revival, if the plate "pans out" satisfactorily. Unconstrained soldierly, festal fervor prevailed. A toast to the United States Army was accompanied by hearty cheers, and one of the guests, who had seen a little service in the army while fighting was going on, was called upon to respond. He said that in the crest of this regiment he found an analogy which permitted him to refer to the present condition of our country, but lately rent by the war for the Union. It bears a reminder of fierce civil conflict, buried long ago in the history of a past century, but the whilom badges of antagonism now form an emblem of unity, and the white rose of York and the Lancasterian red combine, in alternate leaves, in the arms of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, forming, with the green laurel that crowns the record of the gallant command, a rainbow of promise of future amity. So with our own land, but a short time ago divided by warring forces. Now, contention has passed away, and the lofty pine of Maine and the palmetto of South Carolina are swayed by the same breeze of peaceful unity, breathing the assurance of uninterrupted harmony among our confederated people for evermore.

At the conclusion of his short speech, in answer to a persistent call, he sang the army song of "Benny Havens, Oh!" the British officers joining enthusiastically in the chorus, although it was the rebel tune of "The Wearing of the Green."

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

WRITTEN FOR THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

AIR—*Wearing of the green.*



go; He's wait-ing there to wel-come us With Ben-ny Ha-vens, oh!

Chorus.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

ff

With Ben-ny Ha-vens, oh! With Ben-ny Ha-vens, oh! He's waiting there to

TENOR AND BASS.

PIANO. *ff*

wel-come us With Ben-ny Ha-vens, oh!

Beneath his daisy shelter-tent,
In calm repose Meade lies,
The stars he wore so brilliantly
Are transferred to the skies,

Where, in the Army of the Blest,
  For evermore they glow
Upon a private in the ranks
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

We'll cherish in our memory green,
  The gallant Sedgwick's name,
He lay down in a mantle of
  Imperishable fame,
To waken when the Reveillé
  Shall summon friend and foe
To everlasting brotherhood
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

With wreath of *immortelle*, the grave
  Of Sumner's fitly crowned,
As through the echoing halls of time
  His glories still resound;
The page of truthful history
  Fresh honors will bestow;
He'll, hand in hand, by Reynolds stand
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

At Burnside's bier we drop a tear
  For soldier sunk to rest;
A knightly soul has reached its goal
  'Neath Hooker's honored crest;
In warlike lays, we'll chant the praise
  Of trusty Fighting Joe,
Until the day we serve for aye
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

Upon the James, the Rapidan,
  And Rappahannock's shore,
We lost heroic soldier friends,
  On earth to meet no more;
But when the angel trumpet shall
  The last Assembly blow,
We'll find them in the shining host
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

Mid ghostly wails, the cypress trails
  Dark plumes on Malvern's height,
With plaintive thrill, the whippoorwill
  Pipes for a spectral fight;
See Morn advance, with radiant lance
  And Chanticleer's bold crow,
Back to the sky the shadows fly
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

While gathered at the festive board,
  Will yet remembered be
The Army of the Cumberland,
  And of the Tennessee;
The broad Potomac with their flood
  Unites in loving flow—
A mighty tide of comradeship
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

The summer wind sighs softly through
  Atlanta's lovely vale,
A fragrant hymn of requiem,
  McPherson to bewail;

O'er Thomas, on Mount Ida's slope,
  Sweet roses incense throw;
Deep in our hearts are both enshrined
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

Down under battle-mounds that fleck
  Fair fields with ghastly green,
The busy worm, on tireless loom,
  Weaves, in celestial sheen,
From warp of blue and woof of gray,
  Robes white as driven snow;
The uniform for Judgment Day
  Of Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

When life's campaign is at an end,
  And we are mustered out,
The Yankee cheer and Rebel yell
  Will mingle in one shout;
We'll greet our late antagonists,
  And then no more shall know,
Nor Union nor Confederate
  With Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

For our noble first commander,
  We crush a cup of wine,
To sprinkle on the laurels bright
  That round his deeds entwine;
To the well-beloved chieftain
  Let bumpers overflow,
May *he* live long to sing the song
  Of Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus.

Among the songs sung was one by Major Santi, Deputy Commissary-General (to the accompaniment of his guitar, touched with much taste and expression), which struck me as being a really clever "skit," showing the impatience of the loving nephew waiting for his inheritance. It was a travesty on Moore's well-known lines from the "Fire Worshipers," and as I had never seen it in print, Major Santi was good enough to give me a copy.

UNCLE JOHN.

I never loved a young gazelle,
  Because as how I never tried,
And if I had, I know full well
  The poor young creature would have died.
My old and wealthy Uncle John,
  I've known him long, I've loved him well,
But still he will go living on—
  I wish he were a young gazelle.

I never had tree, fruit, or flower,
  But if I had, without a doubt,
Some cruel frost, or wind, or shower
  Would just have come and snuffed them out.
I've dearly loved my Uncle John,
  From childhood to the present hour,
But still he will go living on—
  I wish he were tree, fruit, or flower.

I've often heard that death destroys
  Whilst still they're innocent and young,
The good, the nice, pure little boys,
  And spares the biggest rogues unhung;
Whene'er I see my Uncle John
  This solemn thought occurs to me,
As Uncle John goes living on—
  How wicked Uncle John must be!

We were loath to part with our agreeable hosts when the time came, and, at their earnest solicitation, we deferred our retirement until an hour when those who go to bed early were taking their second nap. I will confess that during this symposium the hatred of "England's cruel red," which ought to burn fiercely in my Celtic breast, was but a puny and laggard flame. But it will revive when I return, and listen to a speech or two from my friend the State Senator, calculated to fire the Hibernian heart.

Long, long ago, I read Johnson's "Rasselas." It was so long ago that I have forgotten what it was about, the story having been crowded out of my mind by the light literature of this period—census reports, health statistics, the *Congressional Globe*, and such entertaining reading matter—but I remember that there was a happy valley in it; and so there is in Bermuda. General Hastings, a gallant officer from Ohio, in our army, was badly wounded at Winchester, fighting under Sheridan. He suffered severely for many years, a rifle-ball remaining in his leg until quite recently. He tried wintering in various places, but found none that agreed with him so well as Bermuda. He has spent the winters here for six years past, and has become the owner of extensive property, advantageously situated on the sea-shore, his handsome residence, looking like a marble front, standing on a commanding eminence a short distance inland. Here, not far from the house, is Cameron Valley, where nestle his extensive lily-beds, divided into five plantations by hedges of oleanders, which serve the double purpose of marking boundaries and sheltering the fragile flowers from blighting winds. The beds are in progressive stages of development; from the spherical bulb imprisoning the corolla, and the partially unfolded calyx—a dress of green with white trimmings—to the silvery blossom, with graceful outspreading leaves, guarding

the golden stamen. The bed containing the developed flowers looked as if covered with a quilt of pearly whiteness, on which deft fingers had embroidered dainty designs of lucent splendor, in bewildering repetition of exuberant beauty.

General Hastings' success in his first efforts to cultivate this Easter-lily encouraged him to engage in wholesale production, and he now sends large quantities of bulbs to New York, England, and Holland, where they find a ready market. This year he expects to raise 300,000 lilies. His lameness prevented him from going with us, so Mrs. Hastings, accompanied by a young American lady, her visitor, acted as our fitting guide to this fairy lily-vale. With her own hands, she gathered a large quantity of lilies, which were used in the decoration of the Montauk for the reception next day, and, although on that occasion the saloon was actually smothered in flowers, the lily was given the place of honor, and every one who entered saluted a single lily placed above the door.

Commodore Platt gave an At Home on the Montauk the second day before sailing. Miss Gallwey, Miss Hurst, Mrs. Brower, and others sent aboard flowers in great abundance, and these, supplementing the lilies, gave the saloon of the yacht the semblance of a bower. Indeed we gave it the name "Lily Bower," which it will retain during the voyage at least. Colonel Simpson, of the 84th, kindly sent the Regimental Band to play on deck, and all the accessories of a reception were present, including a bountiful supply of suitable refreshments. There was a general acceptance of the invitations sent out, and the guests numbered several hundred, among them many British army and navy officers with their families, and numerous American visitors. The guests were brought aboard on a steam-tug, and the manner in which Uncle John did the honors in transit was the theme of feeling

comment. The Uncle John hand-clasp will long survive in fair Bermudian minds, a cherished tradition of an inimitable manifestation of chivalrous gallantry, administered gently, with delicate tenderness and courteous deference. The handsomely-dressed ladies, interspersed with gentlemen in parti-colored costumes, relieved by the bright mass of red-coated musicians stationed on the forward deck, made it a picturesque subject for the photographer, who took a view which I send you. The At Home proved to be a distinguished success, comparing advantageously, I am told, with a similar reception given by Lady Brassey aboard the Sunbeam.

Even were I unmindful of the old adage about the odiousness of comparison, I would be at a loss did I venture to make an estimate of the relative attractiveness of the ladies of the several nationalities who honored us with their presence. While our own fair countrywomen are always entitled to first place, it must be acknowledged that the English and Bermudian ladies were worthy rivals, and some of them even showed claims to precedence worthy of consideration. It must be borne in mind, however, that we were not in Utica; there, rivalry would have been hopeless.

The great event of modern times in Bermuda was the visit, last year, of H. R. H. the Princess Louise. It forms a theme of constant consideration, and the 'Mudians roll the oft-repeated recital of incidents under their loyal tongues with great relish. The calabash tree of Tom Moore, beneath which he wrote many verses when he was a public functionary here, has withered into insignificance since the royal advent. The place where the Princess landed is held as hallowed ground, and the Island has become a sort of sacred soil—it is the *Insula Sanctorum* of the West. The amiability and gracious manners of the Princess won the hearts of her

subjects, and she is entitled, beyond question, to the unstinted praise bestowed upon her.

It has just occurred to me that my letter is getting long, and there is a sameness about its tone which will make it tedious. It is a rambling sort of a thing, with too much of the personal in it perhaps, but I could not repress the feelings which prompt this expression of grateful recognition of Bermudian hospitality and courtesy. The climate of Bermuda is one of the best in winter ; still, I could find lands with much greater physical attractions. But as a frank, honest, genial, hospitable people, well-educated, cultured and refined, it would be difficult to find the superior of the inhabitants of this island, comparatively isolated from the great world of fashion.

Up to the 28th of February, Anno Domini, 1884, the great event of Bermuda had been the visit of the Princess Louise. Since that day I doubt whether the visit will maintain its super-eminence. To suggest how it was supplemented by a greater event would test our modesty of pretension. But up to that red-letter day, the hand-clasp of Uncle John was unknown in Bermuda.

CHAPTER VII.

AT SEA.

A Frustrated Conspiracy—Getting Away—A Tortuous Channel—Description of Yacht—A Lazy Life—Lounging Occupation—Cloud Scenery—Amusements—Sartorial—Pills—Detergent.

ON BOARD MONTAUK, AT SEA,
March 12, 1884, Lat. 24′ 32° N., Long. 59′ 59° W.

WITH firm resolution and unbending will to enforce it, we are enabled to overcome the temptations that beset our path through life. The difficulty is in the application of it, as Captain Cuttle, Catlin, or some other sage and philosopher, wisely remarked concerning the efficient administration of a mustard-plaster, the unsparing rod that keeps the child from spoiling, a city government, or something of that sort. We managed, at last, to escape from Bermuda (although you haven't escaped yet, as you see I persist in writing about it), eluding the tenacious grasp of persistent friendly ministrations; and it was not easily shaken, you may be sure. We escaped, despite the job put up to detain the Commodore, on a trumped-up charge for some fancied violations of non-existent harbor laws, alleged, on the complaint of Mr. Boyle, the genial and clever Colonial Secretary, papers being prepared in due form, imposingly endorsed "On Her Majesty's Service." We even evaded the vigilance of the police force, which has been greatly augmented recently on account of the Fenian scare. Including the chief and assistant, it is now a formidable and awe-inspiring body of three full-grown men.

To escape required a great effort of will-power; as the mesmerist said to the Brevet Corporal when he tried to persuade him that an experimental half-dollar, which he placed in his hand illustratively, was red hot, which Bob didn't feel, and thus retained and pocketed the coin. I have read somewhere of a bailiff who boarded a vessel to libel it, and was carried off to sea, papers and all; and so with us. The Commodore accepted service of the generous effort to detain him, and then sailed away, carrying the futile writ of *ne exeat*, to be preserved among the agreeable recollections of our visit as the only abortive effort of Bermudian hospitality.

Shortly after noon, then, on March 8th, we weighed anchor in Hamilton Harbor, hoisted sail, saluted the colors of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club (accompanying the salute with cheers, which came back stoutly re-echoed from the balcony of the Club House), and so, regretfully, left Bermuda. We sailed away in fine style. It was a cloudless day, and the wind, though light, was in the right quarter for a favorable "slant," with the Hamilton shore to leeward, giving the spectators assembled to see us off a fine view of the graceful vessel, as she swept by in conscious strength and beauty. Scarcely was the anchor hoisted to her bow, when she moved off as if, instead of lying idle in port for ten days, with her sails furled, she had kept them filled with wind, stowed away, canned, as it were, ready to start at the word go. She might be compared to a dog that had been lying down, rising, turning half around, and then starting off briskly on a trot. We saluted the American flag with the prescribed honors while passing the office of the U. S. Consul. Captain Chase accompanied us, with Mr. Trimmingham, Rear Commodore of the Bermuda Club, and a son of Mr. Richard Darrell, a genuine young sea-dog, who can sail his dingey with the best of them, and "take a swim"—which is

the 'Mudian euphemism for sinking one of these plucky little boats in a race—without a growl. We were guided out by black Peter Smith, the same pilot who brought us in. Being a pilot, and a black Peter, he is probably connected with blue-peter, the flag raised when a vessel is about to sail. At any rate, he is an old-salt Peter. No doubt, too, he is related to the Smith family. I judge so from his name. He quit us at St. George's, receiving a handsome gratuity, in addition to the "ten bob" given him for conveying ashore the gentlemen who accompanied us thus far. Sailing through it again, we were enabled to appreciate more fully how narrow and crooked is the channel that leads to Hamilton harbor of safety. It doesn't carry out the scriptural simile. It is narrow, but not straight—a sort of half-and-half—like some professors of religion. We had expected to take a tugboat to tow us out, but managed to get along without one; for to sail both in and out the harbor unaided was a feather in the cap of the already profusely-beplumed Montauk.

Perhaps you may be interested in the description of the vessel in which we are cruising to West Indies and the Spanish Main; in a jog-trot, humdrum sort of way, so unadventurous as hardly to afford matter for a readable letter; always saving and excepting the violent gales heretofore mentioned, which were not entirely devoid of interest to those who were staring in the face an impending possibility of satisfying, by personal observation, any curiosity they might have regarding the contents of the locker down below.

The Montauk is a schooner yacht of 87.52 tons, Custom House register, but 200 tons carpenter's measurement. She is a centre-board vessel, having under her, amidships, what is called a centre-board, which may be lowered or raised at will from the deck. The English call it a false-keel. When sailing before the wind it is raised, but when close-hauled it is

let down to the full extent, thus affording a resistant power which keeps the vessel steady and up to her work. The draught of water, without the board, is nine feet, with the full board down, twenty-one feet. There is great difference of opinion among yachtsmen as to the relative merits of keel and centre-board, the English having no faith in the board, while Americans are divided in their views. The main objection advanced to the centre-board craft is that she is not well adapted to meet heavy weather at sea, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the Montauk, which is a representative boat of her kind, has not only done the fastest sailing in races, but, during the first week of this voyage, has demonstrated her stanch, sea-worthy qualities in the severest tests. During the strong gales experienced in the Gulf Stream she never shipped a green sea.

The Montauk is 104 feet long, 25½ feet beam in the widest part amidships, sharp forward, and with a clean run aft. Her mainmast is 104 feet from deck to truck. The deck is four feet above water-line, and bulwarks eighteen inches over the deck, thus making the rail 5½ feet above the water.

The saloon is 18 feet by 12, clear of berths. The owner's room, about amidships on the starboard side, is luxuriously fitted up, with a wide bed and all appropriate adjuncts. Off his room is the bath-room, where one may bathe either in salt or fresh water, the salt water running in from the sea, through a faucet beneath the water-line. On the opposite, or port, side, is another state-room of smaller size; and the sailingmaster's quarters, a wash-room, and steward's pantry. There are also two state-rooms in the quarter aft, opening from the companion-way. The saloon contains four commodious berths. Forward of the steward's pantry is the cook's galley, and beyond that, a light and comfortable forecastle for the sailors' occupancy.

The saloon is finished in solid mahogany, carved, except the ceilings, which are white, picked out with gold, the panels being exquisitely wrought in minute circles, applied with a delicate camel's hair brush, producing the effect of a flash of gold. The mast-case has carved on it a leviathan, with the first verse of the forty-first chapter of Job: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?" Flanking this case, are shelves filled with books. Side-boards of handsome carved mahogany are in the corners. The hangings are of heavy Japanese silk, embroidered with the leviathan design. Chairs and sofas are covered with silk seal-plush containing the yacht monogram. The chandelier consists of three massive bronze lamps, suspended beneath the skylight from the mouth of a figure representing a dolphin. Silver, cut-glass-ware and china are all marked with the name Montauk, as is the linen of every kind. There are capacious lockers everywhere for stowage. Electric-bells, communicating with the steward's pantry, are in each state-room and saloon-berth.

There is also an electric-bell on the quarter-deck. The deck-fittings, hatches, coamings and skylights are solid mahogany, the side-gratings and stanchions, polished brass. She carries two boats, the Commodore's four-oared gig, twenty-four feet long, and a large cutter. The Montauk was launched in May, 1882; won the Bennett challenge cup in the New York Club regatta the next month, and the prize of her class; and in the following August won the Goelet $1,000 prize, over the Newport course, and won it again the next year. She has made the fastest time ever made over the New York Yacht Club course.

We lead a very lazy life aboard the yacht. This is about the routine: We turn out (you mustn't say get out of bed at sea) about eight o'clock—eight bells; then go on deck, or

rather poke our heads out of the companion-way (the staircase leading to the quarter-deck), and survey the situation, having, perhaps, a little chat with the quartermaster at the wheel. We are robed *tout d'une tenue*, and it is pleasant to be able to dawdle around so extensively *déshabillé*, without being frost-bitten, in the month of March. After lounging a while, we eat some fruit, or drink a bottle of Congress-water, and munch a crust of bread, with a cup of coffee. Some, following the health-giving example of our robust forefathers, take an appetizer, but this is optional, though usual. There is no compulsion about it, but you must. It is like the complaint of the British sailor when asked if attendance at prayer was compulsory in the navy. "Oh, no," said he, "you needn't go; but if you doesn't, they stops your grog." We breakfast at ten, and, if so inclined, take a biscuit and bottle of beer, or a glass of wine, at two o'clock. Dinner is served at half-past six; and then on deck for a smoke, remaining until we turn in, about eleven, except on moonlight nights, when midnight finds us still on deck, reveling in the glories of that solemn and tender time.

Interspersed in this programme are games of dominos and backgammon, with some reading, little writing, much smoking, and unlimited "chaffing," in which Uncle John is foremost, an adept in every pastime, as he is in the useful arts. I have been discomfited by him at dominos. But backgammon hath its victories no less renowned than dominos, as I have learned in some encounters with the Commodore, from which I retired crowned with the laurels of defeat. But I have challenged these victors to a game in which I am an expert, although I have never played it; I have loudly asserted my superiority, and challenged them to play lawn-tennis aboard the yacht. There is where I have them. I even insinuate that the reason there is no lawn-tennis set in the ship's

stores (there is everything else) is that they are afraid to play with me, and afford me an opportunity to display my wonderful skill. I haven't ventured to set up a similar claim in regard to the manly and clerical game of croquet. I feared that I might be covered with confusion by the exposure of my unfounded pretension to skill in this game likewise. I distrusted the inexhaustible resources of the great Dominocan. I feared that if I claimed to be able to play the game, Uncle John would bring me to grief by finding somewhere in his kit a croquet-set.

A finer sail than our run from Bermuda thus far it would be hard to experience. True, we meet some head-winds, which compel us to take a circuitous course, thus prolonging the voyage, but to-morrow or the next day we shall strike the trade-winds, and after that there will be easy sailing to St. Kitt's. Then we have no schedule time; no impatient passengers to grumble; we carry no mails, nor females (old joke) to get seasick; our cargo will not spoil; we have an ample supply of water, and can only get short in case of accident preventing us from making a harbor.

The weather is delightful; the sun shining brightly, save when he passes for a moment behind the numerous detached clouds that swarm in fragmentary, fantastic shapes, sailing with Proteus in his flittering galiot through realms of ethereal space. Reclining, shirt-sleeved, in comfortable extension-chairs on the quarter-deck, lulled by the rippling water gurgling melodiously along the sides, as if responding with cheerful welcome to the salutation of the entering prow—the salt-scented breeze tempering with invigorating infusion the sensuous tropical breath that comes from the torrid South, laden with fragrant anticipation of gorgeous flowers and luscious fruits—is the perfection of luxurious indolence. Nor does it ever become monotonous. One never wearies of looking at

the waves as they rush swiftly by, irradiating, dancing in foamy swirls, or racing up in laughing undulations in our wake as if to catch on ; just touching the rudder, and then receding playfully, gathering force for another effort to reach the deck. This, however, they are unable to seize on, for we never ship seas on this craft. Forgive the execrable pun. It is not mine. I cannot tell a lie. 'Tis Uncle John's.

Then there is constant occupation, watching the shifting cloud-transformation scenery; pointing out to each other the familiar, fanciful, and weird shapes they assume. There are Hamlet's camel, weasel, and whale, of course ; but we see many other things "too numerous to mention," like the diseases that succumb to James' pills. We see trees, fruits, and flowers; oaks, elms, maples, sunflowers, hollyhocks; haystacks, corn-fields, mowing-machines, pug-dogs, ducks, game-cocks, wine-glasses, pulpits, hobby-horses, bonnets, bicycles, coffins, spinning-wheels, punch-bowls, lobsters, tally-ho coaches, altars, pianos, frying-pans, Brooklyn bridge, combs, "the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," detergent, hurricanes, lunatic-asylums, walking-sticks, cucumbers, cradles, waterfalls, gripsacks, village-carts, church-steeples, cranks, black-silk stockings, Irving Cliff, Juliet in the moonlight, ballot-boxes, battle-flags, stock-indicators, pitchforks, hop-poles, alligators, cigars, swords, wash-tubs, locomotives, hand-organs, the baby elephant, old women sweeping the sky ; and a broad unfolded page of heraldic emblazonments—lions, tigers, bears, griffins, castles, swords, shields, harps, scallop-shells; with angelic shapes and horrent forms; fair maidens, dudes, monsters; conformations graceful and grotesque; "Gorgons and Hydras, and chimeras dire."

Uncle John thought he could trace, in fleecy elusiveness, the lineaments of a man who owed him a thousand dollars,

but the face was behind a cloud; where it is apt to remain, as Uncle John doubts if he will ever see that thousand dollars again.

There is other employment of time. Looking at the clock in the companion-way; noting the changes in the barometer, whether the glass sets fair, or indicates a coming storm; prognosticating the weather from wind and cloud indications; comparing pocket-compasses with the binnacle and remarking "how does she head?" guessing how many knots she is making, and viewing the patent-log to decide bets on speed; watching the flying-fish skim along between wind and water, and arguing a philological point as to whether they should be described as "flocks" or "schools;" wondering how many miniature crustacea are stow-aways on the floating gulf-weed; observing how the sun sets, whether clear, promising fair weather, or, ominously, in a bank of clouds, like a deluded depositor; then going below occasionally to drill in seamanship, which consists in practicing an operation that may be performed with a variety of materials in different ways. The method is easily acquired by landsmen, who have a similar process on shore. At sea it is called "splicing the main-brace." It has divers designations ashore, regulated by the dialectical usages of the community. In the Carlton Island Club, which is a sea-going organization, it is called by the saline navigators, in their dry, sententious sailor phrase—"hoisting."

When we feel like taking a watch below, we have other sources of amusement. There is reading, for example, with a handsome library of well-selected books to choose from—which nobody reads. We have no time for such nonsense. There are no daily papers delivered aboard ship, and the great American people has fallen into the habit of reading nothing but newspapers. The reason, no doubt, is that we are

devoted seekers after truth, and where can it be found in such immaculateness as in the columns of a political newspaper? It is said that truth may be found in the bottom of a well, but few journalists take the trouble to get down there. Perhaps it is owing to their aversion to water. Still they are always talking about getting at the bottom facts.

We sometimes play cards, euchre being the favorite game; for, strange to say, there are on board four Americans, neither of whom plays poker or chews tobacco. Yet they are reasonably patriotic, and love their country—when it doesn't cost anything. Backgammon—"three hits or a gammon to see who shall buy the lemonade," *i.e.*, undertake the exhausting labor of touching an electric-bell to summon the steward—is another favorite; but the great game, the *magnus opus* of Uncle John, is dominos.

Here he comes to the front as an invincible champion who unhorses all opponents. He is a brave man indeed who ventures to tackle the great American dominost, with the certainty of defeat staring him in the face. My presumption in this regard was justly punished by oft-repeated castigations, for I am one of those obtuse persons who doesn't always know when he is whipped. Among his versatile accomplishments, there is none in which Uncle John stands so pre-eminent, unconquered and unconquerable, as in his masterful handling of the ivories. He has justly earned the title he wears with proud satisfaction, Old Double-Six. It is a matter of regret to me that Uncle John never encountered the renowned triumvirate, Barnum, Hinman and McQuade, in the days when they ruled Utica with a strong hand, devoting patient hours to closing their columns of oblong pieces, deploying, forming square, and blocking out the doubles. He would have found in them foemen worthy of his steel, but among their degenerate descendants he encounters but puny

and contemptible antagonists. Perhaps if he had met these venerable manipulators they might still be living, for to play with Uncle John is a new lease of life. No wonder he established the fame of the hand-clasp among the belles of Bermuda. The man who can distinguish the numbers on the face of the domino by feeling the ivory back, must be endowed with a delicacy of touch irresistible in beauty's grasp.

I don't know how we could get along now without "Uncle John," a respectful and affectionate designation bestowed on him as a term of endearment, for he is not many years the senior of his brother, the Commodore; but with his unvarying good-temper and kindness, this seems to be his most fitting appellation—typical of benevolence and thoughtful consideration for others. An old yachtsman himself, for many years owner of a crack vessel of the New York squadron, he is fully informed as to all the requirements of a sea voyage and his equipment is complete in every particular. From needle and thread, which he handles with the dexterity of the Fair Maid of Perth, to the restless hammer, which the Gow Chrom himself could not swing more nicely vigorous, he seems to encompass everything in his outfit. He has clothing adapted to every change of temperature, and in the matter of scarfs and neckties, his varied assortment would excite the envy of a first-class haberdasher. I came out strong myself in the shoe and slipper line, wearing a different pair every day for some time; and when the variety was exhausted, changed ends and went in for head covering; having a diversified collection, from the various grades of soft felt, silk and rubber, embracing in the category a formidable sou'wester and a knit nightcap—but the overwhelming and dazzling array of neckties in Uncle John's repertoire paralyzed me. I gave it up, acknowledging a dismal failure in the clothing trade, and became a bankrupt in style, and can

never take the benefit of any act without the consent of Uncle John, my principal creditor. In days gone by, I was reputed to be the possessor of some style, but my glory has departed. I never fully understood the extent of the decadent change that time has wrought until I encountered Uncle John. There has been nothing equal to it since that mirror of deportment, *Cheveuxlier* François Lippen, avalanched the colored barber from Syracuse. I must claim the credit, however, of having made a good fight, and didn't give up until I was attacked in my own specialty. When Uncle John paraded a white felt-hat, of ancient vintage, mellow-tinted with years, and flavorous of conquest in the shadowy past on the fashionable "above Bleecker Street" promenades, I knew that further resistance would be in vain, and surrendered at discretion. I abjure pretension to dress now and forever. Not even the tasteful, artistic, and becoming habiliments of the ex-mayor, who dug the Mohawk River and sets the fashion in dress for modish tailors, will tempt me to emulate his example of well-fitting and carefully chosen garments; in which varied fresh hues are blended in charming confusion with the subdued tints of time-honored over-employment; and the obsolete pattern jostles with new textures of economical ready-made design! Ah! if I had but one of his unique cravats of the old Hardenbroek No. 2 epoch; even a discarded one (no, he never discards them)—if I had one of these with which to meet Uncle John, I need not now be dragged in ill-clad vanquishment at his sartorial chariot wheels. As it is, I renounce style forever. No more! I have taken the pledge.

With his other meritorious attractions, Uncle John is well up in medicine; and, as we have no surgeon on board, he prescribes right and left from his store of remedies, large enough for an army hospital. My assumption of the title of

M.D. is rejected; notwithstanding I have been connected with quarantine and lunacy, and ought therefore to be well up in both sanity and insanity. We have a well-supplied medicine-chest belonging to the yacht, but that is of the allopathic complexion, while Uncle John is a homœopathist. Nobody knows how to administer the dose prescribed by allopathy, while Uncle John is as skillful as Hahnemann himself. Still we go in for discipline, and if we are to be dosed, insist upon the regular ship's medicine-chest, according to the number and direction; so between the rival schools of allopathy and homœopathy we consult neither and take no medicine. The result is, we are all well, except Uncle John, who is not going to take the trouble of bringing medicine aboard for nothing, and affects a slight illness in order to demonstrate the efficacy of his own prescriptions. It must be admitted, however, that he is not a homœopathic bigot. He yields to a limited extent on the question of pills, and is a great advocate of the virtues of those made according to the formula of Dr. James, by a prescription which has been handed down among the traditions of the Woodmarket. Uncle John always keeps them on hand. Through love of my old home, as soon as I learned that they were made in Utica, I took some of the pills myself, although I needed no medicine at the time. I don't know what they are intended for; I didn't find out.

The other guest of our princely host is an old friend of Uncle John's, now holding a responsible place in the government of New York City. They formerly owned a yacht together, and were chums when members of the Volunteer Fire Department in its palmy days. Their reminiscences of stirring incidents, when the old department was in its glory, are highly interesting, and serve to while away many an hour before we turn in at night.

It would be hard to find four voyagers who get along bet-

ter together than we do. We discuss religion and politics without rancor, air a great deal of knowledge of law, physic, and divinity, and descant learnedly on fashion and the musical glasses. What we don't know about seamanship might be learned from the cook of an Erie Canal lake-boat, who is a seafaring man. There is but one thing to mar in the slightest degree our perfect harmony; but a shadow will intrude even in the best-regulated and brightest circles. Notwithstanding their intimate friendship for years, there occasionally crops out a jealous feeling between Uncle John and the Commissioner, which is painful to the Commodore and myself. This baleful influence is—dominos.

Uncle John, who is fertile in preparations, has another special compound, for which he claims great erasive and purifying virtues. It is called detergent, and he claims that, if given a fair trial, it would clean out the Philadelphia city government, or make the Utica Gulf (redolent of Governor's veto) smell sweet. It is good for almost every purpose except eating, and I am not sure that he would not recommend it, for depilatory as well as detersive powers, against hairs in country-hotel butter. One evening closing in cloudy and unpleasant, the Commodore gravely asked Uncle John if he wouldn't please bring a pinch of detergent on deck and clean up the nasty weather.

CHAPTER VIII.

BASSE TERRE.

An Abortive Sunrise—Washing Decks—Sea-ditties—A Shanty Song—Sombrero—Saba—The Rock-sail—St. Eustatius—St. Christopher—Basse Terre—The Yankee Jack-knife—Hurricanes, Floods, and Pestilence—*Dulce-domum.*

ST. CHRISTOPHER (ST. KITT'S), March 16, 1884.

OFTEN, when at sea heretofore, have I promised myself a first-class view of sunrise, but something always happened, or didn't happen, to prevent this enjoyment. Usually the insignificant obstacle was my failure to get up in time. It is not so easy to "rise up William Reilly" on a passenger steamer; but there is comparatively little difficulty aboard a yacht, particularly when one occupies a state-room aft, when all that is necessary is to turn out from the bunk into the companion-way, and then, in three steps, the deck is reached. Besides, the preliminaries of toilet arrangement, putting up the back hair and curling the front, are not *de rigueur*. There is a Spartan simplicity of attire maintained, not customary where there are many observers on deck. I had, on rare occasions, seen the sunrise on shore—returning from parties, traveling by rail, or attending early church service—but a full-dress sunrise at sea I had never witnessed, although many opportunities had offered during years of travel. So I determined to secure a front seat—like a church elder at a "Black Crook" performance away from home—and take in an uninterrupted view of the gorgeous spectacle. I had been so derelict in

attendance at the levees of his solar majesty all my life, that I resolved to make reparation by early presence at this late day (repenting, like the elect member who goes straight to heaven by the eleventh hour, gallows air line) and therefore arranged to be called in season.

Accordingly I was notified one morning by the Commissioner—whose expansive and handsome presence occupied a considerable portion of the quarter-deck, airily arrayed in voluminous envelopment *à la mode de lit*—that the sun was about to rise, and would be glad to see me on deck. I mounted the companion-way, protruded my ivory bang through the opening, and saw, lighting up the eastern sky, a faint pink suffusion, the precedent promise of the advent of the god of day (which I take it is the correct reportorial style, according to the late lamented Micawber). I waited patiently for a long time, but no sun appeared. I couldn't have displayed more patience had I been like some young fellow waiting outside a church-door, while the clergyman preached a long-winded evening sermon at his best girl inside. Meantime the moon was yet shining refulgent, high above the western horizon; holding her own with true feminine pertinacity, bright as if she were engaged for just one more waltz before retiring. The pink suffusion continued, with fluttering suspicion of a crimson flush, like a trace of raspberry syrup in a circus lemonade, but still the sun lingered below the sea, as if reluctant to appear, blushing at being caught with his rays down, in the morning by the bright light. I think I waited two *décolleté* hours to see that sun rise, and then withdrew. I suppose that, on account of some derangement of scenery, the performance for my special benefit has been postponed until a more favorable occasion. The fact is, the faint reflection came an hour or so before the sun was ready to turn out, and the Commissioner, whose habits do

not make him familiar with early morning appearances, being unaware of that atmospheric peculiarity, treated me as a sluggard and waked me too soon. When the luminary did rise, he was smothered behind a pillow of cloud which hid him from view until long after breakfast. Perhaps he took his own breakfast in bed. But I saw some delicate tints of green, saffron, ashes-of-roses, red, yellow and écru, which fully repaid my devotion to his worship, the sun, for they gave me glowing ideas for a scarf, before which I purpose to make Uncle John pale his ineffectual fires, when I return to New York, where silks are cheap.

The Persians at Ispahan salute the rising sun with flourish of trumpets. I won't adopt that cult unless it is changed to the setting orb, to suit my convenience. Pompey said that more worship the rising than the setting sun, but he had in view the distribution of offices. I'll stay with the minority; I feel more at home. I haven't essayed the sunrise act since this failure, and, as it is doubtful if I make another effort, you may imagine, if you please, all kinds of eloquent and felicitous descriptions and credit them to me. One can always describe better without seeing. Then the imagination is not clogged by the trammels of accuracy, as are the utterances of agitators, reformers, editors, revivalists, auctioneers, and members of Congress. I think I should recognize the face of the morning sun if I should happen to see him, though when we met 'twas in a cloud. However, if I am behind in attendance at the *lever du soleil*, I make it up by being punctual at the *couchée*. While I may not see him rise, I am always on hand at sunset.

Speaking of rising, I had the best of the sailors that morning. They didn't have the opportunity to waken me, as is their spiteful usage. It is their barbarous custom to stamp around overhead, disturbing my innocent slumbers,

dashing water over the deck, scraping, scrubbing, sanding, and cavorting in various cleansing eccentricities, greatly to the detriment of that beauty-sleep, which I have been practicing assiduously since boyhood, without noticing any appreciable improvement in my personal appearance. If industrious and prolonged beauty-sleep in the morning could make one handsome, I would be a Mohawk Valley Antinous.

It is strange how evil habits become confirmed by indulgence. Scarcely has daybreak, with ill-timed officiousness, intruded on peaceful slumbers, when the sailor seizes bucket and broom, and attacks the deck with the ferocity of a tidy housewife in cleaning season. Happily that comes but twice a year, while here it is an every-day vicious habit. If it should rain all night, up comes Jack in the morning, sloshing around with the impartiality of an undiscriminating shillalah at Donnybrook Fair. I asked the mate one morning, when they were scrubbing the deck after hours of flooding rain, why they were engaged in such an obvious work of supererogation — employment severely discountenanced in the Thirty Nine Articles. He said it was to wash off the fresh water. The sailor has no respect for fresh water—except in grog. I don't see why they can't scrub the deck at night. Then my sleep wouldn't be broken quite so much.

Since the general employment of steam in navigation, the habits of sailors have naturally changed so as to conform, in some degree at least, to the existing condition of sea service. The old Jack tar, with his natty blue jacket, immaculate white trousers, flowing neckerchief, and jaunty tarpaulin hat, is being merged in the greasy stoker. The dust, smoke, cinders and soot of the steamship make sad havoc with the purity of white duck; the stiff tarpaulin has no place in the sweltering confines of the boiler-room and coal-bunker; everything is done by machinery; the anchor is hoisted by

steam, the sails set by steam, and even the vessel steered by steam. William and Black-eyed Susan belong to the stage, and the oil-stained sailor of to-day is but a grimy representative of the airy and romantic jolly tar, who danced the sailor's hornpipe, wielded a heavy cutlass as if it were a toothpick, and blasted his eyes, and shivered his timbers, and avasted, and ahoyed, in days of yore. As steam has so largely superseded manual labor, the sea-songs with which sailors used to keep time when pulling and hauling in combined and simultaneous effort, are dying away in faint echoes, and soon they will only mingle with the discredited strains of the nearly forgotten mermaid. True there are navies to keep up the old standard, and sailing vessels and yachts to maintain the recollection and traditions of the blue jackets, but they are fast being smothered by steam. Occasionally we hear some of the familiar chants, but "Ranzo," "Haul Away, Joe," and "Knock-a-man-down," rarely animate the sailor in this period of maritime degeneracy. Of course seamen have to be educated in their vocation, but the sailor has become something like the mechanic. Large manufactories and mills, with complex labor-saving apparatus, have done away measurably with the journeyman who served his time as an apprentice to an experienced master. Machinery not only works, but thinks, and the machine-feeder takes the place of the skilled mechanic.

The sea-songs of Dibdin and others were really made for landsmen, and are different from the sailors' chants proper, which were of other material; like their working toggery, expressive and matter-of-fact. Prosody received but scant consideration, but the rhymes were a sort of rugged doggerel, with a refrain strongly accentuated, which served as a signal for all to pull away together. They were called Shanty songs, from the French word *chanter*, to sing, and many of

them are familiar, having been incorporated in magazine articles and published in books. One of the sailors aboard the Montauk, who has been in the West Indies, furnishes the following example of a Shanty song, which is evidently the composition of some one possessed of a better ear for rhythm than the ordinary *chanteur*, as the measure is reasonably accurate. The refrains, *Largy Kargy* and *Weeny Kreeny*, are evidently corruptions of Spanish words, probably intended for *Largo Cargo* and *Buena Carina*—big cargo, and good little girl:

We're bound for the West Ingies straight,
    Largy—Kargy, Haul away O—h.
Come lively, boys, or we'll be late,
    Weeny—Kreeny, Haul away O—h.

We'll have rum and baccy plenty,
    Largy—etc.,
Cocos, yams, and argy-denty,[1]
    Weeny—etc.

No more horse [2] and dandy funky,[3]
But St. Kitten's roasted monkey.

We'll go fiddle with black Peter,
Dance all night with Wannereeter.[4]

At Kooreso [5] we'll get frisky,
Throwing dice with Dutch Francisky.

When we've found the pirate's money,
We'll live on shore eating honey.

Wear big boots of allygator,
Taking Nance to the thayayter.

We'll bunk no more with cockroaches,
    Largy—Kargy—Haul away O—h,
But ride all day in soft coaches,
    Weeny—Kreeny, Haul away O—h.

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[1] *Aguardiente.* [2] Salt horse, *i.e.*, corned beef.
[3] Dandy funk, a cheap mess of old biscuit and molasses.
[4] *Juanita.* [5] Curacoa.

The delicious moonlight nights made our run from Bermuda to St. Kitt's a voyage of pleasant remembrance, affording a delightful contrast to the first week out of New York. We were on one tack (that is without shifting sails) for sixty hours; an unusual length of time, which prompted the Commissioner to remark that Uncle John must have been using above, the tack-hammer which he swings with such muscular dexterity below. We sat on deck until after midnight, offering incense of fragrant cigars to the serene moon, and pitying the poor fellows on shore, who were probably shuddering in bleak March winds, their nostrils filled with the whirling pulverizations of dirty New York streets, or suffering from the catarrh-charged slush of aqueous Utica.

Thursday morning, March 13th, we sighted the first land after leaving Bermuda, the Sombrero lighthouse, on a phosphatic island, which at once suggested to Uncle John the efficacy of James' pills, while the Commissioner thought that the Company working the fertilizer might find a valuable agent in detergent. Next we neared Saba, a mountainous island, on which we could discern no habitations, as we passed to the windward, and the only village is on the leeward side; a little nest hollowed out of the mountain's breast by some volcanic convulsion; a thousand feet above the sea, reached by flights of steps. The inhabitants, who are all sailors, build boats on the wooded declivities and slide them down to the beach. These Dutch islanders are simple, frugal, and industrious, hold no ward caucuses, have no religious revivals, attend no reform meetings, and are quite happy and contented. As we approached, we saw, in the distant sea beyond, a sail which we supposed was making for the island. Glasses were brought to bear on the object, and various conjectures were offered as to the character and course of the vessel; one declaring that she was a fore-and-

after, another that she was square-rigged; one that her course was to the southward, another that she was bound north. Two other sails were afterward discovered, closer to land, which also secured a share of curious attention. We wondered that the first sail made so little progress, if moving in the same direction with us, or receded so slowly, if sailing on a contrary course; until after a time the sharp eye of the sailing master (who had himself been deceived at first) solved the mystery. He discovered that what we mistook for sails were rocks, the first one far remote from the shore. Here was an opportunity for the Commissioner to indulge in philosophic reflections, such as every little incident out of the usual course causes him to frame; drawing morals for our edification. "How aptly," said he, "does that rock illustrate the fallacy of human theories, and the vanity of enthusiastic hopes and aspirations, particularly in the fresh exuberance of youth! How we look with hopeful eyes upon the vessels of imagination which we launch on the sea of life, freighted with joyous anticipation, expecting them to return argosies, laden with riches, or, with swelling sails, gliding proudly into the harbor of Fame. What cargoes of love, what stores of friendship, are carried by prosperous gales in these aërial ships of the mind! How often do we make brilliant promise of what we will do when our ship comes in; but alas! the ship comes not, and the golden prow and silken sails, when we near them, turn out to be but barren rocks of disappointment!" Whereupon the fanciful Commissioner, with the tristful visage of a bull broker in a bear market, went below and spliced a melancholy main-brace. Then Uncle John queried if that rock-sail didn't belong on a stone-boat.

But at this rate we shall never reach St. Kitt's, which has been gradually looming up with beckoning invitation for

hours. Evidently it is as hard for you to get to the West Indies in my letters, as it was to get away from Bermuda—an unconscionably long and tedious epistolary excursion, I admit. Let us sail on, then, by St. Eustatius, like Saba, a Dutch island, with a frowning fortress and a governor. The fortress is an excuse for a governor, and what would a governor be without a fortress. It is different in New York. There the governor is strongly entrenched in the hearts of a grateful and admiring people. No cards! There is but one small town on St. Eustatius—Orangetown—named probably after the Prince of Oranges. We could hear no dreadful note of preparation for the approaching anniversary of Ireland's patron saint, and could see no stove-pipe hats acquiring festal polish for the occasion. They must be all Orangemen there.

We reached St. Kitt's, despite the philosophic headwinds of the Commissioner. I observe that, as Voltaire said, "Providence always favors the heaviest battalions," so the winds and waves have a philosophy of their own, and pay no attention to the profound vaticinations of a New York politician. After sailing along the shore for a long time, apparently near and yet afar, we at length made the red light of St. Kitt's, described in the books as visible fifteen miles, but which we ascertained, when daylight came, was merely a red lantern, hung out of the second story of the Custom-house, not much more brilliant than the light borne by the leader of his gang in an election procession. Feeling our way, cautiously as a chap behind the garden wall who knew that the old man was on the lookout for him with a blunderbuss loaded with rock-salt, we were enabled to cast anchor in the roadstead, at ten o'clock at night. The optical effect as we sailed by the mountainous shore was remarkable. The dark, beetling masses, streaked with white where sugar-cane

fields belt the mountain-side, seemed as if they were but a stone's throw distant, and yet they were four or five miles away. Sometimes the hills looked as if they were coming down to meet us, and we felt as if we could almost step ashore. I don't know how to account for this. It is some atmospheric condition, but I am not well enough versed in physics to have sufficient knowledge of these phenomena to explain them. Uncle John tried to account for the purity of the air by a surmise that the monkeys habitually used James' pills, but I couldn't understand how they procured them. Felix Hornung has no trade here. Otherwise I might have acquiesced, for I stand by home production on all occasions. We had alternate bright skies, with the moon shining mildly, and sudden showers of rain, which came unannounced, and burst in on us like fellows who invite themselves to luncheon. Sometimes the fleeting showers hardly showed the cloud from which they dripped, and the celerity with which they came and went could only be excelled by the alacrity of an office-seeking patriot, adapting himself to the fluctuating principles of a successful party.

But we were in the West Indies at last, and we turned in, all to dream of the vernal freshness that would adorn our own fair land when we came sailing back again; and my companions, of the fond welcome that awaited them when they returned to their loved ones at home.

The scene which met our eyes as we came on deck this morning was peculiarly grateful, succeeding a week at sea, with its unrelieved glare of waters, not a sail appearing to vary the monotony of view. It is remarkable that during all our voyage from New York we have seen but one sail by daylight, although several were reported passing at night. But they may have been spectral shapes of ships, foundered at sea and never heard from, still haunting the wave in

ghostly anxiety to send messages to expectant homes. Perhaps the Flying Dutchman is cruising in endless expiation hereabouts, but we are not fated to meet the blasphemous Vanderdecken. As the gifted John Boyle O'Reilly says in his poem :

"They'll never reach their destined port, they'll see their homes no more :
They who see the Flying Dutchman never, never reach the shore."

The Montauk was launched under an auspicious star, and christened by a hand that could not fail to bring the good-fortune which has already made her a proverbially lucky boat.

The town of Basse Terre, the principal settlement of St. Kitt's, is situated on the sea-shore, from which rise, at a short distance, high mountains, in verdure clad ; the encircling fields of sugar-cane looking like bands of pale green velvet swathing the swelling sides ; while the lofty peak is enveloped by a translucent vail of filmy vapor, gracefully undulating in the fresh morning breeze, which fans into coolness the sunshiny air. The red roofs of low houses, standing out in the village against a background of green fields, has a most picturesque effect (it is always grateful to see "the green above the red") ; while the groups of negroes, in variegated dress, gathered, in observant, chattering conclave, along the wharf, give animation to the picture. On a promontory, commanding the anchorage ground (there is no harbor, but a roadstead, partially land-locked) is the site of a battery, once a formidable menace to the incoming mariner, now abandoned, and, like an old veteran who has been used and set aside, of no consequence ; a mere signal-station to guide, in peaceful routes, the trading merchantman, enriched by the profits of past wars. Brimstone Hill, fifteen miles distant, on

the Caribbean side, is another point formerly fortified. It is now dismantled, and, being remote from the settlement, is garrisoned by hordes of monkeys, who swarm in the surrounding forests. What a commentary on the mutability of affairs! This erstwhile frowning fortress, bristling with destructive armament, defended by impregnable works, so strong as to cause it to be named "The Gibraltar of the West Indies," is now abandoned to capering monkeys, who gibber in its paralytic bomb-proofs, and swing prehensile, in mocking gambols, through its toothless casements. In our own country the knavish ape sometimes invades the War Department, and "plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep," even while the land is yet perilous in the grapple of internecine conflict.

We were rowed ashore in the gig of the Commodore, and called first at the Custom-house (simply a matter of courtesy, for a special permit from the Secretary of the Treasury makes this a United States vessel, exempt from entry and clearance), and then at the office of the American Consul, Mr. De Lile, whom we found to be a pleasant gentleman, a native of the island, of French descent. He has succeeded his late father as Consul, and is thus a diplomat by inheritance. In his office we saw a familiar object which betrayed the American presence, and showed the freedom of mutilation enjoyed under the starry banner of our own country. It was a desk, carved in the well-known style that gave evidence that the Yankee jack-knife had been there. The desk was a reminder of home; it was like the *ranz-des-vaches* of the Swiss, or the Irish shamrock. We at once felt at home in the Consul's office; the flag of the free floated over our heads, and we sat at the friendly, whittled board of our native land.

Mr. De Lile accompanied us to the telegraph office, where we sent a cipher message to New York. Including address

and signature, it contained four words, and cost $9.60. I fancy that the march of cheap telegraphy is not in this direction, and that there is not much business done at that office. One day's busy work would absorb the yearly revenues of St. Kitt's.

Passing through the public square, we saw the Berkeley fountain, a handsome and useful memorial to a former President of the island. The President, it may be stated, derives his title from presiding over the Council, clothed with certain executive functions. He is appointed by the Crown. So is the Council. It is a mere shadow of representative government. We called upon the acting President, Mr. Eldridge, who gave us much valuable information regarding St. Kitt's, and the neighboring islands of Nevis and Antigua, at the latter of which is stationed the Governor who controls the three colonies confederated under one administration. Mr. Eldridge showed us at the Government House a piece of board which demonstrated the tremendous force of a hurricane. It had been torn off the Catholic church, during the tornado of 1871, carried a long distance, and driven through four thicknesses of heavy plank, intruding about two feet within the building wall. It had been left there as a curiosity. This showed the power of a Church Board—in a hurricane.

St. Kitt's has enjoyed its share of afflictions. In 1880, a sudden night flood from the mountains—a cloud-burst, probably—swept away a portion of the town, and drowned two hundred and forty persons. Judge Semper told us of a young man, occupying a fine house in the devastated district, who was awakened in the night by a friend of his, captain of a vessel lying at anchor, who insisted upon his accompanying him aboard, to take a glass of grog in the cool moonlight. The gentleman was loath to go, and it was only on the captain declaring that he would beat the door in if he

refused, that he at length reluctantly consented, leaving his servant in the house. When he returned in the morning, not a vestige of the edifice was to be seen on its foundation; but some distance off he recognized the iron gate of his fence, the only article recovered. His servant was never heard of again. Those who believe in special providences might find in this incident a moral of some kind. Perhaps an occult influence (I fancy it was rum) compelled the captain to persist in his importunity, after his friend had manifested a strong disinclination to accompany him, and thus saved a life by his pertinacity. Here is an anecdote to offset the Sunday-school story of the bad little boy drowned while fishing on the American Sabbath. I hope, however, that drummers for new books, and insurance brokers, will not take advantage of this recital and use it against me professionally hereafter, insisting upon my taking something for luck.

A few years ago the island suffered a loss of about five thousand from cholera. The bodies of the victims were buried in great trenches near the sea-shore, and the action of the waves is gradually uncovering the remains, skulls and bones being washed out occasionally by the encroaching waters. There is no assortment of plagues, hurricanes, or floods on hand at present, but there is a large supply of measles, epidemic, but not particularly virulent. Antigua presents superior claims to distinction, having some two thousand five hundred cases in stock. St. Kitt's, too, is behind in the matter of earthquakes. Its efforts in this line have been weakly unsuccessful.

Of the twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, about two thousand are white, and if it should enter the heads of the blacks to get up a strike some time, they could make it unpleasant for the poor white trash. I rise to remark that this is not in-

tended for a hint to meddling agitators to come down to this island and kick up a row in the interest of reform. There are no regular troops here, and but one company of volunteer cavalry; consisting of a few men, too widely scattered to be available in an emergency. The police force is all black, and the men are clean and well dressed, civil and intelligent enough. They receive $12 a month pay. Taking into consideration its many attractions, St. Kitt's is beyond question a most delightful place to live away from.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. KITT'S.

Iced-water—Teeth—Tonsorial—Sharks—Roses—Pelicans — A Drive—Religions — St. Patrick's Day — Wonderful Adventures with Monkeys.

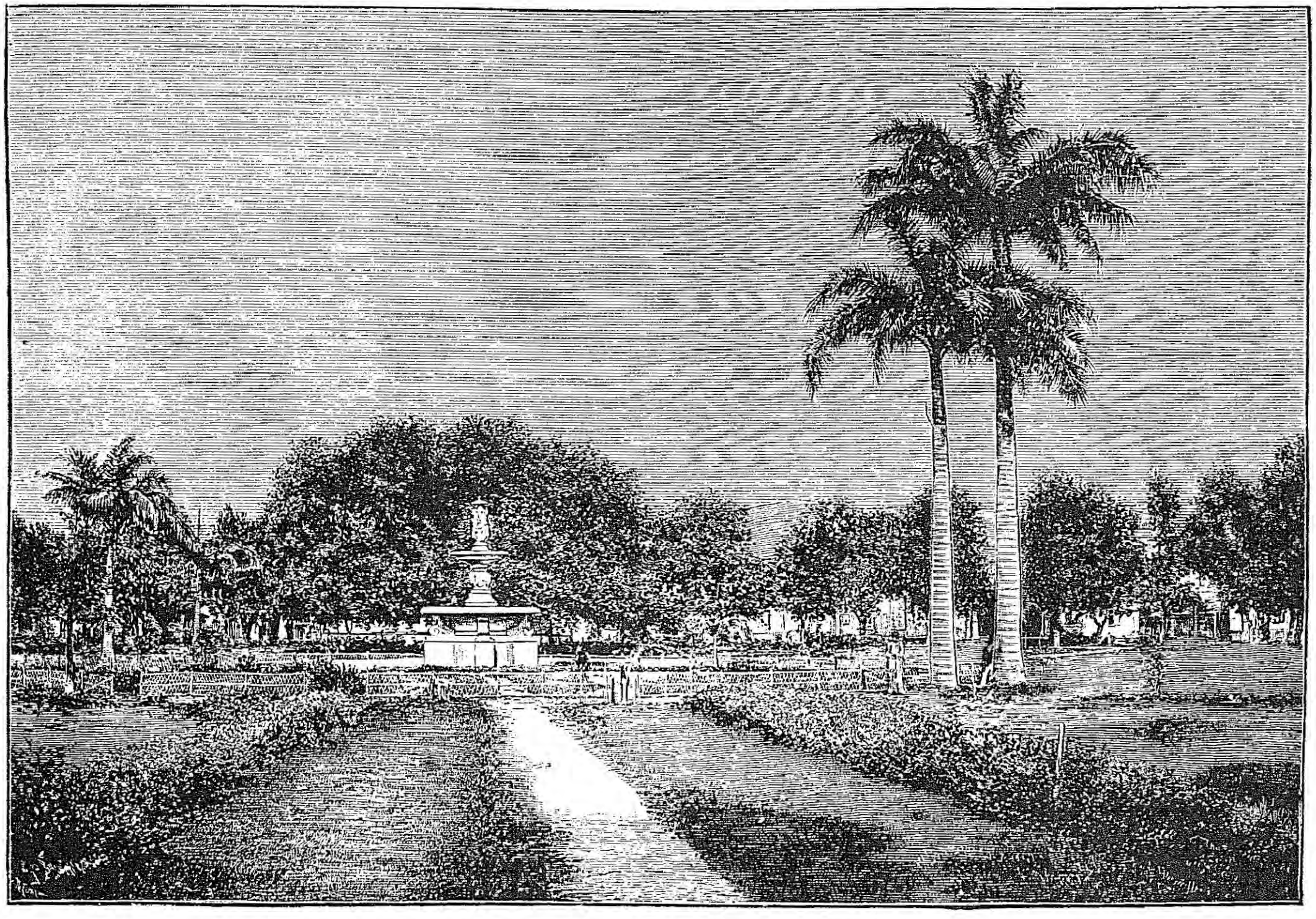
BASSE TERRE, ST. KITT'S, March 18, 1884.

THERE is a small park in the upper part of the town, containing handsome palm-trees, flowering white-cedars, and tropical plants. A cactus tree, twenty-five feet high, is curious, but not so much so as a banyan, which already overshadows a large space, and is gradually spreading its roots so as to interfere with the fountain in the middle of the park. It has but one trunk, however, as the pendents, which reach down from the limbs and take root, becoming trunks in turn, and putting forth fresh offshoots, are cut off as they appear. Otherwise the tree would in time engross the whole park—a sort of mother-in-law, bringing in other members of the family. The trunk would be invaluable during the fashionable season at Saratoga.

Basse Terre is copiously supplied with water from the mountain springs; with a superabundance at times, as before stated. It is carried through pipes with hydrant attachments, and there are sewers, which we saw them flushing as we passed through Cayon Street. The fire department is a simple organization. The hose carriages are men's shoulders, the reels of hose being borne on the head. I have known

firemen to carry reels inside their heads, but this is an outside conveyance—a water carriage. The other kind of reel was not. No ice is used here. It doesn't grow, and the demand will not warrant importation. Water for drinking purposes is kept in porous earthen vessels, like the old Spanish jars—or Egyptian, for that matter—and is cool enough. Drinking iced-water profusely is a vicious American habit. It impairs digestion and injures the teeth. Hence we have worse stomachs and teeth than any other people. A Bermudian gentleman, speaking of this dental inferiority, said that he attributed it to iced-water and confectionery. He told how he was in New York, a few years ago, during the cold winter when the East River was frozen over, and persons crossed on the ice to Brooklyn. The morning after his arrival, he was shivering in bed and rang the bell. A servant answered outside his chamber-door, and he heard the tinkle of ice. Opening the door, a pitcher of iced-water was thrust at him. "What the deuce do I want of this?" said he, "I'm nearly frozen already. Bring me some hot water for shaving." The idea of iced-water when the thermometer ranged in the vicinity of zero was to him ludicrous. He was compelled to bribe the hall-boys not to bring it to him when he rang the bell. We use too much ice. We ice everything, freeze vegetables, and destroy the delicate perfume of fruit by over-icing. The hod carrier drinks iced-water as he mounts the ladder; and some stupid persons, who regard every novelty as a reform, conceived the idea of distributing it in pails to the poor of New York, to keep them from squandering their money on champagne *frappé*.

The teeth of the negroes are good, here as everywhere. I jocosely offered a young dusky, with a magnificent set of teeth, a thousand pounds for them. He declined, saying that the money would be no good to him without his teeth. Thus



PARK IN BASSE TERRE. FOUNTAIN AND BANYAN TREE.

do the improvident negroes reject the golden opportunities within their reach of becoming millionaires.

A little barber's shop, at which the Commodore (who is justly vain of his personal appearance) stopped to have his hair cut, was the most diminutive tonsorial emporium and sanctum of the artist in capillarity I have ever seen. It held but two persons besides the *impresario perrucchiere*. It was such a shop as one sees in Pompeii. I wasn't permitted to enter, because—as the Commodore bald out at me when he assumed the sacrificial chair of denudation—there was too little hair in the small room already. The barber gave him a careful cut, parting the herbage in a thin line behind, which, expanding near the crown into a spherical baldness, looked like a palm-tree—a slender trunk and spreading upper development. Uncle John styled it the tropical palm-tree cut. It will soon become familiar to the Fifth Avenue Sunday promenade, where it will surely achieve great social conquests. During the August cruise of the New York Yacht Club it will be irresistible.

The negro women seem to greatly outnumber the men. We saw no white women in the streets, but plenty of black, who are coarse, repulsive creatures. They speak English in a sort of gibberish, difficult to be understood by those unfamiliar with the *patois*. The Basse Terre dialect is a sort of Basseterred English. As we walked along amid the multitude of fruit hucksters, we were addressed as "werry purty genlemen," whereupon it was observed that the portly Commissioner carried his head a trifle higher, with the consciousness that striking manly beauty was not unappreciated by the fair sex of Basse Terre.

We had provided an extensive supply of elaborate fishing tackle, intending to capture quantities of the speckled beauties (I believe that is the usual description of fish—dried cod

and such—in the newspapers), to eke out the provision of salted fish in our ship's stores, but thus far had been unable to lure any of the inhabitants of the briny deep (another favorite rural-journalistic expression). The wary dolphin shunned our seductive squid, trawling astern, and the flying-fish only came aboard when he blundered in his flight, like a bank president ignorant of extradition treaties with foreign lands. But we were rewarded at last for our piscatorial investment. We caught a big fish—a shark. He was an ugly-looking fellow, about six feet long, and, when hauled on deck, seized a belaying-pin thrust in his jaws, with the muscular action of a Frankfort Hill charcoal-man munching peanuts at a circus. The sailors put a slip-noose around his tail and hoisted him to the boat-davits, where the Commodore administered a dose of pellets from his revolver which soon settled the shark's hash, and made him matter for a negro chowder. The negroes eat stewed shark, but roasted monkey is their great delicacy. Uncle John claimed that the pistol was loaded with Cockle's pills, which are sure death. There is a strong rivalry between them and James' pills among us, both medicines having determined advocates.

Sharks are numerous hereabouts. They are as thick as shyster lawyers around a Police Court. A few weeks ago, a dead mule was towed out for bait, and a shark eighteen feet long captured. If this success attended an ordinary St. Kitt's animal, what would have been the result if one of our renowned *post-bellum* army mules had been employed? With some braying examples of this kind for bait, a shark a hundred feet long at least ought to be taken. Yet I suppose it ought to be a dead bait—the army mule is, for that matter.

Sunday morning, mellow sounds of the church-going bell came out over the water, waving invitation, before we had breakfasted. We let them wave. M. DeLile sent aboard a

great basket of roses, among them some fine specimens of the *Maréchal Niel.* They were large and fragrant, but seemed to lack the dewy freshness of our exquisite flowers at home. Abraham Brooks, gardener in charge of the public park, also sent us some choice products of floriculture. Brooks does not sneer at the gardener's "claims of long descent." Although a black man, he is a lineal descendant of "the gardener Adam and his wife," and a blood relation of Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt. With these flowers, we replaced the lilies that had adorned the saloon, our Lily Bower, from Bermuda. We were loath to part with these souvenirs, but they had withered. Though the tangible flower may wither, the lily emblem will never fade from memory.

Skimming over the roadstead surface, glistering in silvery flashes under the sunbeams, were numerous pelicans, diving beneath the waves as some unwary fish approached the surface, and arresting the malefactor for violating the Sunday law. The pelicans are strong-winged, aquatic birds, with bills as long as those of attorneys in a contested will case, and they were evidently foraging for their breakfast. I suppose, as this is a sabbatical region, the pelicans do no cooking on Sunday, but eat cold victuals. 'Tis the early bird that catches the worm, and, as these prowlers were up betimes, it is probable that they had already caught the too previous worm, and were using it for fish bait. A cormorant receiver couldn't gobble a wrecked corporation with greater ease, by allowance of the Court, than these sea-hawks swallowed the fish whole. They must be favored with powerful digestive organs, unimpaired by the habitual use of Cockle's pills, the gourmand's after-dinner persuader.

In the afternoon, we drove out among the mountains, passing several extensive sugar estates. The principal export of St. Kitt's is sugar, though there is considerable pro-

duction, and some consumption, of shocking bad rum. The roads are excellent, but the scenery not particularly interesting. The drive along the crest, overlooking the sea-coast to windward, affords a view of the ocean, spread out as far as the eye can reach—and farther—but we have become familiar with that appearance, and it is no novelty. Fruit trees are plenty. At one place, out in a settlement among the mountains, near the Moravian church, from the steeple of which a flag was flying, we saw cocoa-palm, orange, lime, mango, and bread-fruit trees growing side by side. We met a few whites, in carriages, and a great many negro pedestrians on the road. The negroes appeared to be clean, generally well dressed—white being the favorite color—and they were cheerful and polite, invariably touching their hats when we met. There was an assortment of head-coverings, as varied as layers of boarding-house butter. We encountered but one regulation black silk hat, a venerable tile, about contemporaneous with the style of the ex-mayor's funeral hat—vintage of 1804. The younger children were clad in garments too abbreviated for adaptation to the latitude of Paris Hill in December; but all wore a holiday look, and some nothing else. Many were, no doubt, going to, or returning from church.

The population of St. Kitt's is Protestant, the whites (except a few Catholics, of French and Portuguese blood) attending the Church of England, while the blacks are Wesleyans and Moravians. There are not a hundred Catholic negroes on the island. The growth of Peter's pence here must be stunted and unproductive, and the drippings of the sanctuary flaccid. Much religious enthusiasm prevails among the negroes, and to this is due the prevalence of the Methodistical form of worship. Talking back is permitted in the Episcopal Church, it is true, but the response is limited by irksome re-

straints; while in the Wesleyan, it is a sort of free fight with the devil, and every one has a right to pitch in. There is no doubt but that this facility of demonstration is conducive to religious enthusiasm. The Methodist is very much in earnest. A washerwoman (who informed us, as a matter of personal interest to Uncle John, in whom she discovered a pious affinity, that "de countenans was de index ob de mind") edified us greatly by her glib elucidations of the true Christian doctrine. She, too, had suffered for conscience sake. For some time a resident of St. Thomas (the Danish island), where her worldly affairs were more prosperous than at St. Kitt's, her sensitive feelings were so shocked by the band playing in the Square Sunday afternoons that her soul became black with horror. She shook the dust of profane St. Thomas from her voluminous feet, and returned to her native isle, where the odor of sanctity permeates the Sabbath day with pungent African redolence.

St. Kitt's is famous for monkeys. "Don't you want to buy a monkey?" is a favorite inquiry of the truant boy. We saw none during our drive. We went along roads where they sometimes appear, but they were probably attending afternoon service, or remained within doors, and, if they saw us, were shocked at the profanation of the day, driving out for recreation. The monkey is doubtless a highly religious personage, who wouldn't endanger his salvation by shuffling dominos Sunday, or playing waltzes on the piano to provoke divine wrath.

Yesterday being St. Patrick's Day, the Commodore ordered the yacht to be decorated with flags (called "dressing ship"), in honor of the anniversary. The significance of the holiday apparel was well understood ashore. Mr. Eldridge noticed it when he paid us a visit, and seemed to regard it as nothing unusual; although I thought it a handsome thing

in the Commodore (who, unfortunately, has no Irish blood in his veins, and doesn't belong to the Land League) to think of paying this tribute to the memory of Ireland's patron saint, who, it may be stated in passing, was a cousin of my ancestors. Judge Semper, puisne Judge of St. Kitt's, whom we had met the day before, sent us a bountiful supply of fresh fruits and vegetables, which were quite toothsome, particularly the Brussels sprouts, tender as a boarding-school miss. At dinner, while the first regular toast—"The Day We Celebrate"—was being drunk, the ever-ready Commodore was inspired to dash off the following epigram:

The Judge has sent aboard some fruit
And garden-sauce to thrate us,
Our motto and the day they suit,
You find them *Semper praties*.

I wondered whether the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle Society of Utica was sitting down to supper, after the good old fashion, or whether the second-growth Hibernian Vice-President would be too lazy to order the representative of bonnie Scotia to "flee awa" and make preparations for the feast. We did the best we could. We remembered friends at home in our potations, wet the shamrock, and sang the "Wearing of the Green." I had a green flag waving over my state-room door all day; and at night I dreamt of Killarney, and rode through the Gap of Dunloe on a hard-trotting pony.

I had intended not to mention that two toasts were offered and responded to at dinner. Uncle John insisted upon having one of them proposed, so that he could compare his magnificent effort at the Washington's Birthday dinner with whatever I might say, inadequately, on the same topic. I think he is a little vain of his success, and wanted an oppor-

tunity to compare notes to my disparagement. I wouldn't consent, however, unless he agreed to speak to the toast of the day, which he did, and two speeches were made instead of one. He said we wanted no more any way, as the Commodore and Commissioner couldn't speak well enough for St. Patrick, although they might do for George Washington. I fancy that Uncle John was a little foxy in the matter, and not only wanted to put me down, comparatively speaking, but desired also to show us that he could be facetious if he pleased, though he was greatly in earnest in his last effort. He made a good oration, and I told a couple of stories in illustration of what he said in his other speech about heroism, which required no aid of words, for the incidents themselves were interesting without rhetorical adornment. Uncle John has promised to write out his remarks for me, and if he does, I will send them in one of these letters with my own. I do not wish to deprive him of the full benefit of the glory he has earned by making a better speech than I can.

A British mail steamer arrived in port to-day from Southampton, having touched at St. Thomas. It brought one letter for us, forwarded from that point to the Commissioner, containing news from home. It was a protest on a promissory note endorsed for a friend. This steamer goes as far as Trinidad. The line receives a subsidy of £95,000 per annum. It was originally £200,000 sterling. Government subsidies are unpopular with us, but—as crapulous Hirondelle remarked, touching the propriety of using the abbreviation D. D. against his name on the police record—a great deal may be said on both sides, if you have money to hire a good lawyer.

This island, like all the West India group, is of volcanic origin, and extinct craters are to be seen in several places. The highest is Mount Misery, 4,300 feet above the sea, the

peak of which is generally hid in clouds. We couldn't see it; but the Commodore remarked that it wasn't worth while; we saw misery enough in New York without coming to the West Indies to find it.

Our sailing-master was anxious to see monkeys in their homes, and trudged off, guided by some boys, in search of the animals; for whom sailors evince a strange partiality. Upon his return, he reported that the exploration had been in vain; he saw plenty of wild goats, but no monkeys, though he heard them chattering in the woods. The Commissioner, however, who had gone ashore unaccompanied, claimed that he had been more successful.

"Monkeys!" said he, "why, I saw droves of them up Monkey Mountain, where I drove with my French friend, Mr. Menteur. Wending our way along the road, we made a sharp turn, and came suddenly upon a group, which seemed to be awaiting us. The leader, a venerable old monkey, with a white moustache, and black dress-coat, advanced, and, taking off his hat—" "Come now," interrupted Uncle John, "what are you giving us? That's too strong altogether; monkeys don't wear hats." "Fact, I assure you, gentlemen," replied the Commissioner, in his suave, Board-of-Appointment-monthly-meeting manner, "it was a stove-pipe hat of Geninuine make. The wearer was probably a visitor from Montserrat, where the native black population speaks Irish, and he probably borrowed it from somebody who had been in the procession to-day. As I don't speak English when traveling abroad, where nobody ever takes me for an American, I said nothing, but simply acknowledged the salute by touching my hat, after the manner of Paddy Burns at the Patriarchs' Ball. The patriarchal monkey held out a paper, which I took, and found to be a petition for the passage of a prohibitory liquor law, for the reason that there was too much

of 'the crater' in St. Kitt's. A younger member of the tribe, with a short black pipe in his mouth, pushed the old fellow aside, rather angrily, and handed me a card, on which was written, in the ancient Celtic character, 'better lava crater alone.' Evidently there was a difference of opinion among them; and yet the monkeys ought to have been unanimous for prohibition, for a drunken monkey always makes an ass of himself.

"I was soon surrounded by a concourse of the tribe of Cebidæ, who thrust into my hand papers of different shapes and sizes, and of varied complexion; some fresh as the blushing *débutante* at her coming-out party, others frayed, tattered, and soiled as the reputation of an Ohio politician. I didn't retain these papers, but I remember the contents of some of them.

"There was a petition for the appointment of Jocko, Chairman First Ward Committee, as Inspector in the Custom House; prospectus of a Company to work the Baby Mine, capital stock ten millions of pounds sterling, to be permanently invested and retired as a sinking fund; tickets for the raffle of a butter-dish at a church fair; votes for a pair of worked slippers, to be presented to the most popular clergyman at Christmas; portrait of Pyke, candidate for President of Monos Mountain; card of *Adolphe Singe, Perruquier Français*, shave five cents, with a glass of lager and a cigar thrown in; copy of the *Illustrated News*, containing photographic view of an earthquake, taken while the earth was trembling, by our own artist, sent out expressly for the occasion, at great expense; subscription paper for foreign missions to convert the Roman Catholics of Martinique to Christianity; check on the Canal Bank at Albany; ivory ball, marked 16, looked like the pocket edition used at the Schuyt Forler Club; circular of Francis Murphy, temperance lec-

turer and brother in Christ—terms moderate; subscription for Parnell Fund.

"Then there was a lot of handbills and placards, which had evidently been torn from rocks and trees: Use Gorman's Cocoaine; Try Nurbett's Sapolio; Setting Moon Stove-polish; Scorner's Safe Cure for Sunburn—go out when it rains; Seal of North Carolina in red wax; Pogers & Reet, embroidered Snow-shoes; Bargains in Dry Goods, at Bowen McNamee & Co.'s; A. T. Stewart, Laces and Embroideries, Broadway, west side, above Chambers St.; Use Detergent—removes mountains; Try James' Pills—cures hams; Meeting of Mozart Hall Committee, season of moonshine; Florida Water—good for corns; Pond's Extract—for drawing teeth; Trask pamphlet against use of tobacco; Smith's Toy Pistols—warranted sure; Smoke the Five-cent *Symplocarpus;* Torrents of Aperient, and many others.

"I saw one debilitated old monkey riding a donkey, on which there was a pannier, with a sack slung across. One side seemed to be bulging out with a load, while the other was collapsed and wrinkled, apparently empty, and yet they balanced, as if equally heavy at both ends. Upon examination, I found that one end of the bag held twenty cocoanuts, while the other contained a scrap of paper with a paragraph from a Governor's message.

"The venerable leader, first taking a white necktie from his pocket, which he put around his neck, pointed to what seemed to be a large house in a field near the roadside, and beckoned me to follow him. I did so, and, much to my surprise, found that the imposing structure was a pile of books—the Revised New Testament, with leaves uncut.

"Now, gentlemen, I see by your looks that you don't believe me. I anticipated as much from your own constitutional infidelity, which makes you doubters. But here is the

evidence. I bought some of the raffle-tickets and brought them with me, feeling certain that you would question my word. Look at them! *Ecce tabulæ fortunæ!* I produce the *corpus delecti* in court, and anybody that wants to may commence a prosecution for violation of the law against gambling."

Here the Commissioner plunged his massive hand into a capacious pocket, and produced some bits of figured cards, which he handed to the Superior of the Order of Dominocans. "Ha! ha!" shouted Uncle John, looking at them, "Ha! ha! I have you now. These are some of Simpson's pawn tickets, dated February, 1884. They represent that old oroide watch and plated chain you raised money on to defray your expenses on this cruise."

The Commissioner shrank abashed. He was detected. He had put his hand in the wrong pocket.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG THE ISLANDS.

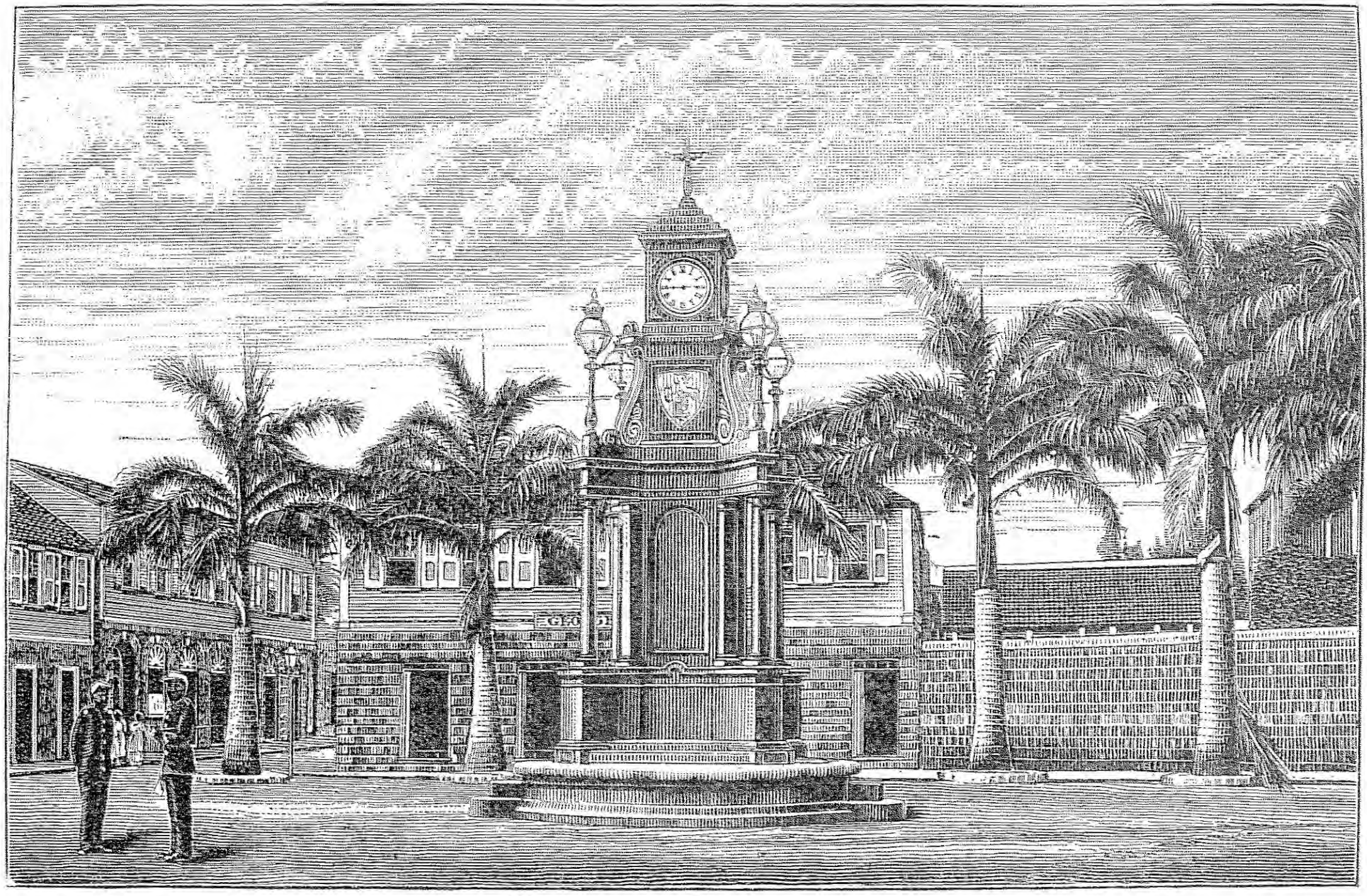
Lunacy—The Old Fire-Laddie—St. Patrick's Day Orations: Ireland: A Brave Girl: Michael Quigley: A Heroic Woman—Montserrat—Ethiopian Celts—Guadaloupe—The Caribs—Wind-Rainbow—Dominica—St. Pierre—A Great Loss.

ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, March 21, 1884.

As I was going to St. Kitt's,
I met a man who'd lost his wits.
"Where are my wits?" he asked of me.
"Perhaps you'll find them in the sea."

As I was coming from St. Kitt's,
I met the man who'd lost his wits.
"I've found my wits," he said to me,
"Beneath the moonshine in the sea."

These are nursery rhymes by Uncle John. Apparently they have no meaning, and are, therefore, the genuine article. I fancy, however, that they are intended as sarcasm, and that I am the object, for the Boanerges of dominos remarked that any one who could write such nonsense as my scribblings must have lost his wits. His suppositive comment implied that I had become moon-struck, in midnight meditations on deck, during these glorious nights of the past week. He was good enough to make a partial retraction afterward, knowing that I took his remark to heart, for I had a guilty consciousness that he was not far astray in his estimate of my mental condition. There is such a thing as acquiring lunacy by ab-



BERKELEY FOUNTAIN, ST. KITT'S.

sorption. I have been associated with Managers of an Insane Asylum, and dementia may be predicated of a willingness to serve in that office. He took advantage, however, of the opportunity afforded by my expressing a favorable opinion of the homœopathic system of medicine, to say patronisingly that I had recovered my mind. I suppose it was on the principle of *similia, similibus curantur*—there is so much moonshine in medicine. For that matter, there is a large admixture in all the connate learned mystifications which rule the world: law, physic, and divinity.

The French Consul, Monsieur Derivin, came aboard while we lay at Basse Terre. Although he speaks English fluently, he afforded the Commodore an opportunity to converse in French, which the gallant flag-officer utters with intense activity and profound accentuation at appropriate festive occasions.

St. Kitt's was originally a French island, but it has been in English possession over two hundred years. It is now French only in territorial nomenclature. All the streets and places, as well as the sugar estates, have French names, but are not in French possession. The estates have retained the designations given them by owners expelled generations ago, and succeeded by those of another race, speaking a different tongue. Had an American Common Council been in control, the names would have been changed many times ere this.

Water of superior quality was furnished at a reasonable rate: about three-fourths of a cent a gallon, including the cost of delivery aboard. I testify to its superiority, not from personal knowledge, but from information and belief. It was brought alongside in a lighter, and pumped from casks through the yacht's hose. The operation was superintended by the Commissioner and Uncle John, whose experience as

fire laddies (I believe that's the newspaper designation: it's either laddies or ladders) came in, to play away No. 41! They were like old war-horses at the sound of the bugle-call. The gurgle of the water, flowing through coupled lengths of hose, aroused the slumbering ardor of the disbanded volunteer; and to see Uncle John stamping around the deck, recalled the glorious period of his flame-subduing victories, when, as Foreman of Engine 28, his resonant trumpet was the fiery Excalibar of the Department.

In my last letter I promised to send you the responses to the two toasts offered at dinner on St. Patrick's Day, if Uncle John would write his out; and he has just brought the notes to me in an unintelligible shape. They are scrawled on the backs of discharged envelopes, washing-lists, and tailors' bills, in such confusion that I can scarcely decipher them. But I will do the best I can. Here is the speech:

"Mr. Chairman: I doubt my ability to do justice to this subject. The English have been trying to conquer Ireland for several hundred years, and I could hardly be expected to get away with her in one night. I might if I were in Congress, and could put the Green Isle in an appropriation-bill. I have great regard for Ireland, and for Irishmen, particularly if they are women. I regard the Irish as the handsomest race in the world, and it always makes me angry to see the caricatures in the illustrated newspapers which are so grossly unjust to a people that, for physical strength, endurance, comeliness, and quick, native wit, is not equaled by any, unless it be the American, and that is a mixed race, largely Celtic in composition. The denizen of the rural districts, who has never traveled, and who forms his idea of the Irishman from the caricature, and not from personal observation, will not agree with me, but my assertion is true nevertheless.

"I will not speak of the ancient glories of Ireland during her golden age, when the arts and sciences flourished; when there was an advanced state of civilization, as can be seen by the picturesque ruins, showing the highest order of architecture, which abound on the island. The origin of her peculiar round-towers is unknown, the hordes that overran the island having, not only partially obliterated the marks of culture and refinement, but totally destroyed the records, so that her early history is lost, and only comes down to us in fragmentary tradition. But though the remote past is shrouded in oblivion, there are modern examples of greatness, springing up under repressive persecution, that show what Ireland would be were she an independent nation, 'great, glorious, and free, first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea.'

"With all the disadvantages under which she has labored, she has produced some of the most eminent men in our day. The greatest English-speaking orators were Burke, Sheridan, and O'Connell. There were others who, while they do not rank with these incomparable masters of language, hold a distinguished place as rhetoricians. Before the legislative union with England, the Irish Bar was unrivaled in its display of brilliant forensic eloquence. Who can peruse the works of the genial essayists, Goldsmith and Steele, the pungent satires of Swift and Sterne, the poetry of Moore, the novels of Lever, Griffin, Banim, Lover, Miss Edgeworth, and Carleton, without being impressed with the genius that surmounted all the obstacles interposed to intellectual development. As for soldiers, the Irishman is naturally a fighter. The only man that ever lived able to cope with Napoleon was an Irishman. It is unnecessary to particularize the Irishmen who fought for America, for wherever there is fighting going on in any part of the world, in the armies of France, Spain, Austria, or any of the great military powers, there

you will find Irishmen. They supply the Stage with a large proportion of its best actors; they excel in all the ornamental arts.

"The Irish are expansive travelers. You find them in every land mentioned in history, ancient or modern, sacred or profane. They gave their names to countries whither they emigrated; history and geography combine to perpetuate the record. Some of the Books of the Old Testament are named after an ancient Irish family, the Maccabees. Judas McCabe was a valiant warrior in his time; so was Alexander of Mac-Edonia (probably the name was McDonagh, spelt improperly). Then there was the famous O'Dyssey, written by an Irish schoolmaster, H. O'Mer, member of an elder branch of the Greek family. Among the early colonists from Erin were the MacRobii, who settled in Ethiopia. They got into a little quarrel with the aboriginals, which is kept up by their descendants, for the Hibernian and the Ethiopian are yet to be found arrayed on different sides politically. They were in Asia as well, the MacCrones being a powerful sept. The MacCrones were no doubt a branch of the Cronins of Slievenamish, who adopted the aristocratic Mac, when they emigrated and settled among those who didn't know whether they were entitled to it or not. It is popularly supposed that the macaroni of the Italians takes its name from them, but it is an error. That delicious food was invented by an Irish baker from Nockamavaddy, named Michael Rooney (Mickey Rooney for short), who accompanied Pope Adrian to Rome and conferred this inestimatable boon on Italy. But the Italians never would give the Irish any credit. They interfere with them whenever they get a chance. The McCanns of Tartary (improperly spelt Khan) have always cut a fine figure, with an immense following. The invincible chieftain Mark O'Mahony, made a raid into Germany and subjugated

a warlike tribe, compelling the vanquished to adopt his name and call themselves Marcomanni.

"The most magnificent queen the world ever saw, barring Sheba, who had some relations with King Sol O'Mon; or Semiramis (I acknowledge that she wasn't Irish) was the Egyptian Clelia, familiarly known as Cle. O'Patra. Shakespeare wrote a play about her and Tony, a Roman lover. Some persons 'don't believe that Shakespeare writ that play,' but they are cranky theorists, afflicted with Baconmania, a sort of mental trichinosis.

"The Irish have spread all over the world, except Boston, where few of them are to be found. They reached the uttermost limit of the Western Hemisphere. Terra del Fuego was discovered by an Irish giant, Pat. O'Gania, and his posterity are known as Patagonians; only they don't know how to spell their own names, but transpose the o and the a. They live on the Straits of McGellan. The Micmacs are in Canada. The Irish family of O'Regon went early to the western coast, and named a river which flows into the Pacific Ocean. Then there are the MacKinaws in the interior west (a corruption of the McNalls); and in New York State we have the tribe of O'Neidas.

"Among the renowned physicians of antiquity was MacHaon, son of Esculapius, who must have married an Irish wife; and the child took his mother's name as preferable to the plebeian cognomen. Mac probably used his father's as a prœnomen, and had his business cards, printed by a type-writer: Esculapius McHaon, M.D. Office hours optional.

"As statesmen, the Irish stand pre-eminent. It is well understood that the Democratic and Republican organizations of New York and Brooklyn are controlled, respectively, by John Kelly, John J. O'Brien, and Hugh McLaughlin, aided

by the tremendous voting power of the Mac-Hines. This political influence is felt as far off as Japan, where the rank of the despotic ruler is designated by an Irish name. It was originally O'Macquade, but the Japanese shifted the prefix to a suffix; and properly, too, for the genealogical O', meaning grandson, naturally follows Mac, which means son, and a grandson is not apt to be born before his father. So, instead of the former Omaquade, the Emperor is known as the Miquado of Japan. The Irish rule everywhere except in their own country.

"I could go on at great length to demonstrate the all-engrossing expansion of the Irish in the direction of offices, but I dislike to occupy the time of this distinguished convocation. I will conclude by offering a sentiment, which needs no words of adulation, 'The Irish Woman;' and call upon my friend, the honorable representative from Ireland, who wasn't born in his native land, to respond."

I said (with an imported Killarney blush, mantling to the crown of my brow, like the morning sun rosily suffusing the Matterhorn): "Mr. Chairman: After the brilliant philological, geographical, historical, and archeological essay of my learned, flowery, and gallant friend, the flame-subduing Archivist, I have some hesitation in speaking, for I know that comparison with his splendid achievement would redound greatly to my oratorical disadvantage. I doubt my ability to do justice to this subject. This is a chronic disability with the after-dinner speaker, as you have learned by its modest repetitive assertion. I suspect Uncle John has a selfish motive underlying his call upon me, but I will utilize it, notwithstanding his disingenuousness. We can often put questionable appliances to good use. The bronze door that once swung in a sensual heathen temple now adorns a portal in the central shrine of pure Christianity. I distrust the sardonic smile that faintly

touches Uncle John's mocking lip, but I will employ his ironical invitation to say something responsive, in the same vein of thought which marked his treatment of the topic at our last feast. I will give other illustrations of the just truthfulness of his felicitous tribute to the heroism of woman. I not only agree with him that in moral courage she is vastly superior to man, but I believe that in physical bravery she is not inferior. We often read in the newspapers of the determination displayed by women in facing burglars, but the examples of men's daring are not so abundant. I am sure that the becoming timidity of bearing in woman proceeds more from instinctive delicacy, sensitive refinement, and regard for the proper conventionalities of society, than from any lack of intrepidity.

"An incident came within my knowledge, a short time since, which carries out this view, and although a rare occurrence, because of the exceptional attendant circumstances, it will serve to typify the stoutness of heart that may lie within a fragile form.

"Out in the northern wilds of the Adirondacks, remote from a settlement, is a mountain retreat, occupied as a summer home by a gentleman and his granddaughter, and frequented by hunters, and those seeking the health that a balmy atmosphere, spiced with gum-distilling trees, bears on healing wings. Two visitors had been out hunting, far from this retreat, in a dense forest, containing but an imperfect and indefinite trail. They became separated, and as night approached, the younger, appreciating the necessity for keeping the faint trail in view while daylight lasted, hastened his return, supposing that his companion would take the same course. He reached the retreat about nightfall, but the elder sportsman, less vigorous, unable to bear up under fatigue, lagged behind, and had not arrived when the occupants of

the house retired. But one did not retire; a young girl who had spent months exploring the wilderness and knew how difficult it would be for a person unfamiliar with its recesses to follow the feeble trail.

"At a late hour, she called up her colored maid to accompany her, and donning a huntress dress, sallied forth, rifle in hand, into the darkness. She took the precaution to send a stable-boy with a boat up the adjacent lake, to be used in case an accident had happened which would render its employment necessary. No one in the house knew of her intention; no one else had the thoughtfulness to entertain it, nor the courage to put it in execution.

"Attended by her maid, then, she plunged fearlessly into the gloomy forest, fording streams, clambering over rocks, and forcing a way through thick undergrowth, on her merciful mission. After a long search, a faint response came to the hailing-call she kept up, and her view-halloo was feebly echoed from a clump of bushes; where she found the object of her search, exhausted, dazed, unable to move without assistance. The boat was called and soon arrived at a convenient vicinity, and after the application of restoratives, the sufferer was placed in it and carried to the retreat, arriving about daybreak.

"Night in the wilderness is a shivering time at best. Gaunt trees outstretch uncanny limbs in shadeful dejection; rebellious twigs, forced aside in finding a path, strike back in the face with startling sting; the air is filled with frightful vagueness, more oppressive because the shadowy influence takes no definite form. There are but few who are not cowards in the dark:

"'Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head.'

"We may reason, but fear is deaf to reason. How many are there who would like to spend the night in a churchyard, and yet it is a holy place where evil spirits may not come. Not the dangers that are palpable, but the unknown and unseen are the most trying to the nerves. There are shudderous terrors of ambiguity.

"I regard that night-journey in the primeval forest, by a delicate, tenderly-nurtured young lady, as an admirable exhibition of the intrepid resolution that makes heroines, and I put it on record as an example of woman's bravery.

"But the toast is to the Irish woman, and my heroine is a slender young American girl, with a healthy mind in a healthy body, invigorated by exercise in the open air and the innocent freedom of the salubrious forest.

"The Irish woman is brave, honest, unselfish, and self-sacrificing. The attributes which commanded the respect of successive invaders of Ireland formulated the saying, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, for it was the commanding influence of Irish women that made the settlers of various nationality 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.' One of the superstitions of the ancient Irish was that a child's disposition would be influenced by the first object on which its hand was placed, and it was the custom of the brave mothers of that heroic race to cause a sword to be placed in the hand of the new-born male child, so that valor should be the prevailing characteristic in life.

"The episode I am about to present is such a striking instance of fortitude that I am sure I shall be indulged in occupying some little time in its relation.

"During the Rebellion of 1798, a secret insurrectionary organization, having for its object disenthrallment from English rule, existed throughout Ireland. In the town of Kilkenny, there lived a well-to-do woolen-draper named Michael

Quigley, a reputable business-man, living with his family, a wife and three children, in apartments over his shop, in the main street, directly opposite the Court House, where a permanent court-martial was in session to try, with drum-head haste, those accused of complicity in the rebellion. Quigley was Secretary of the Section of United Irishmen having their headquarters at Kilkenny. Through the instrumentality of spies and informers employed by the Government, his official connection with the revolutionists was discovered, and, one day, while at his counter, he was arrested and hurried to the Court House for trial; having barely time, as he passed out of his home, to whisper to his wife, 'May God be with you always!' He was tried within an hour, found guilty, sentenced to be executed the next morning, and committed to prison.

"It was customary to carry out these sentences on the spot—there was short shrift for the insurgents—but an exception was made in the case of Quigley, in order to give him time to consider a proposition made to pardon him if he would reveal the names of the confederated conspirators. This temptation he spurned indignantly all through the night. He could not be induced to save his own life by the betrayal of his trust and the imperilment of others. Early in the morning, he managed to convey to his wife a communication, written on his shirt-collar. It was this laconic message: 'I will die; I will not be a traitor.'

"The bereaved wife received the message, cowering beside a desolate hearth-stone, surrounded by her weeping, terror-stricken children. She was a poor weak woman. She thought of the horrible fate awaiting her husband, to be hung within sight of his own door. She felt the impending shadow of the ghastly gallows, falling, a dread shape, athwart her threshold, smothering her heart beneath a frightful pall. She

thought of her children about to be thrust forth on the cold charity of the world, perhaps to die of want by the wayside, for confiscation of all goods and chattels was one of the penalties of treason to the English Government. The natural promptings of nature would be to say to her husband, 'Save yourself! save us! save your wife and children from despair; what is all the world to us without you!'

"But what was her answer, conveyed to Quigley by the same favoring hand that brought his implied interrogation? To the noble declaration of the husband, 'I will die; I will not be a traitor,' she made this sublime response: 'Better make *one* widow than one hundred.'

"An incident was connected with the execution of Michael Quigley which is interesting to those of his faith, who understand the importance attached to the administration of the rites of the Church in extremity. He had asked for the visitation of a priest, but this request was curtly denied. 'Death without benefit of clergy,' was the savage punishment for his offense. He was not bereft of this consolation, however. Directly opposite the jail-door, before which the gallows stood, was an arch containing a small room, in which was a window. By a circuitous route, a priest and two pious men entered this room unperceived, and remained concealed there, to act upon a preconcerted signal. As Michael Quigley was led forth to execution, he bent his head and repeated the prescribed words of the act of contrition. Then he lifted his eyes to the window in the archway, and as he did so, the curtain was slightly raised; he bent his head again, and at that moment the concealed priest administered the form of absolution of the Church; which fell on the heart of Michael Quigley like the dew from Heaven, reviving, strengthening, full of ineffable consolation. And, fortified with this benediction, the hero mounted the scaffold and

met a patriot's death with the undaunted firmness of a martyr.

"As Michael J. Barry wrote:

> "But whether on the scaffold high
> Or in the battle's van,
> The fittest place where man can die
> Is where he dies for man!

"Should Ireland ever achieve her independence, and be peopled by free men and free women, there should be erected in the town of Kilkenny, a noble monument, lifting its head to the skies, proud of this inscription, 'I will die; I will not be a traitor:' and beneath it, in letters of gold, gleaming lustrously for all time in 'the light of Freedom's day,' this other legend, to commemorate woman's heroism, 'Better make *one* widow than one hundred.'"

We sailed from St. Kitt's the morning of the 18th, with a clear sky and fair wind; passing Nevis, which has nothing of interest to recommend it except good mutton. But we didn't come abroad for chops and saddles. We can get them at Washington Market; and I know the Alsatian would furnish quite as good mutton; though perhaps not so sheep. (No charge!) If we should return this way, we may visit the island to test this reputed excellence—*revenons à nos moutons*, as it were.

I had a great desire to visit the island of Montserrat, and regretted that the two weeks' detention from fogs and head-winds at New York forced us to give the go-by to points where our arrival was awaited, no doubt, with breathless anxiety. Montserrat has an especial claim to consideration; I had a consanguineous yearning to press its volcanic soil. The steward informed me that a large contingent of the negroes on the island speak the Irish language; adhering to it

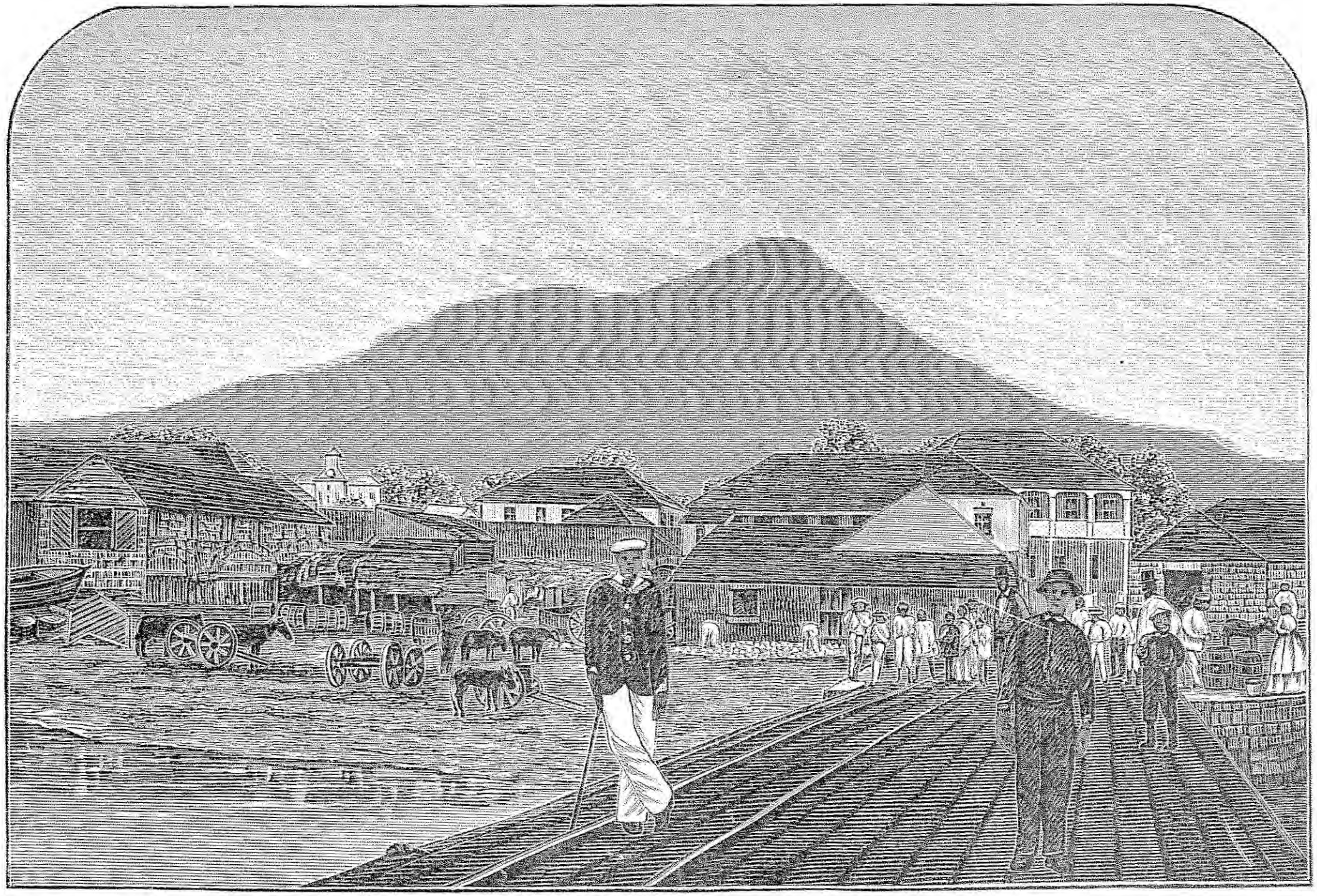
with stubborn pertinacity, stoutly resisting English lingual invasion. The story told is that, many years ago, a slave ship was captured by a British cruiser, and the slaves landed on the island, in charge of a master-at-arms who chanced to be an Irishman. He taught them his native tongue, which they have scrupulously retained to this day; affording an example of patriotic constancy that puts to shame the Fifth Ward of Utica, where Gaelic has tamely yielded to Saxon aggression, until it is now rarely heard, save on election day, when John O'Davy's mellow brogue incites his compatriots to vote the Republican ticket, early and often. If we could get up an emigration from Montserrat to St. Lawrence County, the political complexion of that Cimmerian precinct might be changed. It always has been intensely black, but an infusion of Montserrat would enlighten it some. This would offset the colonization of Indiana from Kentucky. Here is a point for the consideration of the infrequent Democrat of the St. Lawrence.

My good old father, of happy memory, who regarded every man as a brother, no matter what his color or creed, had a quaint way of addressing his colored brethren as "smoked Irishmen." It was regarded as a bit of facetiousness on his part, but I find now that the appellation was to some extent literally correct. This island is peopled with smoked Irishmen. The heart of the Honorable Dennis Burns, of Sligo—whilom adept legislator, now learned philomath, engaged in encouraging the revival of Gaelic among the Knickerbockers of New York—would swell with pride could he but wander amid these forest-clad declivities, and hear the soft Corkagian Doric floating, in affinitive modulation, through the green groves of Montserrat. *Savourneen deelish. Cushla machree. Fion Slan. Nabocklish!*

Guadaloupe is a large French island, which has a town of

considerable importance, *Point à Pitre*, with a good harbor; which we decided not to enter, as Martinique is the most noted island under French government, and we could there get a better idea of the manners and customs of Western France. There is a famous volcanic mountain here, with a crater-peak five thousand feet high, called the Souffrière. The summit is rarely seen, being almost constantly enveloped in clouds.

Guadaloupe was discovered by Columbus, at the same time with Dominica, and was named after Our Lady of Guadaloupe, in accordance with a vow made to some monks of Estramadura. It was here that the Spaniards found vestiges of cannibalistic habits, and concluded that the inhabitants were the fierce Caribs who devastated the islands of their gentler and more peaceful neighbors. The name cannibal came from here. These warlike Caribs made predatory excursions in their big canoes for hundreds of miles. Their weapons were bows, and arrows of shell poisoned with the juice of a certain herb. It was their habit to make descents on the islands, carry off the handsomest and youngest of the women, whom they kept as servants, and capture the men, to be killed and eaten at leisure. Commenting upon this gentle peculiarity of the noble savage, Uncle John said that eating the men showed a perverted taste, when the women would be more tender and succulent. He accounted for it by surmising that the Caribs must have lived at cheap boarding-houses and acquired a fondness for bull-beef. While passing Guadaloupe, we witnessed a magnificent sight; an immense rainbow, gorgeous in vivid prismatic hues, majestic in arching encompassment; its base resting apparently at the foot of a towering mountain, while the span extended far over the peak until lost in the sea beyond. It covered with iridescent glory the rugged mountain side, dimly visible through a diaphanous robe,



ISLAND OF NEVIS.

which smoothed the ungainly angles into graceful lines, beautifying with tinted embellishment the unsightly irregularities.

"Ah!" said the Commissioner (crossing his hands behind his back after the manner of Napoleon at St. Helena), "how that rainbow, enchanting to view, but delusive and evanescent, typifies the vanity of human pursuits! We gaze upon the radiant mists with pleasure, but they are ephemeral like all the blandishments of life. What are pleasures but rainbows? They disappear with indulgence, and leave nothing behind, save, perhaps, vain regrets."

"Excuse me, Commissioner," I interrupted, "there I think you are wrong. Some joys that we've tasted leave unfading rainbows in the heart."

"True," replied the reviser of assessed real estate valuations, "but we are material beings, after all, and cannot live on fancy. The rainbow gazers are visionary, unpractical and unsuccessful. Vapor, howsoever, resplendent, is not to be compared to roast beef in a nutritious point of view. It is decidedly comfortable to draw a check (that will be honored) for the butcher's bill."

"There spoke the practical, common sense utilitarian," said I; "it resolves itself into bank stock, bonds and mortgages, houses and lands. As for railroad stocks, many of them are of rainbow composition, and nothing more. Yet the man of imagination has certain pleasures denied to him who is completely engrossed in the sordid accumulation of pelf. The only advantage possessed by the money-grasper is his pachydermatous insensibility, his obtuseness and crass ignorance, which protect him from the pains that men of finer and more sensitive organization may feel."

"A tough hide is a useful thing in the rough-and-tumble fights of the world," remarked the Commissioner.

"Still," said I, "the rainbow is, as you say, a fit emblem of disappointment. It affords, too, an illustration of the unreliability of appearances and the proneness to error in estimates of our neighbor. How often does the rainbow throw a deceptive glamour! We look at a man just as we view that hill-side. In the softening, roseate tinge, it appears bright and smiling, while were we able to see it through the revealing medium of reality, we might discern some gloomy cave, in which black care sits like a ravening wolf laired in its secret heart. It is hard to know what is in another's breast. A man may be brave, self-reliant, carrying his own burden, in reticent strength, without seeking a friendly resting-place to lean upon for compassionate relief, yet inwardly grief-stricken and despondent. The lip may laugh jocund glees without, while sorrow vibrates voiceless dirges in sunless recesses within. Bright flowers float on the surface of the tarn which holds bitter waters brooding in darkling depths below."

"These be goot worts, as doughty Sir Hugh Evans says," interposed Uncle John, somewhat impatiently; "but what kind of toffy are you spreading?"

I took no notice of the ungracious interruption, but continued, in my own simple, unpretentious, monosyllabic language.

"You are right, though, Commissioner. We ought to be practical and common sense. Away with romance! *A bas le Trouvère! Vive l' Avare! Vogue la galère!* Let us turn the honest penny! A penny saved is a penny earned! A penny a day is £1. 10*s*. 5*d*. a year. Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise. Hurrah for B. Franklin! Don't let us waste time in enjoyment! Let us be economists! Of what use flowers, lights, and incense in religious observance? We can pray without them. Why have

balls, parties, and festivals? Waste of time and money. What is the use of music? There is no sound so sweet as the clink of gold. Why inhale the perfume of joyous life? Sell the ointment and give to the poor; but give nothing unless from the proceeds of somebody else's ointment. Don't let us look up at the luminous rainbow in the sky; cast our eyes down, and we may find a farthing rolling in the muddy gutter!"

"Yes," said the Commissioner, "and if you were hungry you would be glad to pick it up. You might starve looking at rainbows."

"It is an old superstition," I added, "that whoever traces the rainbow to its foundation finds a crock of gold. I fear that is where my treasure lies. I have been looking for it many a day beneath visionary arcs, which receded as I approached, and vanished entirely before I could stake out the foundation-place of my fortune. Yet the time spent in following these enchantments is not lost. One still has the rainbow memories. ''Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'"

"That's all very fine," growled the Commissioner, "but it won't pay the rent."

"And," added Uncle John, "talk's cheap, but it takes money to buy ice-cream for your girl."

This was the *argumentum ad hom.* It brought the matter home with telling force. I capitulated, remarking, "Right you are, brethren! But I won't give up my rainbow nevertheless. Perhaps my fortune is before me now—in Guadaloupe. But it's just my luck; we're not going to land there. However, I'll coin a couplet for you, Commissioner, which you may give to the New York *Sun.* The editor is a scholar, and won't attribute it to some statesman who palms off quotations as originalities; which he can do with impunity, as

the American public rarely reads books. This is yours, and you may take a patent on it:

> "Who would his fortune surely make,
> Must quickly rainbow views forsake."

"I don't know how it is with the rest of you," remarked the Commodore, "but my throat is a little dry through the ears. We have been grumbling about not having enough of wind, but it seems to be blowing a tongue-gale on this quarter-deck." *Descendamus.*

For many days past, we have been looking for the oft-be-praised, benignant trade-winds, which are said to blow with unvarying steadiness from one quarter in these latitudes. We had formed of them an idea of the rainbow stripe, but experience has pricked the prismatic bubble. They were reported as gentle gales, which filled the sails with constant breeze to glide o'er seas, uninterrupted by vexing storms, entirely exempt from loitering calms. Yesterday this budding anticipation of halcyon wavelets was nipped. It was a series of alternate calms, when the yacht hung motionless "as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and sudden bursts of wind which set us tossing and plunging like the Sunday buggy over a Hoboken pavement. We could hardly remain in our berths during the night, and when the wind lulled in the morning there was a sullen calm, succeeded by another outburst, that kicked up as much disturbance as a handsome clergyman of affectionate habits in a well-regulated sewing-society. We had all this disagreeable variety while passing Dominica (a British island, interesting from its boiling lake, and scenery of unsurpassed grandeur), but at length, after weary buffetings, we dropped anchor in the roadstead of St. Pierre, Martinique. A mass meeting was held and a resolution adopted unanimously that the trade-winds were a hum-

bug. The Commissioner suggested that perhaps the trades had organized a Trades' Union, and were on a strike; but Uncle John thought the Commissioner had swallowed them in his early morning walks on deck. This was not a reasonable hypothesis, however, for, under ordinary circumstances, the trade-winds are unchanging, while the Commissioner often changes his breath.

Our first visitors after the pilot left, were naked negro children, seated in the bottoms of short boats, looking like coffins cut in two; proposing to dive after silver coin, and afford us some water-color studies in African anatomy. Fortunately they were all boys. We threw a few pieces overboard, which they seized with great dexterity before they were many feet below the surface. These natant-gymnasts refused to dive for coppers, for they knew we were just arrived and had in our possession none of the copper coin current in Martinique; but the sailing-master played a successful trick on them. He wrapped an English halfpenny in tin-foil and threw it in the water, where it was seized at once as a glittering prize. The sailing-master is a financier. He engaged in a little financial legislation on his own account, and passed an act making foreign copper a legal tender.

Greatly to our regret, the Commissioner left us here, official engagements compelling him to return to New York, where Mayor Edson pined for his concurrent presence at Cabinet councils. Before leaving, he had an opportunity to go ashore, where his commanding presence elicited the usual encomiums from ready-tongued brunettes, engaged in the sale of fish. He bought a broad-brimmed Panama hat, of true curvilinear beauty, upon which we held a council of the navy, and decided that it was becoming to his florid and expansive style of comeliness; quite an appropriate tile to roof the magnificent, first appearance, moustache which, carefully

nurtured by invigorating sea air, and watered by trade-wind spray, had attained an extraordinary extent of hirsute luxuriance. During the hot July days next summer, that hairy thatch will inspire with awe the street Arabs of the City Hall Park, who will take the wearer to be some rich sugar-planter from the West Indies, who sold out last year, and will importune him for backshish.

We shall miss the Commissioner during the rest of our voyage, for a more intelligent, genial, companionable gentleman it would be hard to find. Fortunately for his comfort, the British steamer Barracouta, which plies between New York and the tropics, came into port the day of our arrival, and we found that the purser was Major J. E. Colville, for a long time Superintendent of Quarantine at New York. In his company, the Commissioner cannot fail to have a pleasant returning voyage. We went aboard with him and spent some hours tasting the hospitality of Captain Evans, and left him with great reluctance, for his departure causes a vacancy in our little circle which we cannot but look upon regretfully. There is a spice of selfishness, too, in the feeling, for now that Uncle John has no formidable antagonist in his favorite game of dominos, he will dominate us with inexorable and despotic success.

As the Barracouta sailed, she swept around the yacht, firing a gun and dipping her colors, to which we responded with the same ceremonial. And so we lost our agreeable messmate, who, after undergoing the discomforts and perils of the tempestuous Gulf Stream, was forced to leave before he could enjoy the favoring winds and smiling waves which we feel sure will attend us through the rest of our cruise in the tropics. Prosperous gales attend thee, and take thee safely to a joyful home, good friend and jolly companion!

CHAPTER XI.

THE LONE BIRD.

ST. PIERRE, March 21, 1884.

LIKE other old sailors, we tarry messmates of the saloon are imbued with the superstitions that obtain in the forecastle; many of which are familiar to the reading world, and some to the larger world that finds no time to read. Coleridge has made one of these the theme of his immortal poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

"At length did cross an albatross;
Thro' the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog smoke-white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"'God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?' 'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.'"

The second day after we sailed from Bermuda, Uncle John —who is detailed for duty to do the early rising act for all the voyagers—going on deck, as is his wont, to sniff the breeziness of misty morn, discovered a bird perched on the foremast. It could not be an albatross so far north, and it

had no aquatic appearance; so he surmised that it must be some land bird, which, weary on the wing, had sought this resting-place. It may have been allured by the savory odors that exhaled through the open hatchway of the cook's galley, where the "Doctor" was engaged compounding some little trifles of beefsteak, mutton-chops, ham and eggs, corned beef hash, stewed kidneys, muffins, wheat-cakes, and buttered toast, for the simple breakfast, of a few plain, light dishes, which he provides daily to appease our languid matin appetite. Evidently it was not a pigeon, for no glossy reflections came from burnished neck in the rays of sunshine which streamed over it, as it sat, mute and immovable, on the mast-head, not even prinking and arranging its plumage, as is the custom of birds, and young ladies going out for a promenade. The bird was of a dusky color, unrelieved by a bright feather, sombre as a religious recluse; and it remained through the livelong day, in mournful isolation, like an honest man at a political convention. It never moved a wing, not even when Uncle John startled the sea-gulls with the exultant cry of Domino! when the Commodore held a count of 104 blocked out in his hand. No one was able to guess at the species to which the visitor belonged. All surmises were rejected at once, except the suggestion that it might be a bird which formerly had its habitat in the festive coverts of the old Seventh Ward, New York, known as the Filakoo. This hypothesis received some consideration until the Commissioner, who is an east-side archivist, remarked that the Filakoo bird was an extinct variety of the night-singer, only preserved now, in cobwebbed recesses, among faded memories, in the traditionary lore museum of Old Rounders.

As our foretopmast had been unshipped for the voyage, no topsail could be bent, and the sailors having, therefore, no occasion to go aloft, the bird was left in undisturbed posses-

sion of the stumpy stick which replaced temporarily the absent spar. It appeared to be not only deaf and dumb, but blind, paying no attention to anything that occurred. Even the vivid flashes from resplendent scarves that gleamed along the deck in Uncle John's wake, like phosphorescent trails in the furrowed sea, failed to arouse it to the effort of esthetic contemplation. The boatswain's whistle, piping to meals, was unheeded; loud clapping of hands died away unnoticed, like unsolicited advice; and vociferous shoo-shoos proved bootless. As a matter of course, it was safe under the ægis of superstition, for no one dared fire at the intruder. But for this, the Commodore would soon have brought it down, for he is a famous shot with a revolver, and once put four bullets out of five in the head of a dead shark, hung up to the davits—and yet he was nearly two feet distant. The steward sprinkled crumbs on the deck every evening, but they failed to tempt the solitary, who might be called an anchorite had it settled on the anchor instead of the mast-head. As it could see none of the bits thrown for food, it might be described as a ce-nobite. Uncle John said this, but he was wrong. Cenobites do not dwell alone, while our bird was a sort of a seafaring Simon Stylites.

The poor wanderer was the object of much curious solicitude. It seemed to be like the little soldier, bewailed at the Oriskany centennial celebration, who, "a hundred years ago to-day did come, with his drum, and was scalped by the Indians, with tomahawk and gun, so far away from home, my boys, so far away from home." Here was an object of tender compassion; and Uncle John, who was the original discoverer and claimed a patent, was full of theories regarding the age, sex, color, nativity, and previous statistical condition of the immigrant, who had sought the protection of the Montauk, a flag-ship of New York's pleasure navy. It was not an exile

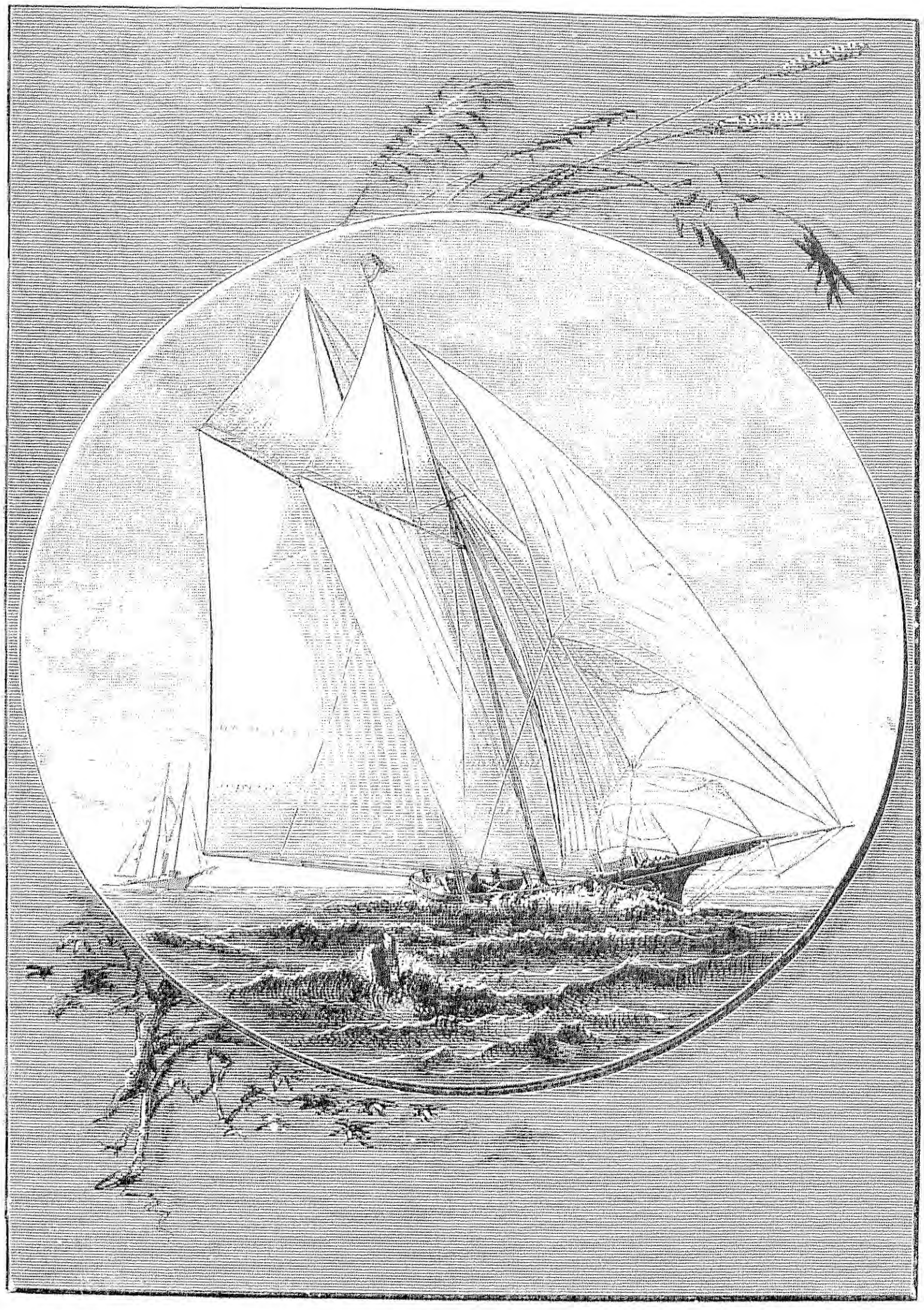
of Erin, for no land bird could fly so far across the Atlantic, were its wing as strong as Tim Campbell's hold on the Democratic party, and as untiring as the pertinacity of a booth-skirmisher at a church fair.

The Commissioner became greatly interested in the fortunes of this mysterious fugitive, and, after a day or two, resolved to try the effect of a personal appeal. He is an accomplished rhetorician, having studied oratory in a renowned school, the Republican General Committee of New York City, cheek by jowl with Colonel Karl Spencer and Señor Tomaso Murphy: peripatetics of the Fifth Avenue Hotel bar Lyceum, although sometimes Platonists of the Academy of Music at ratification meetings. "I'll try a little verse on that intruder," said the Commissioner. "Let us see whether a hundred lines or so, in the persuasive and conciliatory, burial-of-factional-differences tone, will have any effect on the bolter." Striking his most effective, large-chested attitude, and with the "deestrick" *ore rotundo* of a born leader of the primary ballot-box, the Commissioner addressed the bird thus:

Oh! whence com'st thou, sad, silent bird?
What vernal breeze thy pinion stirred
To waft thee to us, gentle guest!
Why art thou here; what is thy quest?
Fly'st thou from balmy 'Mudian grove,
Where flowering cedars scent the air
(With rose-geranium perfume share),
Far from thy native haunts to rove?
Didst perch on tree of calabash,
Where Thomas Moore once found a mash,
And made his limpid verses flow?
True, his fond essay was no go,
Yet Thomas was a famous beau.
"From rise of morn till set of sun,"
Hast "seen the mighty Mohawk run;"
Watched mournful cypress trailing low,
And fireflies in dank myrtle glow;

Hast heard Canadian boatmen row;
With other strains by Moore ditto?—
If not, thou'rt but a songster slow!
Borne by fierce Hatteras' hateful gale,
Didst thou, unwilling, hither sail,
Torn from thy home in ole Carline,
Beneath the honeysuckle vine,
Where murmuring lovers' souls entwine;
Where mocking-birds their throats attune,
And whippoorwills sing to the moon?
Or from the rice plantations' flood,
With Sambo paddling in the mud;
Or from the Georgian cotton fields,
Where generous nature stuffing yields
To line the nest of callow young
Who live, like lawyers, on the tongue?
Or from Floridian everglade,
Where Leon's fruitless search was made
For priceless youth's perennial font
(Now advertised as Sozodont);
Didst hold on orange bough debate
And try conclusions with thy mate?
Com'st thou from where tall palms upreach;
Or fly'st from maple, birch, and beech?
Hast heard melodious madrigals
In whispering paths at Trenton Falls?
Or viewed dark clouds gemmed orbs distil
To deck with beauty Frankfort Hill?
Or smelt the Schuyler new-mown hay?
On Deerfield slopes seen lambs at play?
Or merry Marcy maidens gay
New cider strain for Uncle Gray?
Didst o'er the brink of fountain lean
To lave in sulphured Hippocrene,
Or, like a reckless pelican,
Skim scented Richfield Helicon?
Didst find where dainty flowers meet?
—Fair rose, pure lily, pansy sweet—
Where mists on mossy bark unite
To trickle down from verd'rous height,
Fern-bordered streamlets crooning creep
Where wintergreen red berries sleep

In leaf-enfolded nestling place,
Like beauty's blush in love's embrace?
Hast skimmed Gowanus' noisome tide,
By mud-scow flotsam rank supplied?
Fouling the iron Taurus' line
With jetsam, feline and canine.
Hast viewed the Clifton rocky shore,
Besprayed amid Niagara's roar;
At Saratoga, scanned the crowd,
Pretentious, vulgar, silly, loud;
Sought Newport, where grand airs we see
Of cod-fish aristocracy?
Know'st thou where wreath of green hops crown
The hills that swell above the town?
Hast felt o'er Jersey's buzzing plain
Its nightingale's persuasive strain;
Heard young frogs' piping cradle song
Mid tree-toads' midnight chirping throng?
Did odorous oils thy bill anoint
At aromatic Hunter's Point?
Or com'st thou from the tropic isles
Where sensuous summer blandly smiles?
Art dweller in that sunny clime
Where Angostura, sugar, lime,
Kind providence yields, for avail
To blend matutinal cocktail?
Dost thou the weltering mango sip,
And beak in chirimoya dip,
From pulpy grapes the juice express;
Of pink guava make a mess;
Salad of avocado pear,
With fruits and vegetables rare?
Hast seen the St. Kitt's monkey rude
In antics show much latitude?
Viewed nose-ringed coolies, scanty clad,
Serve heathen gods in Trinidad?
Heard Lady Jane Smith dances call
At Dignity Barbados' ball?
Or com'st thou from the Spanish Main
Where peace and plenty seldom reign;
From Orinoco's emptying streams,
From forests of gigantic trees,



THE LONE BIRD.

Illumed by swift-winged glancing beams;
Where humming-birds are thick as bees—
And all the atmosphere around
Is charged electric with bright sound.
Hoy! entiendo Castellano,
Mira! mucho crumb *en mano.*
Du hast nicht Schweizer Kase, mast high,
Fur freundinn, bier und pretzel, fly!
Come o'er the sea, birdling, with me,
Shule, ma bouchal, colleen machree.
Viens-tu de Martinique, noire France,
Ou morde venemieux fer-de-lance?
Or art thou baleful bird malign,
Blown up from equatorial line?
Art thou a faithless spouse, expelled
By jealous fury, and compelled
Away from bed and board to hie,
Vinculo matrimonii?
Dost thou an injured rival shun
At threatening mouth of empty gun?
Did wickedness thy voyage steer;
Art thou some feathered, fierce sea-wolf,
Some vagabond, rude buccaneer;
Some ruthless parrot of the Gulf?
Or, sipping too much potent dew,
Didst wander here in tipsy "flew?"
List to my silvery, dulcet voice
(Mistake me not for John C. Noyes),
And answer make, in accents clear,
What dost thou, lonely birdie, here?

To which the sullen, moping bird, answer made him never a word.

This prolonged silence caused much anxiety about our visitor, who began to appear as something uncanny. It neither ate nor drank, so far as we could discover, but seemed to be repeating the idiotic effort of Tanner. It neither sang when we sang (but we didn't wonder at that, if it had any ear for music) nor did it dance when the boatswain piped. It

never chirped; and was as reticent as an unwilling witness in a case of *crim. con.* The sailors on port-watch thought they could hear strange, buzzing noises in the direction of its perch after midnight, but they were not certain. It became a bird of evil omen.

We thought that the Commissioner was getting nervous from dwelling on this *mauvais sujet*, and that his sorrow at leaving us was compensated in some degree by the prospect of relief from the vexatious association. As he came on deck to-day, to embark on the Barracouta, with gripsack in hand, containing the equipment with which he sailed from New York—three paper collars (one soiled), a pair of collodion cuffs, a clay pipe, cribbage-board, *Tribune* almanac, and some blank election returns—he cast his weather eye aloft, and said, with that winning inflection employed in controversies with Mayor Edson, "Well, old chappy, I'll soon be on the Barracouta, and then I'm quit of you."

Hardly had he uttered these fateful words, when a dark object fell at his feet. Picking it up, he exclaimed, "By Jove! (an expletive acquired in his sojourn among the 'Mudians) split my mizzen to 'gal'n 'sls, if it isn't a Fire Island mosquito! I thought I recognized the familiar Bay Shore serenade one night when I was on deck, but attributed it to a strong wind playing through the rigging like an Æolian harp."

Thus was the action of the strange bird accounted for. She had been wintering in Bermuda for her health, to escape the inclemency of the northern clime, and recognizing in the Commissioner (who is a member of the Olympic Club) an old friend with whom she had perhaps shared the same dormitory in the club-house during sultry summer-tide, she followed him aboard, intending to accompany him on the voyage. Not knowing that he was about to start for home, his rude

and thoughtless speech at parting gave her such a shock that the poor bird died of heart disease.

Uncle John has great faith in the James pill. Some malicious person started a rumor that the bird came down at night and swallowed a James pill, found lying around loose, thrown away by a sailor on whom Uncle John had tried to work it off; but this is false, a story started by some rival patent medicine vendor. She died of heart disease; did this expatriated Babylon bulbul.

We gave the remains of the American bird of freedom to a colored man and brother, who came alongside, in a whole boat, and part of a calico shirt. Evidently he had no music in his soul; an unromantic, commonplace son of Afric, who, if there had been a run on him, couldn't show more than fourteen per cent. of shirt, with no assets in the matter of trousers; and a darky of cannibalistic propensities withal. He sold the wings of the dead exile for turtle fins, and, after cutting off a few steaks, converted the remainer of the carcass into terrapin stew.

This brief episode is not put forth as a naked fact. I will admit that it is an invention, pure and simple, of the fecund brain of Uncle John, *Rex Dominorum*. I make the admission in order to deprecate any distrust that might attach to the rest of the veracious chronicle, were this flight of fancy launched as truth. Some credulous persons, such as believe in the efficacy of reform quackery, for example, might credit this if they were not warned. It is fabricated out of whole cloth, unless the buzzing of a mosquito in Uncle John's berth last night may be taken as a thread of the narrative. It is given as a specimen of the old-sailor yarns which he spins for our beguilement when kept below by bad weather. From the most trivial incidents doth he weave webs of delicate design, quaintly fantastic as the meandering complications of

his bewildering shirt-fronts, brilliant as the coruscations of his wonderfully-involuted, labyrinthine cravats. When it is unpleasant on deck, and surfeit of dominos palls the sated appetite for diverting games, Uncle John diverts us by making game of himself.

CHAPTER XII.

ST. PIERRE.

The Flag of Our Union—The Alliance—St. Pierre—Negroes—Religion—Fish—Blanchisseuses—A Dazzling Costume—A State Dinner—Symposium—A Soldier No More—Fireworks.

ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, March 22, 1884.

THE United States flag, floating from the man-of-war astern of which we were anchored at St. Pierre, presented a grateful sight. It seemed as if we were meeting an old friend abroad; a pleasure seldom enjoyed in this way, for our flag is as rare on the seas as gold-pieces in a poor-box. We appear to be so fond of our brilliant ensign that we want to keep it at home; and the richest and most powerful nation the sun ever shone on cuts but a sorry figure in shipping. This inferiority is the theme of platitudinous comment in the newspapers, and affords stump-speakers opportunity for criticisms of the opposing party, which, like most efforts of partisan oratory, amount to nothing, just as the fault-finders expect. The cause of the decadence in American ship-building is something beyond ordinary comprehension; at least nobody appears to understand the subject sufficiently to propose an efficient remedy. I have read a good deal about it, and, in common with my countrymen, remain profoundly ignorant. In our affairs, the more discussion, the more ignorance; the more debate and legislative investigation, the more muddle in the public mind. It is a good thing for the poli-

ticians to have this grievance on hand. It furnishes prolific matter for denouncing the existing Administration, whatever it may be; as Judge Grover used to say, going down to the tavern and swearing at the Court. I relegate this subject to the consideration of the wise and unselfish statesmen who govern us; it is not a topic for the voyager, idling along, jotting down, for the perusal of indulgent friends, such trifling incidents of travel as come under his personal observation. It is a lamentable fact, however, that we have not attained the maritime ascendancy to which our national greatness entitles us.

I am not given to sentimentality, indeed am rather a matter-of-fact, unromantic person (it may occur to you from these letters that I am prosy withal), but there is something in the stars and stripes floating out on the breeze, that stirs one up, not only as a reminder of home, but because it is an emblem of freedom, the hospitable sign of refuge for the oppressed of all nations. It is an invitation to fly from political oppression, to the oppression of Mrs. Grundy, the moral-reform societies, and crank associations. We might wish that its folds afforded the American citizen in every part of the world the same scrupulous protection the British flag gives the English subject, but we shall come to that all in good time. We are young yet, with crude ideas of personal rights, which we prate about but do not appreciate; just as we preach temperance, morality, and honesty, without undue addictedness to either. However, it is a handsome piece of bunting (I was about to say "that old flag," which is rodomontade, for it is a new flag, of but a century's existence, although I am willing General Barnum should describe it as "old glory" in his impassioned addresses to the Grand Army of the Republic). It is endeared to me, not only as the flag of my native land, but through

associations in the field, where ties were formed that bind brave and loyal hearts together; and so I say, All honor to the flag of the Union!

The United States Steamship Alliance is a steamship carrying six guns, which has been cruising in these waters for the winter. She is the vessel that was sent to the Arctic regions in search of the ill-fated Jeannette. Captain Reed, the commander, visited the Montauk shortly after our arrival, and there was reciprocal extension of courtesies during all our stay in port.

Martinique is the largest of the Lesser Antilles, and most important of the French West India Islands. It is over 50 miles long, and contains a population of 154,000, about 10,000 or 12,000 being white. It has two towns of importance, St. Pierre, the commercial port, and Fort de France, the capital, where there is a naval station and a garrison of soldiers. St. Pierre is built along the sea-shore, with a spur of habitations creeping up in the mountains, along the bank of a river which flows direct to the sea. Pelée Mountain is an extinct volcano, 4,000 feet high, an imposing mass of greenness, indented with ravines of darker shade, which mark the conduits of numerous springs, gushing from its bosom into cascaded rivulets. On an eminence overlooking the town, is a large statue of the Blessed Virgin, standing as a protecting guardian, robed in white, a sacred figure, benignant and serene. The houses of St. Pierre are of gray stone, with brown roofs, which have a pretty effect viewed from the water. The streets are narrow, well paved with Belgian blocks, and clean. Water runs through the gutters on both sides, affording efficient surface drainage, but there are no sewers. Light refuse of all kinds is thrown into these convenient cleansing rivulets. One must keep a sharp ear for the old Edinburgh cry, "gardeyloo," for the inhabitants do not always take the trouble to go to the

gutter to deposit cloacal contributions, but project them from afar, like an Indiana tobacco-chewer attacking a spittoon. Fountains are numerous, and the exuberant water supply would delight the heart of a hydropathist.

The negroes appear to be of superior type to those of St. Kitt's, better looking, cleaner, and more intelligent. Evidently there is a considerable admixture of white blood in the population. I am informed, however, that the color line is strictly drawn, the taint of negro blood, while no disqualification for political or mercantile association, operating as an insuperable barrier to social recognition. It is something like the caste distinction between professional, mercantile, and mechanical pursuits which obtains in our republican land. As a rule, the people are well dressed. Judging from their unartificial contour, many of the negresses wear but one garment, a long calico robe, with a sweeping train of conventional Charity Ball extent. The small children are more sparing in attire, so that, taking all together, they about strike an average in the quantity of material used between them.

The laborers, as all through the West Indies, are negroes. The dignity of labor is not regarded with that fond admiration which possesses the soul of the lawyer candidate for office about election time in New York. In the narrow streets, are to be seen carts laden with casks, propelled by hand, not the light porter's wagon, but genuine drays with shafts. But it takes several negroes to a dray. Everybody seems to be busy, but nobody in a hurry. No movement is to be seen here like the feverish palpitation of Broadway, between the City Hall and Wall Street, during business hours. Perspiration may be induced without effort. Fortunately, though it is excessively hot, there is always a coolish breeze blowing, which renders the atmosphere tolerable in the shade. The

men wear white linen suits, and the favorite head-covering is the Panama hat, though the East-Indian pith helmet is seen occasionally.

There are no glass windows, simply apertures in the wall, with wooden shutters in shops to close when business is over. The number of drinking-places bears evidence that water is not the favorite beverage. It may be because it is not expensive. We are prone to underrate what is cheap. Licenses are issued by the *Ferme*, as the internal revenue department is styled, and the number of the *debit* is painted on the outside of the building licensed. Anybody can get a license who will pay for it. There are no nonsensical restrictions; there are no drunkards to be seen. We saw some curious placards on the walls. On one door was a large handbill, of white paper, with staring black letters, containing this pious aspiration: *O Marie, conçue sans péché, priez pour nous!* while the adjoining building, devoted to the sale of liquors, had for its sign: *Aux amours de Bacchus;* a curious neighborly conjunction of the spiritual and the spirituous, of heathen and Christian worship. Another had an eulogistic inscription to President Paul Grévy for some act of patriotism.

St. Pierre contains several churches, one a venerable Cathedral, somewhat dilapidated, undergoing reparation. They are all Catholic. But few, if any, Protestants live in Martinique. Here is a great field for the missionary. It is a hackneyed old joke, revived by every fresh traveler in France, that even the little children of Paris speak French; but it really strikes an American as strange to be in a place where the inhabitants, ninety per cent. colored, all speak French and worship in the Catholic Church. Whether the salutary influence of the priests has anything to do with the superiority of these islanders to those under English rule, is a nut for theologians to crack. I refer it to Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, and

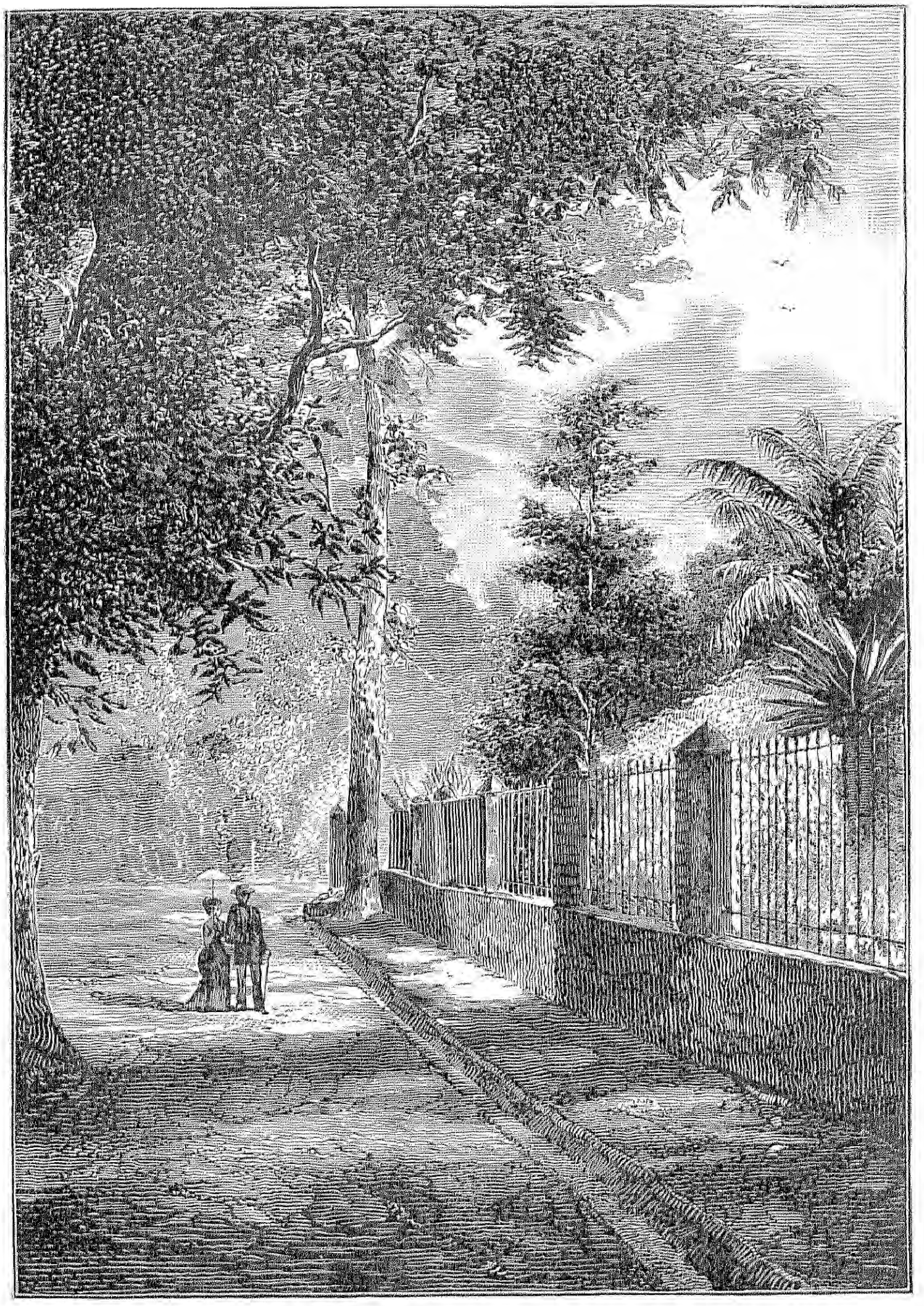
Bishop Doane, of Albany, and will abide by their unanimous decision.

I suppose there must be Jews here, for much business is done, and where you find commerce there will the children of Israel be gathered to have a controlling share in its management. Some coolies are to be met, but they are not so numerous as in the island of Trinidad, further south.

Ice is dear, costing $40 a ton, the usual price in the West Indies. The telegraph is an expensive medium of communication. Four words to New York cost us $11.60, an increase of forty cents a word on the St. Kitt's tariff.

The fish-market, a paved space near the shore, with two or three frail open structures, has a large supply of fish, many of them curiously and brilliantly marked. The tropical fish do not compare, in variety and flavor, with those found in northern waters. Women control the fish-market. The drawing of seines near the shore, directly in front of where we lay at anchor, afforded us much amusement. It was usually attended with great vociferation, and attracted all the boys bathing in the vicinity, who lent a hand as volunteers and added to the turmoil without charge. Sometimes the draught was a case of *vox et preterea nihil:* a large investment of voice—net result, nothing.

Walking for exercise, in the road that winds along the side of a mountain abutting the shore, we came upon an extensive Martinique laundry; a narrow, shallow stream, with a rocky bed, fed by springs from the hill-sides. In this big wash-tub a number of black *blanchisseuses,* wading in the water that reached above their ankles to an extent indefinite to our averted eyes, were engaged pummeling doomed articles, upon which they wreaked vengeful purification. They laid the garments on sacrificial stones and pounded away with the vehemence of a Sullivan, holding his antagonist "in chancery."



JARDIN DES PLANTES, ST. PIERRE.

They seemed to have a spite against the objects under their harsh manipulation. I am sure they had against some unfortunate under-garments I entrusted to their tender mercies in a moment of confiding weakness. They were terribly knocked up when returned to me, about in a condition of a neophyte Son of Malta who had just experienced the *peine forte et dure*, traversing the rugged path which led to the disenthrallment of persecuted nations. "I should be afraid," said Uncle John, with a shudder, "to trust my best colored shirts, of the morning-glory, convolvulus, grapevine, and night-blooming cereus pattern, to those inconsiderate washerwomen." "Well, you might be," remarked the Commodore, "if you were not afraid, yourself, your linen would certainly come back a-frayed." The usual fine was at once imposed, which the Commodore paid as soon as we returned to the yacht. This is his receipt in full. I detest puns. "Just to think," remarked Uncle John, plaintively, "those ignorant creatures might save all that trouble of pounding by putting an ounce of detergent in the source of the river every morning."

Returning the visit of Captain Reed, we found in his cabin the English Consul; a fine old Irish gentleman, paying an official visit, in full uniform or court-suit; coat, with collar and cuffs elaborately embroidered, chapeau and sword. I never have seen a complete inventory of the adornments which formed the basis of that oft-quoted array of "Solomon in all his glory," but I fancy it might be found in the bill of dress of the English Consular service. It reminded me of the mystic show-window of a dealer in Masonic regalia. It is proper to say that the court-dress was quite becoming to the good-looking, dignified wearer, but it afforded a striking contrast to the parsimoniously plain uniform of the United States service.

The Commodore invited the officers of the Alliance to dine with him, and the invitation was accepted by Captain Reed, Lieutenants Rich, Reynolds, Wright and Gulick, and Ensign Rose. In honor of the occasion, the steward exercised his ingenuity to get up a dinner as elaborate as the means at his command would afford, and the success was complete. He made it a sort of memorial feast, with his dishes of American names; and with the aid of *Hors d' Œuvres*, various wines, confections and fruits, to fill in, swelled the bill of fare into quite respectable proportions. It assumed a national aspect, befitting a dinner given to naval representatives of our country abroad.

I send the menu, copies of which, on the yacht cards, emblazoned with the cross signals of the club and the Montauk, were preserved by the officers as mementoes of the entertainment:

WELCOME, OFFICERS OF THE ALLIANCE!

MENU.

March 21, 1884.

Little Neck Clams, *mémoire de* New York.
Chablis.
Terrapin Soup, Baltimore style.
Sherry, Montilla, 1860.
Boiled Fish, Cape Cod Sauce.
Boiled Potatoes, Jersey Peachblows.
Still Moselle, Zeltinger.
Roast Turkey, Newport Stuffing.
Boiled Onions, *bouquet de* Weathersfield.
Green Peas, Norfolk.
Baked Sweet Potatoes, St. Augustine.
Champagne, Montauk, *premier crû.*
Broiled Squabs on Toast, Philadelphia style.
Lettuce Salad, Boston Dressing.
Claret, Château Mauvezin.

Plum Pudding, Hartford Sauce.
Sherry, Montilla, 1845.
Wine Jelly, Catawba.
Blanc-manger : Charlotte Russe.
Bonbons : Candied Pensamiénto,
Ruesorelle, Callecabaña.
Fruits.
Cheese (from Oneida).
Coffee.
Cognac, Otard & Cie.
Vino Americano, Old Fort Schuyler Malt Rye.

YACHT MONTAUK, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

It is sufficient to say of the dinner that the guests seemed to enjoy it, and we lingered at the table until the murmuring waifs of cool night breeze, floating down through the wide ventilator overhead, invited us to take our coffee and cognac on deck. We spent some hours most agreeably, singing songs, telling stories, and relating funny personal experiences. Captain Reed has been an indefatigable collector of jokes and *bon-mots*, which he exhibits with the enthusiasm of the virtuoso in facetiæ. One of the attractive features of our session on deck was the character of the songs sung. They were mainly negro melodies, popular ere *opera bouffe* had vitiated our taste for simple harmonies, "Dearest May," "Old Folks at Home," "Fare you well, Ladies," and other familiar strains of the olden time. These frank and breezy sailors, cruising around the world, are not up to all the slang cockneyisms and innuendoes of the vulgar concert-saloon variety, but bring back the days of Christy, Campbell, and Buckley, in the honest songs which they sing, with soul in them.

One of the guests on the Montauk sang, at the Commodore's request, a little song, to the air of "Kathleen O'More," which has not been published, and I send it to you. The music is plaintive.

A SOLDIER NO MORE.

WRITTEN FOR POST JOHN F. MCQUADE, NO. 14, G. A. R., UTICA, N. Y.

AIR—*Kathleen O'More.*

Andante.

p

They ten - der - ly lay him to rest 'neath the oak, And tear- ful - ly

p

peace to his ash - es in - voke. The brave U - nion sol - dier— a

dead pri-vate sol-dier—A sol-dier no more.

mf

When called by his country her flag to uphold,
He soon 'mongst the first volunteers was enrolled.
The brave Union soldier; a dead private soldier;
A soldier no more.

Still foremost in battle to do his devoir,
True glory was ever his bright guiding star.
The brave Union soldier; a dead private soldier;
A soldier no more.

He fell, as a freeman should fall, in the fight,
Upholding the cause of Truth, Justice and Right.
The brave Union soldier; a dead private soldier;
A soldier no more.

Not proudly emblazoned in scroll of high Fame,
But graved on sad hearts is the dead soldier's name.
The brave Union soldier; a dead private soldier;
A soldier no more.

It was late when our friends left us, the stars scintillating in a darkling, enameled sky; and as they rowed off they sang that good old stave, "Merrily now we row along, o'er the dark blue sea." When about midway between the vessels, they gave three resounding cheers for "the United States yacht Montauk," which we answered with three for the officers of the United States Steamship Alliance. With the supplementary "tiger" to our cheer, there burst forth from the deck of the yacht a blaze of red, white, and blue fires, which had been prepared for ignition at the proper moment. The effect was magnificent. The symmetrical masts, graceful spars, and delicate rigging of the yacht stood out boldly defined in the predominating flush of crimson, which shone on the war-ship, evoking the great hull from the obscurity in which it had been shrouded, as if it obeyed the incantation of some magic fire; while between was the white gig of the Captain, filled with the officers

and boat's crew, resting on their oars, as they gazed at the spectacle with faces radiant in the coruscation. The colored balls from Roman candles, held by our sailors on deck, shot up in the air, bringing reflective twinkles from the emerald hills ashore, and lighting up the harbor in a flood of enveloping refulgence.

A gentleman who viewed this illumination from the town said that he had never witnessed anything finer; excelling even more elaborate pyrotechnic set-pieces. I can imagine that the dazzling glitter of a sudden eruption of brilliant fires, on a dark night, seeming to spring up like a volcanic outburst from the sea, must have been a striking display. Upon reaching the deck of the Alliance, the officers acknowledged the compliment by discharging responsive rockets; and, with this friendly return of our amicable fire, darkness shut down like an extinguisher, the hovering rain set in, and midnight hushed to silence again.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARTINIQUE.

The Empress Josephine—Morne Rouge—Holy Ground—Jardin des Plantes—The *Fer-de-lance*—Sunday Inspection—*Déjeûner-dinatoire*—The Loyal Legionier.

ST. PIERRE, March 23, 1884.

SOME of the biographers give St. Pierre as the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, but they are wrong. She was born near Fort de France (then styled Fort Royal), where there is a magnificent statue of white marble, erected to her memory, in 1868, by the inhabitants of Martinique. The date of her birth, as recorded in the baptismal registry of the Church of Trois-ilets, was June 17, 1763. She was the daughter of Joseph Gaspard de Tascher, Lord of La Pagerie, a lieutenant of artillery in the French army, and Rose Claire Duverger de Sannois. At the age of sixteen, Mdlle. Tascher married Alexander de Beauharnais; he was nineteen years of age. The history of her separation, in 1788; her return to Martinique with her daughter Hortense (mother of Napoleon III.); the death of Beauharnais by the guillotine, in 1794; her marriage to Napoleon on March 9, 1796; her coronation as Empress by Pope Pius VII., in 1804, when Napoleon assumed the imperial crown; her divorce, and her death at Malmaison, in 1809, are all familiar to the reader. The islanders of Martinique are very proud of the fact that their island gave birth to this lovely and unfortunate woman (sacrificed to the ambi-

tion of the Emperor,, who has left a charming memory among the romantic episodes of history.

Josephine was one of the most beautiful and amiable of women. Her elevation to the crown was predicted by an old sibyl some years before her first marriage. The soothsayer prophesied as follows (according to Josephine's own statement, made before all these predictions had come to pass): "You will soon be married—but you will not be happy. You will be a widow, and then—then you will be Queen of France. Some happy years will be yours, but you will die in a hospital amid civil commotion." She paid no attention to the prophecy at the time, and it was only when her first husband died on the scaffold that she began to believe it might be fulfilled. If some political vaticinator had prophesied five years ago that Chester A. Arthur would become President of the United States, his prediction would have received no more credence than did the promise of future greatness to the charming young creole, surrounded by her negro slaves in the island of Martinique.

Yesterday we made a pilgrimage of curiosity to Morne Rouge, a mountain village about six miles distant, noted for its devotional character. The drive (we were no palmers with staff and scrip, though the scallop-shell is the heraldic device of the Commodore, proving that he is descended from a Crusader) was through a fine road, skirting the Jardin des Plantes, passing the Maison de Santé, and several handsome residences, on the river-banks leading to the mountains. The ascent, accomplished by easy grades, afforded many pleasing views of hill and valley scenery, with the sea in the distance. Sugar-cane fields lined the roadsides, in progressive stages of development, some in the incipience of green tenderness, others in the sturdy robustness of the brown stalk; while in sheaves were the matured canes that had "fallen into

the sere, the yellow-leaf," cut down by the bow-bill of the harvester, and awaiting transportation to the mill.

It would seem as if in these tropical regions the women do more work than the men, saving of course the hard labor on roads, moving heavy objects, loading and unloading vessels, and kindred occupations. Few women were to be found idling, but many men appear to be taking it easy. Hardly a negress was to be met in the road who was not carrying a load on her head, while men loitered along, empty-handed, empty-headed. Every burden is borne on the head, from the weightiest to the lightest. Small children carried bundles of a few ounces, balancing as if they were heavy weights. Perhaps they were practicing for greater efforts. If one of these women had occasion to carry home a spool of thread, she would put it on her head, instead of having it sent by the shopkeeper's light wagon, as is the custom with our fine ladies. I attribute the erect litheness which distinguishes the carriage of these women to this habit of bearing burdens on the head. A noticeable thing about the contents of the loads was the multitude of bottles and flasks. The neck of a bottle peeped out from every bundle and a cork from every basket. We saw several women balancing demijohns on their heads, some with wicker coverings, others denuded and showing the naked glass. It requires skill—this wrestling with a demijohn. I have known strong men at home to undertake it, and meet with dismal failures. It may be owing to the atmosphere. I don't think the persons I have in view lifted the bottle high enough to keep their balance. This repeated vitriform spectacle caused Uncle John to exclaim, whenever he saw women approaching, " More bottles ! "

Negresses and donkeys are the common carriers of this country. We met a man comfortably bestriding a diminutive ass, with well-filled panniers protruding on both hands, while

alongside trudged three women, carrying heavy loads on their heads, and occasionally encouraging the donkey in his patient progress. But man is lord of creation.

At the summit of the mountain, a short distance from Morne Rouge, is a crucifix of large dimensions, with a life-size figure of Our Saviour, and an adjoining receptacle for votive offerings. Wayside shrines and crosses are plenty in Martinique.

We found the weather quite cool at the elevation of Morne Rouge. We thought that possibly we might be able to sell our stove here, but the villagers were kept warm by religious fervor. It is a long, straggling settlement, with many of the characteristics of a French village, reviving in me recollections of the old-fashioned Canadian Seigneurie in which happy college days were spent. The church is plain and unpretentious without, but the interior, of the usual cruciform shape, is exceedingly beautiful, with one high altar and two side altars, dedicated respectively to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. I believe devout pilgrimages are made here, and there is certainly an air of sanctity about the place well calculated to inspire devotion in the mind prepared for religious impression. The frescoing of the ceilings is remarkably fine, and on the walls hang valuable paintings, of such excellence as to excite surprise that they are to be found in this out-of-the-way little hamlet. The dim religious light has a tinge of cheerfulness rare in ecclesiastical edifices of the conventional order of architecture. This church possesses in appearance all the attributes of a veritable sanctuary. Harmonious with the devotional quiet and repose, was the presence of two white-veiled nuns, who knelt before the high altar, wrapped in pious meditation. A few persons were scattered along the aisles saying their prayers, among them several negro boys, one of whom was just about to enter the confessional. The spirit

SOME JEWELRY.

uality of this devout temple could not fail to impress even those who are not believers in its creed. As we emerged from this peaceful precinct, we met a cheerful, gray-haired priest, in cassock and white band, who greeted us with an urbane smile and courteous inclination of the head. He was a refined, intellectual-looking man, who filled the idea of the typical abbé, one who combines religious knowledge with the culture and accomplishments of the great world. I regretted that we did not take advantage of his salutation to converse with the village *curé*, if such was his office.

We drove up to a *cabaret* and took a glass of water, sufficiently cool, from the porous earthen jar, properly alleviated, to wash down a morsel of crusty bread, palatable and wholesome, without being very white, and some excellent cheese. The stone floor and plain wooden seats were such as we see in provincial France; and but for the black faces, the tropical vegetation, and some of the huts, one might imagine one's self among the French peasantry; that hardy, simple, honest, and religious folk, leading uneventful lives in their quiet communes.

We had not time on our return home to make a thorough examination of the Jardin des Plantes, which is well worth visiting, as it contains fine specimens of vegetation, plants, flowers, and trees, with cascades and miniature lakes. It is said that the venomous *fer-de-lance*, the dreaded snake of Martinique, lurks in the more sequestered places of this artificial paradise. This malignant reptile is different from other serpents, inasmuch as it does not wait for attack, but becomes the aggressor. It must be a formidable enemy, for it is the terror of the island. Some claim that it infests the mountain roadside in the suburbs, and that at night travelers carry lanterns to frighten it off. But snake stories must be taken with a grain of allowance. There is no antidote for its

poisonous bite, and many laborers die from it in the cane-fields every year. I do not learn that the snake exists anywhere else, though it is said to be found in the adjacent island of St. Lucia.

Earthquakes cause some damage here, but there is more fright than hurt in the *tremblements-de-terre*, except on extraordinary occasions. The hurricane, however, is more destructive. Two years ago, a cyclone from the southwest tore thirty vessels from anchorage and moorings and drove them ashore. With the earthquake, hurricane, tarantula, scorpion, and *fer-de-lance*, Martinique, like St. Kitt's, presents attractions for prolonged absence.

This morning we attended the Sunday inspection aboard the Alliance, and accompanied Captain Reed in his rounds. The ship was scrupulously neat, and the men, in their clean white suits, looked hearty and sailor-like. Our country may be deficient in ships, but the Yankee tar has no superior on the seas. A platoon of marines, under command of Lieutenant Gulick, formed part of the force. The calls aboard ship are now sounded on the bugle, the inspiring, ear-piercing fife, which formerly blew the men to quarters, having had its pipe put out by the economy which rules our Navy. According to the sea-ditty, they reformed Jack—" added to his pay five cents a day, and stopped his grog forever."

After the inspection, we spent an hour with Captain Reed in his cabin. He showed us some curious things he had collected in his voyaging. The Captain has a taste for natural history, and gathers specimens as he goes along. He gave us a great variety of the fruits found in these islands, which were novel to us. One of them, the sour-sop, makes a delicious drink, with a little sugar and ice.

We had accepted an invitation to breakfast with the ward-room officers, and sat down to table at 11 o'clock, the usual

hour in these latitudes, the meal being a *déjeûner-à-la-fourchette.* In addition to the lieutenants who had dined with us, there were present Lieutenants Lasher and McLean, Surgeon Bradley, and two of my old acquaintances, Paymaster McGowan and Chief Engineer Kelly.

The adaptability of West Indian fruits to bibulous purposes was profusely demonstrated at the generous breakfast. Before sitting down, we discerned one of the lieutenants in his state-room busily employed expressing fruits into an appetizing draught, in accordance with the habit of our healthy ancestors, recorded in the old saw: "Our fathers, who were wondrous wise, first washed their throats and then their eyes." But that we knew of the popularity of fruit potables on the ship, and the disfavor in which spirituous compounds were held, we would have mistaken this simple juice for the genuine "Fennel"—the early-bird vermifuge aboard the Montauk, named in honor of our favorite poet Longfellow:

> "Then in Life's goblet freely press,
> The leaves that give it bitterness."

It was a perfect imitation, well calculated to deceive. It had all the fennelian idiosyncrasies—I regard that as a neat way of putting it in plain and simple language. This successful utilization of tropic fruits was not restricted to the anteprandial "whet," but permeated the feast—in bottles of familiar appearance. By the application of efficient transmuting formulas, the practical chemists of the Alliance ward-room laboratory convert the exudations of sour-sop and kindred aqueosities into liquids that, in taste, smell, and effect, closely resemble hock, sherry, claret, burgundy, and cognac. So perfect is the imitation that we would have taken them for such (although experience has not given us much knowledge

of these things) had we not been on the Alliance, where the use of exhilarants is discouraged. They have been off cruising, and may not have learned that Mrs. Hayes is no longer President of the White House. The recipe of the jovial ward-room officers of the Alliance is of little use in the civilized countries they visit, but out in Iowa it would possess great value. The demand for it among prohibitory politicians, teetotal demagogues, and professional reform mendicants, showing their moral sores to the public, would be enormous.

The breakfast passed off enjoyably. We were not at table more than three hours or so, no long speeches were tolerated, short and pithy remarks were in order, and came as thick as little bills on the first of January. Lieutenant Lasher sang "The Anchor's Weighed," and other sea-songs, with much tender effect, as did Paymaster McGowan, whose fine, pathetic tenor, particularly excellent in the artistic tremolo, blended mellifluously with the clear, round baritone of our Commodore in that stirring old duet, "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" A funny story was told by Chief Engineer Kelly, who said that he was crossing the Atlantic once in a Cunarder, the captain of which had taken with him a cabin-boy, the son of a poor clergyman who desired to have him brought up to sea service. One day the poor little fellow was writhing in the agonies of seasickness, when a burly saloon-steward came along, and, grasping him by the collar, exclaimed, "Get up out of that, ye lubber; why ye h'eats, and ye drinks, and ye wommits just like a first-class passenger."

Lieutenant Lasher is a native of Oswego, and was a schoolmate of Judge Bulger, some time before the last war with Great Britain. He manifested a great deal of interest in the Judge, and expressed the hope that he was re-elected,

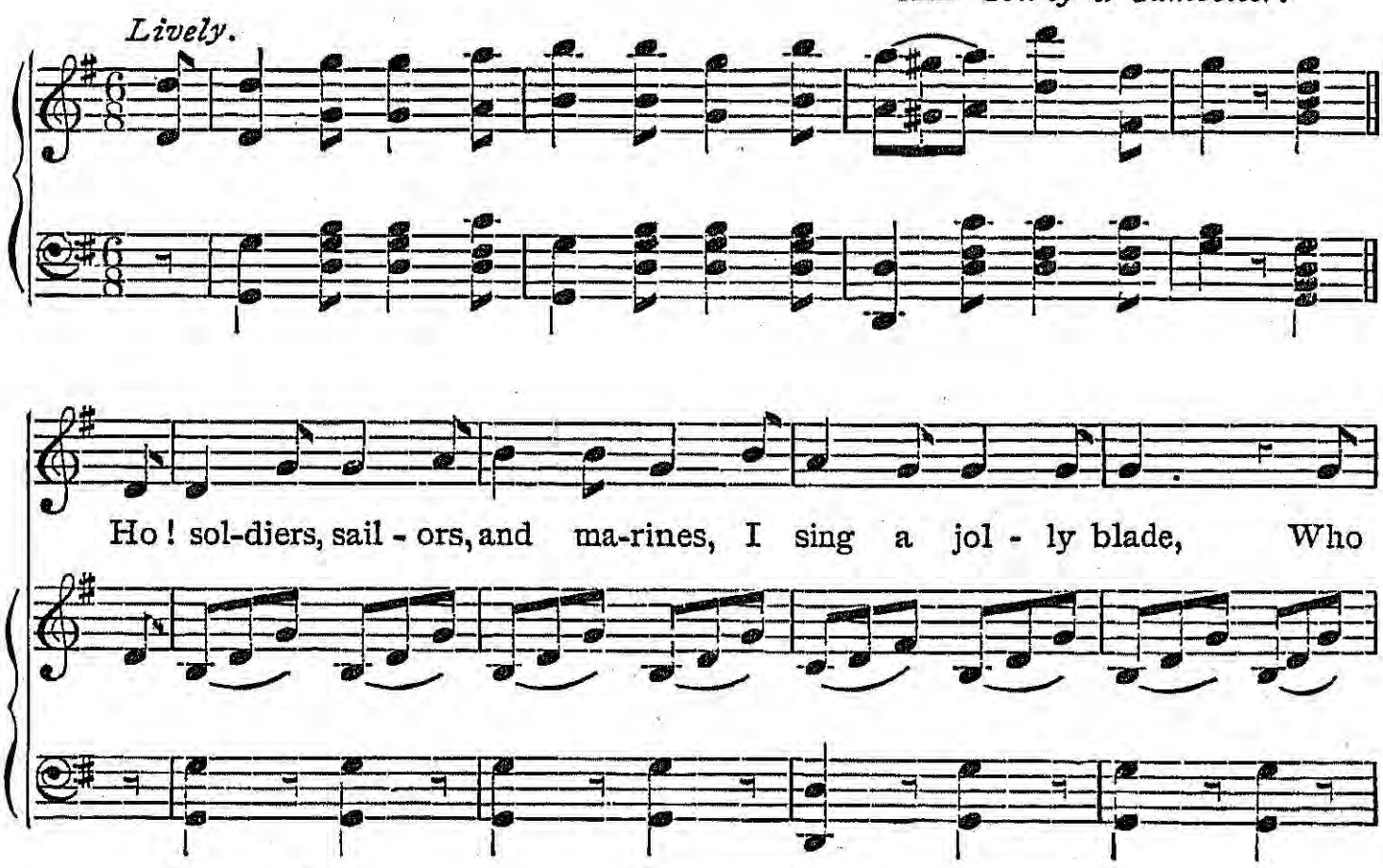
but as I had not heard from Utica since I left I could give him no information on this point. I gave it as my opinion, however, that, if a candidate, he was probably defeated, for one of the absurdities of the great American people is to say of a public officer whose capacity and efficiency have secured successive re-election that he has had the place long enough and it belongs to somebody else. The idea is that the administration of our public affairs should be passed around like the bread and water at a Mormon communion service.

As a finale, "Blondy" *Θησαυρός* rattled off the song which makes the rafters ring in Delmonico's banquet-hall on "Legion nights." The lusty chorus from the ward-room gave rise to some alarm lest the concussion should shake the old rattle-trap ship to pieces and make her go down at anchor.

THE LOYAL LEGIONIER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY M. O. L. L. U. S.

AIR—*Son of a Gambolier.*



no - bly "fit in - to the war," And nev - er was dis-mayed; Who

nev - er was dismayed, brave boys, Nor walked off on his ear; A.....

gal - lant U - nion sav - er was The gal - lant Le - gion - ier.

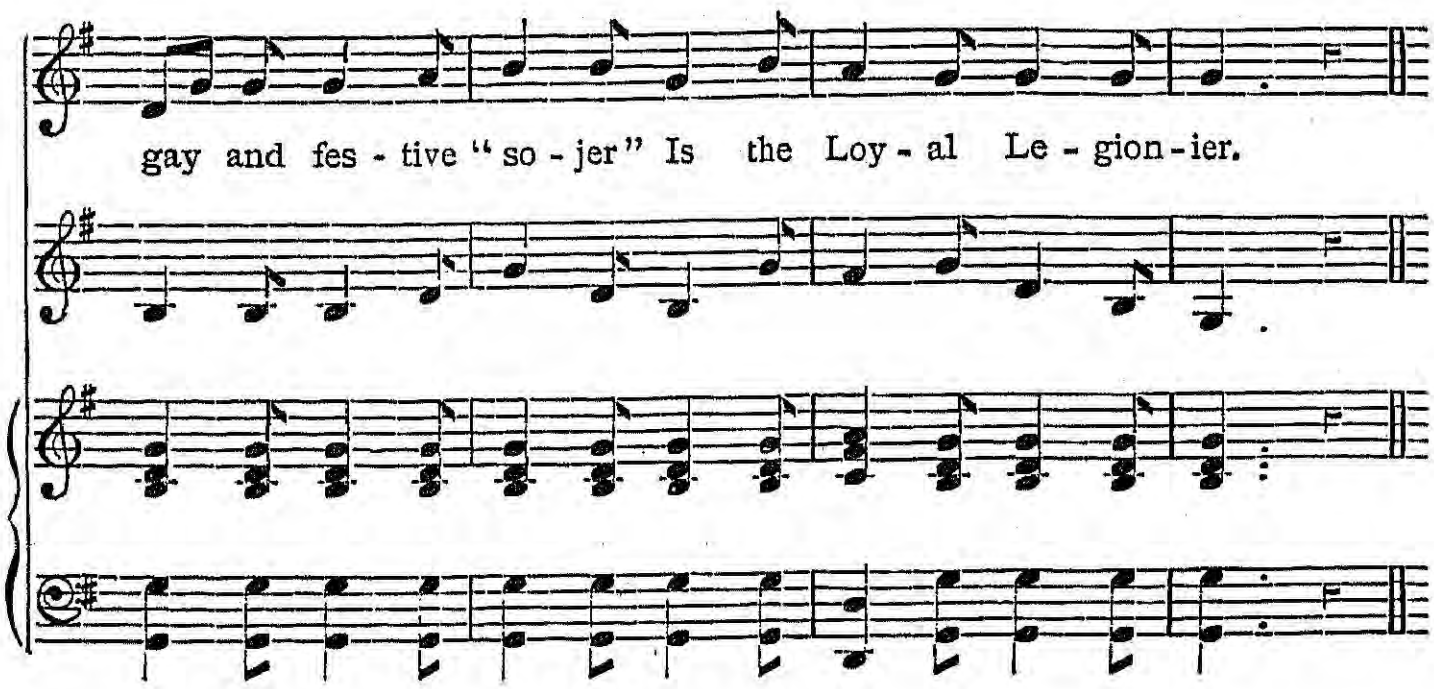
Chorus.

The loy - al, loy - al, loy - al, loy - al Loy - al Le - gion-ier, The

loy - al, loy - al, loy - al, loy - al Loy - al Le - gion - ier; He

takes a drink, when he is asked, Of whis-key, wine, or beer; A.....

gay and fes - tive "so - jer" Is the Loy - al Le - gion - ier; A



When this cruel war was over he laid down his canteen,
And soon upon Fifth Avenue was daily to be seen,
Arrayed in Devlin's stunning suits, he gaily did appear,
And "mashed" the girls both left and right—this Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

He drives a dog-cart in the Park, he borrows from a friend—
Though always on the borrow, he nothing has to lend—
And when the ladies see him pass, they cry out, What a dear!
Quite fond of admiration is the Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

He is deep in Fred De Bary's books, and Park & Tilford's too:
He eats soft clams at Parker's ranche, at Dorlon's takes a stew;
His checks are in the Gilsey till, his notes are far and near;
He pays like Ancient Pistol, does the Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

So piously he goes to church, and always enters late—
He slides in after the Deacon has passed around the plate;
A pilgrim at the Brunswick shrine, he seeks the café rear,
To "find a man" to worship with the Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

Republican of Stalwart type, yet stanch Half Breed likewise;
He stands up for Old Tammany, with Irving Hall he lies;
The County Democratic bark he stoutly aids to steer—
No hide-bound partisan is he, the Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

His corns are cut by Madame Pray, his fingers manicured,
His cheeks berouged are every day—thus is a blush secured ;
His teeth are false, his moustache dyed, he squints with glass-eyed leer,
His wig is jute, his scarf-pin "snide," this Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

He takes a flyer in the street, and when he wins he pays ;
If he happens to be short, he'll "settle one of these days,"
Should brokers for more margin call, he scorns the cry to hear,
He's one of the boys fears no noise, this Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

At length, when all his cash is gone, and credit near run out,
He joins the Prohibitionists, to rant and tear and shout ;
He sings with Sankey, and with Moody reads his title clear,
To Murphyize and sell wind pies, this Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

When all his plants have run to seed, and cheek is found no go,
He seeks a situation with great Barnum's moral show ;
Or deep in Colorado's mines he ends his bright career,
Then all at last with him is *ore*, the Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUNDAY IN MARTINIQUE.

Tropical Fruits—A Full Day's Work Sunday—Vespers—The Club—The Opera—Il Trovatore—A Midnight Visit—Reminiscence—Lily-Pansy—The Heart's Rain-drop.

ST. PIERRE, March 23, 1884.

THE variety of fruits to which we pay attention at breakfast is extensive. I cannot remember the names of all we have tasted at different times—not *à la mode de l'Alliance*, squeezed into a glass, but in their natural skins, as the Irish serve potatoes. This, I may remark in passing, is the true artistic style of cooking the potato; boiled to the stage of mealiness, and served with the jacket on, unbuttoned just enough to show the white shirt beneath. The following were some of the fruits tested: Orange, lemon, lime, banana, grape, musk-melon, fig, water-melon, date, pine-apple, sapadilla, mango, pomegranate, guava, sweet tamarind, shaddock, granadilla, alligator-pear, sour-sop, sugar-apple, star-apple, marmi, and custard-apple.

Of these, it is hardly necessary to say, the orange is the best, the golden apple of Hesperides; the next, according to my taste—always excepting the pine—is the mango, which is hard to eat because of its stringiness and immense core, but it it fine-flavored and juicy; so much so that it is a common saying that to eat mango one must roll up the sleeves

and sit near a tub. The sapadilla is small and sweet, apple-shaped, with two large black seeds; the custard-apple resembles in appearance the puffy light balls children play with, and the contents look like brains; it is a delicious fruit, eaten by scooping out with a spoon. The avocada, or alligator-pear, makes an excellent salad; the star-apple is palatable; but the guava, from which the jelly of commerce is made, is rather insipid. Uncle John remarked that it was like the bar-room of a country-tavern—full of "seeds." The shaddock is an immense orange, with a more pronounced acid, leaving a slight bitter after-taste; and the melons are not as good as ours. Indeed, none of the tropical fruits are equal in delicate flavor to the strawberry, peach, apple, and pear of the temperate zone.

We went ashore this afternoon and attended vespers at the cathedral. The congregation was large, with the relative proportion of white and black in the population maintained; or, if there was any disparity, the blacks had the advantage in percentage of worshipers.

Upon invitation of Mr. Arnoux, we visited the Cercle or Club, which has a roomy house, with cool, stone floors, large, airy apartments, and an open court with a fountain. Numerous tables were occupied by gentlemen playing billiards, cards, and dominos, smoking and drinking. It is unusual to see the game of dominos played at our fashionable clubs; that noble encounter of skill being consigned by our festive blue-bloods to the plebeian purlieus of lager; but Uncle John, who is not imbued with absurd notions, saw in the favor accorded this noble game an evidence of intellectuality, which commended the Martiniquese to him as a community of elevated tastes and superior refinement. He declined to take a hand himself, for it was Sunday, and he retains certain scruples, implanted in childhood, and not entirely eradicated by

mature knowledge and the enlightement of travel abroad, but we could see his eyes glisten as he watched the combatants, and longed for an encounter with the Frenchmen, who would soon have become captive to his bow and his spear had his Puritan blood permitted the desecration of the Sabbath day of Cotton Mather, David Dudley Field, and the Penal Code of New York. Among the officers whom we met here was a promising young lieutenant, who will make a mark in the naval profession if he can conquer the shrinking timidity and bashful reticence which must operate greatly to his disadvantage in this pushing, grasping world. In a verbal encounter with the Commodore, whose belt is garnished with many a tongue scalp, he came off triumphant. That young man has a future before him.

This party of officers kindly presented us with tickets to the opera. We had some conscientious scruples about listening to unsacred music Sunday night; but the spirit of courtesy which animates the true gentleman and inspires him never to refuse to take something when asked, forced us to do violence to the feelings of the Young Men's Christian Association. I hope that none of my friends, who post their books and write business letters furtively between the church services, or who peep out through the closed curtains to criticise their neighbors' new bonnets, or stab their reputations with cowardly innuendo, on the Holy Sabbath Day, will be scandalized by this admission. True, we went to the opera Sunday night, but we offer the plea in abatement that we were away from home. We were like deacons from rural churches in New York City, who taste the iniquities incognito; or teetotalers traveling in Europe, forced to drink wine because the water does not agree with them. A good many things may be done when one is away from home. Then everybody goes to the Sunday opera at Martinique, but everybody

was not there this time. It is Lent, and some ascetics (ignorant idolaters, worshipers of images *et id*) denied themselves the pleasure during the penitential season. And I may remark parenthetically that many loyal souls view with alarm the increasing tendency to make Lent fashionable in New York, to use flowers at Easter, and indulge in other papisteries; machinations of the subtile Jesuits, intended to enthrall the conscience, and bind the people, hand and foot, in the toils of superstition. I used to hear something like this twenty odd years ago, and as there is more reason for it now than there was then, I sound the alarm. Rally on the Sabbath-school!

It was a motley and heterogeneous assemblage at the St. Pierre Opera House. Spectators going to the play, well-dressed ladies with their attendants; negroes, men, women, and children; peddlers, soldiers, policemen, and a variety of outsiders, jabbering and gesticulating, were gathered in the large elevated paved court, in front of the spacious building, reached by a flight of steps from the street. One had to shoulder a way through the crowd. A confusion of sound invaded the *foyer*, through the open windows, and penetrated to the boxes when doors were opened to admit the air. Boxes were pretty well filled, but evidently not with the fashionables. Some of them were occupied by half-breeds, and there was a sprinkling of negroes. There was a large audience in the parquet and upper circles. The interior was dark, not altogether owing to the complexion of the auditors, but to the absence of gas. We are so accustomed to brilliant light at home that oil illumination seems inadequate. I believe there is no gas used in the West Indies, except at Kingston and Havana. A large chandelier which lighted this theatre was let down between the acts to be trimmed.

We found that the opera, Verdi's "Le Trouvère," was to be preceded by a drama, "Le Medecin des Enfants," which, like all five-act French plays, was stupid and dreary. We could hear imperfectly and understood little, except *M'sieu!* when one shoulder-shrugger was denounced by another fellow, who was down on him for some cause that could not be ascertained until the end of the fifth act. We left early and started to return to the yacht, determined not to countenance Sabbath-breaking when we couldn't understand the play. Meeting some acquaintances outside, we reconsidered this pious resolve, and remained until the appearance of the Troubadour, passing the time meanwhile in promenading the *foyer*, admiring the exaggerated ear-rings of the oleaginous negresses who presided over the buffet; with occasional excursions to outlying wineshops, to see a man we expected to find there, and who didn't come.

Here I might stop and moralize on the temptations that beset the path of the righteous-minded, the pitfalls set by genial naval officers, and the allurements of Satan generally; but I refrain. I will save my homily and give it to my friend the Doctor, for his next two hundred and fifth annual sermon to young men.

About 11 o'clock, the curtain rose on the first act of "Il Trovatore." The chorus singers were principally white (as the Alderman said, when asked by the Inspector of Election where he was born, "principally in Ireland"), with an admixture of black, something like a bag of white beans with a few black ones thrown in. It was funny to see these colored chorus singers. Manrico was passable, with a robust voice; *Azucena* fair, and *Eleanora*, with a good method, had seen better days on the stage; the orchestra was poor, and the choruses fairly rendered. As the opera threatened to last until one or two o'clock in the morning, we left after the first

act. The outside crowd was still quite large as we jostled through. The dark mixture, with an occasional white dot, was loud-voiced, demonstrative, and appeared to strange eyes turbulent, but was really good-natured and well-behaved. There was no drunkenness. It was not at all like an American crowd.

As we sat on deck, smoking a ruminative cigar, some time afterward, a passing boat, which we hailed, proved to be the cutter of the Alliance, with some officers, returning to the ship, singing vociferously "The Loyal Legionier." They were promptly arrested for keeping open boat on Sunday, and taken aboard. After inflicting on them a few sacred songs, they were released on parole, and rowed away singing "Fare ye well, ladies, we're going to leave you now." As we had no ladies on board, they were probably serenading those we bear constantly in mind. We could hear the clear, reedy tenor of Paymaster McGowan, singing in the French vernacular Victor Hugo's exquisite *Chantez, Dormez;* until the boat neared the Alliance—when discipline opened its mouth and swallowed melody.

We remained on deck a short time after the officers left, to cool off before turning in, as is the habit, and watched the lights that glowed from the dark mountain-side. On the eminence gleamed two glaring range-lights, guiding the mariner to a safe anchorage. Directly underneath was a shrine of the Blessed Virgin, with a small lamp burning before it; situated near a quaint old church, nearly in ruins, which we had seen by daylight. The lanterns of commerce, high-placed overhead, shone forth bold and confident, attracting attention from every quarter, while the light of faith twinkled tremulously in a recess below, requiring close scrutiny to be discernible.

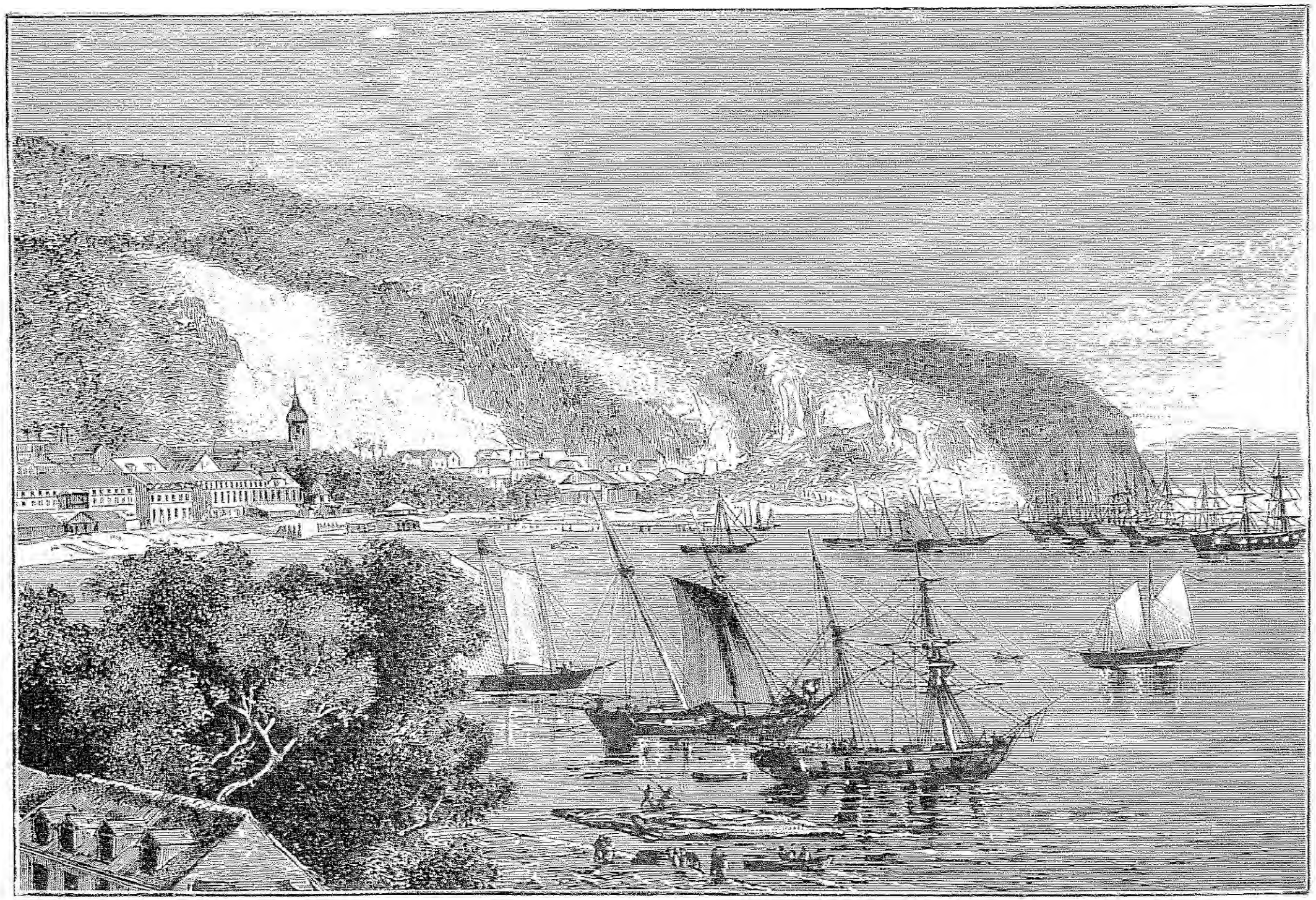
Uncle John, who did not go to the opera, said that if we

had remained aboard we would have heard sweeter music in the cathedral chimes that came from shore, filling the ear melodiously, while the night breeze fanned the cheek, than we could find in the thumping crash of kettle-drum, and harsh blare of trumpet in the orchestra of a heated theatre. Uncle John believes in observing Sunday after the manner of his forefathers.

Our sympathetic friend, who is keenly alive to soul-stirring influences, is right. There is something sweet and touching in a strain of music, stealing gently over the water; and what other sound so soothing and harmonious as the chime of church bells, soft, rhythmic, and sonorous, voicing upon the listening evening air the solemn tones of holy vesper prayer! They sweep over the heartstrings with a touch that evokes the tenderest emotions. They roll away from the tomb the stone that hides most precious memories, which appear, to the introspective glance, revealed in the light of other days.

I sit alone in the silent night, watching the sleepless glimmer of the star-like guardian of the shrine, and thoughts of vanished years come sweeping by; some flower-shod, gliding with light and airy step; some weighed down by clogging care, stumbling, heavy and grief-laden. And it seems to me as if these were louder in the ear, and that the patter of joy's tripping footfall is but faintly heard amid the tramping echoes of dull-paced sorrow.

Many bright threads are shot through the dark web of reminiscence. I think of many charming objects; I think of the two sisters whose contrasted beauty caused them to be named endearingly by the flowers they resembled; and the lines which convey the description of this double flower, occur to me as they dwell in my mind.



ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

LILY-PANSY.

I love sweet Lily, lucent, fair,
  Serene, blue-eyed, with corn-silk hair,
Teeth, seed-pearls white, peach-blow tinct cheek :—
  Ought I another beauty seek !
  I love sweet Lily ; Lily sweet.

And yet I love sweet Pansy too,
  Though her clear eyes are gray, not blue,
Her hair of deepest nut-brown shade—
  Dark-browed, dew-lipped, delicious maid !
  I love sweet Pansy ; Pansy sweet.

Can I love both alike, you ask ;
  To tell would be an endless task,
Enough that round my soul entwined
  Sweet Lily-Pansy still I find.
  I love sweet Lily-Pansy sweet.

Until for aye I sink to rest,
  I'll hug these flowers to my breast,
Nor even Death's cold touch can part
  Sweet Lily-Pansy from my heart.
  I love sweet Lily-Pansy sweet.

For when my spirit soars above,
  T'will bear this everlasting love,
Enchrisomed for bright realms of bliss
  By pure, sweet Lily-Pansy kiss.
  I love sweet Lily-Pansy sweet.

We have time for thought at sea, and must think whether we would or no, for we are without the usual employments which divert the mind from the march of brooding contemplation. Thoughts come unbidden, like visitors to some temple, open to all, who throng the swinging portals in ever-shifting succession. Many are there that we would fain ex-

clude; many bearing burdens of disappointment, errors, blighted hopes and ambitions, which they lay at the door; and none may enter without passing maimed regrets, misshapen projects, withered aspirations, and cripples of misspent time, begging the alms of charitable forgetfulness. It is hard to forget. Ah! precious draught of nepenthe! If we could but live our lives over! If we could go back—*sed nulla retrorsum.* Fortunately we have not the power of prescience or we would be plunged in a gulf of ever-present grief of anticipation.

Musing with a distant object in view, one connects it insensibly with something in the past, which cannot be dissociated; some thought that haunts with persistent recurrence. The twinkle of yonder taper before the shrine of holy motherhood is reflected in the pool of memory as the vigil candle, shedding its blessed rays upon a face, beautiful in beatific repose, smiling in happy release from life's troublous journey; one crossed hand of moulded whiteness holding the last tear-stained flower of earthly remembrance, the other—a staff and support in the path beyond the stars—grasping the Christian emblem of salvation.

But what is this? A drop of rain upon my hand. Has a summer shower come up suddenly and unannounced! I look above. There is no cloud in the twinkling midnight sky, not even a fleeting vapor to obscure the ethereal dome. It is an exhalation, drawn up from the fountain of the heart by the rays of reminiscent fancy, and, condensed in the cloud of sad memory, falling in crystal balm; for it is a reminder of the well-beloved who remain. And so, good night!

CHAPTER XV.

MUSICAL MUSINGS.

Our Chum—Thoughts on Music—Ballads—Plagiarism—"Wearing of the Green"—"Sweet By and By"—"Aileen Aroon" *vs.* "Robin Adair"—"Nearer, My God, to Thee"—"Groves of Blarney"—"Home Sweet Home"—The Spanish Main—Gulf of Paria—Sunset.

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, March 26, 1884.

WE sailed from St. Pierre on the morning of the 24th. Such a firm friendship had been formed with the officers of the Alliance that we arranged to continue together as long as possible, and to this end the sailing orders of both vessels were conformed. The Alliance put to sea before the Montauk, and soon became becalmed, but a light breeze favoring us, we were enabled in a short time to reach her vicinity, where in turn our sails flapped idly on the masts. The Alliance signaled a greeting, to which we responded with an invitation to come aboard, and in a few minutes Captain Reed and Lieutenants Rich and Gulick were alongside. While we were taking a cup of coffee in the saloon, a slight motion was felt, and Captain Reed, looking out of the companion-way, discovered that a breeze had sprung up. The yacht had considerable way on when the officers re-embarked in their gig, and they had a pretty long pull to their ship. We dipped our colors as a parting salute, and sailed away on the wave of answering recognition, with a cargo of recollections of pleasant days spent in the congenial companionship of gen-

tlemen who gracefully maintain the high character borne by United States Naval officers everywhere.

The Alliance was bound for St. Lucia, on the leeward side. We were to pass the island on the way to Trinidad, but Lieutenant Rich, navigator of the Alliance, advised us to go to windward, if we were able to beat up between the islands. This we accomplished without difficulty. Sailing close-hauled on the wind is the Montauk's "best hold," as she has frequently demonstrated in racing contests. The wind favored us and we reeled off the knots as deftly as our grandmothers spun yarn on their busy wheels. The Alliance was soon astern. She is not a fast ship at best, and as the Navy Department will not permit coal to be consumed when wind can be employed, she had to use sail. Wind is cheap—except in Congress, where it is an enormous expense to the country. It would seem as if all the economy within the control of our Government was saved for the Navy; and administered in large doses. While Captain Reed was paying his parting visit, the Commodore jocosely offered him a tow, which he refused. As the Alliance pleasantly declined our tow, we kindly showed her our heels.

After leaving these jolly tars, the antiquated ditties which we sang together in our festivities still rang in my ears, and musing over them I was reminded of the change in taste that follows increasing wealth, luxury, and refinement, producing that musical culture which demands the more elaborate and pretentious examples of harmonic art. Masses, operas, and oratorios, works of great masters, are the highest development of artistic vocalization, but these require large cities and rich communities for their exemplification. But the ballad comes from the people; the melody which survives all the rough treatment of the inartistic voice and inaccurate ear—which lives through generations—springs up without

cultivation. It is like the untutored warbling of the bird; like the spring that flows spontaneously from the earth. Glees, madrigals, and choruses have their harmonized beauty, but the affecting strain is found in the simple ballad. It is an impulsive emotion, finding utterance through the medium of song, where words and melody seem fitted to each other indissolubly. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, said, a couple of centuries ago, that he "knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

Ballads do not come from prosperity; they are not born amid the dazzle and glitter of wealth, the engrossments of searing success. They are often the sighs of heart-soreness, the wails of sorrow, outpourings of grief, the coinage of affliction, fused in the crucible of misfortune, stamped with the die of anguish. They give vent to the tenderest emotions; they are frank and truthful; in them may be traced the underlying character of a people.

Ireland is pre-eminently the land of ballads. No other country has produced so many beautiful airs. No other land has suffered greater oppression. She has been struggling for centuries against a superior force, to which she has never yielded, and against which she will continue to struggle—ineffectually perhaps—so long as there is a drop of true Irish blood flowing in Irish veins. As the patriotic ballad has it:

"Then if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still, though under foot 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the wearing of the green."

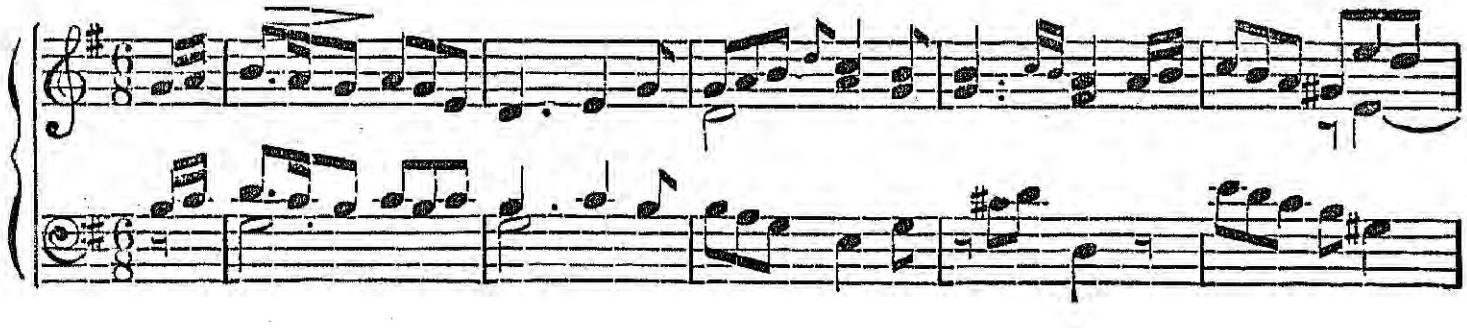
One of the peculiarities of Irish music is the plaintive minor that runs through it, tinging even the jolly jigs, rollicking reels, and heel-compelling strathspeys. Many of the most popular of our modern airs are adaptations of these melodies; appropriated without credit, transformed and modified; oftentimes mutilated, for it is hard to improve on the originals, and almost any change is a disfigurement.

An example of plagiarism (the failure to notice which heretofore argues general ignorance of Irish music) is found in the popular Sunday-school hymn, "Sweet By and By;" rather a nonsensical sort of composition so far as the words go, but pleasing and attractive in sound. It is taken from an old air, called "Sly Patrick," to which Moore wrote some verses, included in his collection of "Irish Melodies." The parody changes the notation and substitutes a strongly accentuated *staccato* for the flowing *cantabile*, 6-8 time, of the original. If you have a copy of "Moore's Melodies" with Sir John Stevenson's arrangement (my volume was published in Dublin, but I think there is an American edition), take the ballad, "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded," and play it *staccato*; then play "Sweet By and By," slightly *legato*, and see if the theme is not the same, varied only in the effort to conceal the origin.

This is the Irish melody:

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

AIR—*Sly Patrick.*



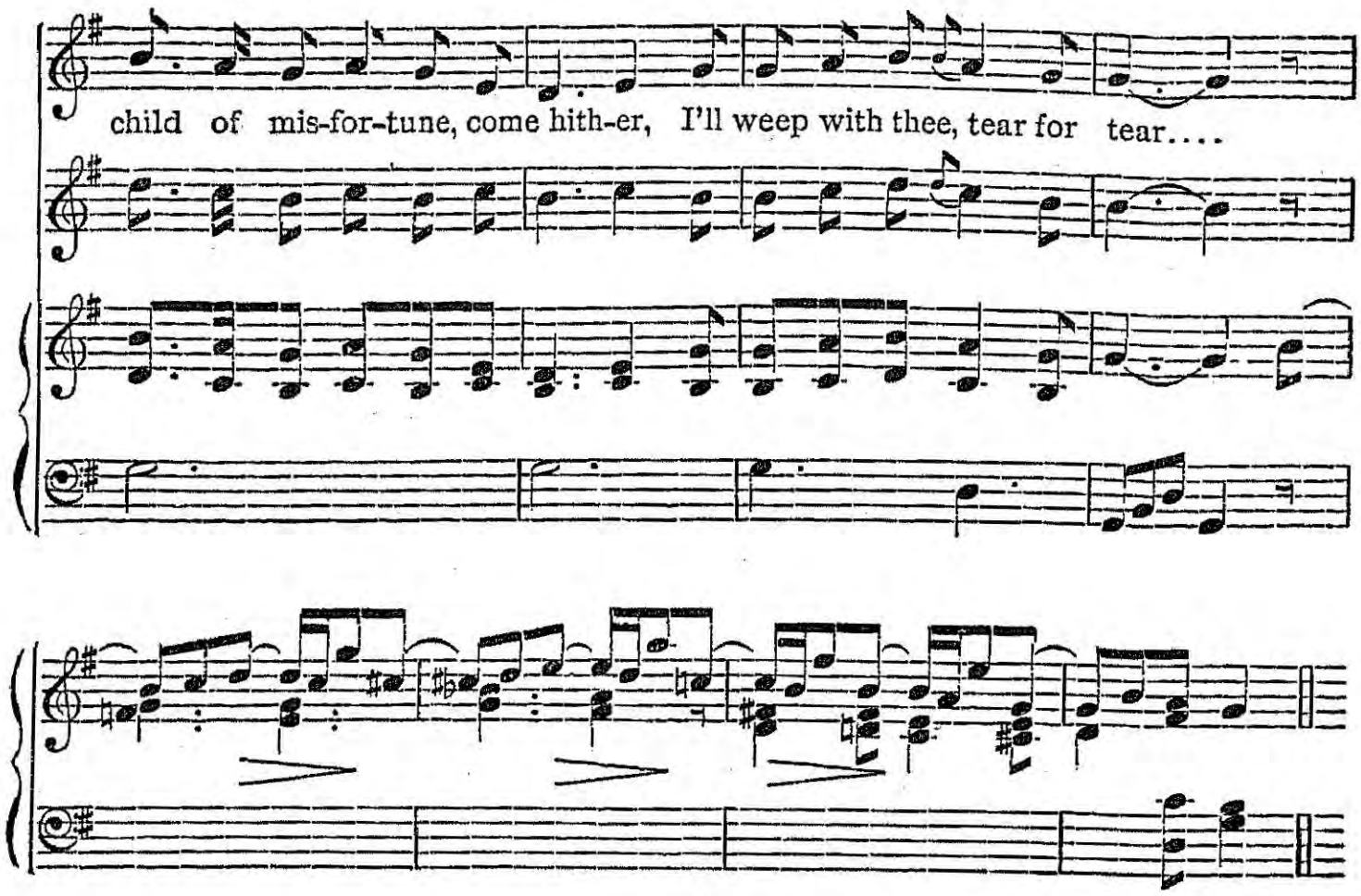
Has sor - row thy young days

TENOR.

shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn-ing fleet?... Too fast have those young days

fad - ed, That e - ven in sor - row were sweet..... Does Time with his

cold wing with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear?..... Then,



Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendor
All over the surface shine.
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
All lured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dreams of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem she did still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away.

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself looked bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;

If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I weep with thee, tear for tear.

Now contrast with these exquisite words the namby-pamby language of "Sweet By and By," which, like too many hymns in the ordinary church collections, is puerile: "There's a land that is fairer than day: tum ti tum. In the sweet by and by, tum-ti-tum, we will meet on that beautiful shore, tum-ti-tum; in the swee-e-eet by and by, tum-ti-tum, we will meet on that beautiful shore, tum-ti-tum."

Poor old Ireland! She has not only been ravished by invaders, despoiled and oppressed in every way, but even her songs have been pilfered. The boldest of all thefts of this kind is the air known to the world as "Robin Adair." This is a larceny pure and simple. The original is "Aileen Aroon" (*Eibhlin a ruin*), a very ancient Irish melody. By the interpolation of three notes, and a flourish which might be introduced *ad libitum* in any song, poor Aileen Aroon changes her sex and becomes Robin Adair. The arrangement is the same in both pieces; the measure three-quarters time and the key two flats. By dividing the crotchet notes, f, g, and a, of the refrain into dotted quavers, which give it a halting, jerking motion, ungainly compared with the smooth movement of the original, the change is effected. In "Aileen Aroon," the refrain ascends in a gradual, natural crescendo, soft and mellifluous, while in "Robin Adair," the three excrescent notes detract from the symmetrical simplicity, which is the great charm of the original.

This is the old Irish air, with Moore's words:

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

Moderate time.

cres.

p

E - rin! the tear and the

E - rin! the tear and the

E - - rin! the tear and the

dim. *p*

p

p *pp* *cres.*

smile in thine eyes Blend like the Rain - bow that

smile in thine eyes Blend like the Rain - bow that

p

smile in thine eyes Blend.... like the Rain - bow that

p *pp* *cres.*

f *p*

hangs in thy skies! Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sadd'ning thro'

hangs in thy skies! Shin - ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sadd'ning thro'

hangs in thy skies! Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sadd'ning thro'

cres. *pp*

pleasure's beam, Thy suns with doubt-ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

pleasure's beam, with doubtful gleam, Weep while they rise!

pleasure's beam, Thy suns with doubtful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Then the words of the old Irish lay are beautiful in the vernacular. I give three of the verses by Gerald Griffin:

When like the early rose,
Aileen aroon,
Beauty in childhood glows,
Aileen aroon.
When like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Aileen aroon.

Is it the laughing eye?
Aileen aroon,
Is it the timid sigh?
Aileen aroon.
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
No; it is Truth alone,
Aileen aroon.

Who in the song so sweet?
Aileen aroon,
Who in the dance so fleet?
Aileen aroon.
Dear are her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Aileen aroon.

Here is a specimen verse of "Robin Adair":

What makes th' Assembly shine?
Robin Adair,
What makes the ball so fine?
Robin Adair.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

It was bad enough to steal the music, but to clothe the air in such tawdry apparel as this was outrageous.

The story told of the origin of the parody is this. The daughter of an English earl, riding in the country, was thrown from a carriage and had her leg broken. She was taken to an inn near the scene of the accident, and a physician was summoned, who happened to be an Irish doctor, named Robin Adair. He attended her until she recovered, and the peril of propinquity with handsome young Irishmen was attended with the usual result—she fell in love with the doctor. The rich young lady could not marry the poor physician, so the course of true love failed to run smooth, and they were forced to part. But during her illness the lady had often heard the doctor sing "Aileen Aroon"—which he had learned from his mother rocking his cradle—and the melody echoed in her constant heart, long after the seductive tones of the Irishman (who takes to love-making as naturally as a duck to water) were silent to her ear. But I wish that the noble lady, who was doubtless a lovely woman like Bella Wilfer, had written some better lines when she appropriated this sweetest of melodies: which Handel said he would rather be the author of than of any of his masterly compositions.

I once asked Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, after Arbuckle had played "Robin Adair" with unequaled grace of rendition, why the great cornetist didn't play "Aileen Aroon," without the superfluous notes, which would sound much better, particularly as the mute was used. I remonstrated with him for acquiescing in the musical robbery of his native land by advertising the name of the spurious imitation instead of the genuine melody. Gilmore said that he felt the justice of the criticism, but it was useless to protest. "Robin Adair" had got into the head of the public, and the intruder could not be driven out; the masses know so little about music.

Then there is that fine old Scotch ballad, "John Anderson my Jo." This tune is plagiarized. It is the Irish drinking-song, "Cruiskeen Lawn," introduced with so much effect by Boucicault in the "Shaughraun," where it is sung to the harmonized arrangement of Jules Benedict. Sit down at the piano and play "John Anderson my Jo," then the "Cruiskeen Lawn," and see if they are not the same!

We have no American airs. Our soil doesn't grow music, and we are forced to import. We have transplanted "God Save the Queen," and rechristened it "America." This is sheer audacity and dishonesty. I have no patience with the Sabbath-school, public-building-dedication, and celebration business, where original lines are sung to the tune of "God Save the Queen," and the programme announces that the air is "America." There is no such tune (except Gilmore's). It is "God Save the Queen." Why not call it so? Let us try to be honest in something. We can afford to be honest in music; we don't deal in it to any great extent.

It is well known, of course, that the "Star-spangled Banner" was written by Key to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven;" while "Yankee Doodle" goes back to the days of Oliver Cromwell, who was the original Doodle, satirized in the rhyme:

> Yankee Doodle came to town upon his little pony,
> Stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni.

It may have been an unconscious plagiarism by Lowell Mason, but one cannot but be struck by the similarity of the air of the popular hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," to Moore's melody, "Oft in the Stilly Night."

There is nothing in music so effective as the ballad. One can hear the words as well as the air, and that is generally an inspiration. It is not made; it grows. The delicious opera of "Martha," with its fine solos (*a m' appari*, for example),

harmonious duets, and massive choruses, affords an example of this superiority. Nothing in it can compare with the interjected Irish melody, "The Last Rose of Summer." It is worth all the rest, and Flotow himself thought so. The scene where *Lady Harriet*, holding the rose in hand, sings this gem of song, and is joined by *Lionel*, who blends his voice with hers, making a duet finale, is the most effective in the opera. When sung in full chorus, too, the theme produces a grand effect. The air, however, is not "The Last Rose of Summer." Moore wrote these words to the tune of "The Groves of Blarney." Perhaps this affords a good illustration of the peculiarities of Irish ballad music; the quick transition "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" the intermingling of pathos and mirth, of soulful tenderness and jestful laughter; the co-existent smiling lip and weeping heart; for this air, of unsurpassed delicacy of expression and soft emotional feature, is a comic song. Here are some of the verses, written by Milliken:

The Groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks,
All decked by posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily,
And the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent
The sweet open air.

. . . .

Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder
Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell
Her did pommel,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

. . . .

'Tis there the lake is
Well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
To guard the flood.

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament;
A clever spouter
He'll turn out, or
An out-an-outer,
"To be let alone;"
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone.

Speaking of the proper name of this melody, I am reminded of the argument I had with an intelligent army officer, of high rank, who insisted that the "Wearing of the Green"

was written to the West Point tune of "Benny Havens Oh!" The modern words, first sung in this country by James Glenny in the play of "Arrah na Pogue," were written after Lieutenant O'Brien had composed "Benny Havens Oh!" at West Point; but the air itself is very old, and so is the song, which was a favorite rebel lay of the United Irishmen during the rebellion of 1798.

> And when I got to Paris, sure my lodgings I found chape,
> They knew I was United by the green upon my cape."

It is the same air as "Irish Molly O," to which Thomas Davis, in 1848, wrote the song "The Green above the Red."

Nothing appeals so strongly to popular favor as a simple and touching melody. Few knew that John Howard Payne was the author of several dramas of much literary merit, but all remember him as the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Yet the words themselves are commonplace; thousands of better lines by unknown authors have appeared and attracted no attention. Payne heard an air in Sicily which caught his fancy, and he put some words to it, which made him famous. He did not compose the music, and the words have no poetical merit. It was simply his felicitous envelopment of the idea of home in a tender melody which made him renown.

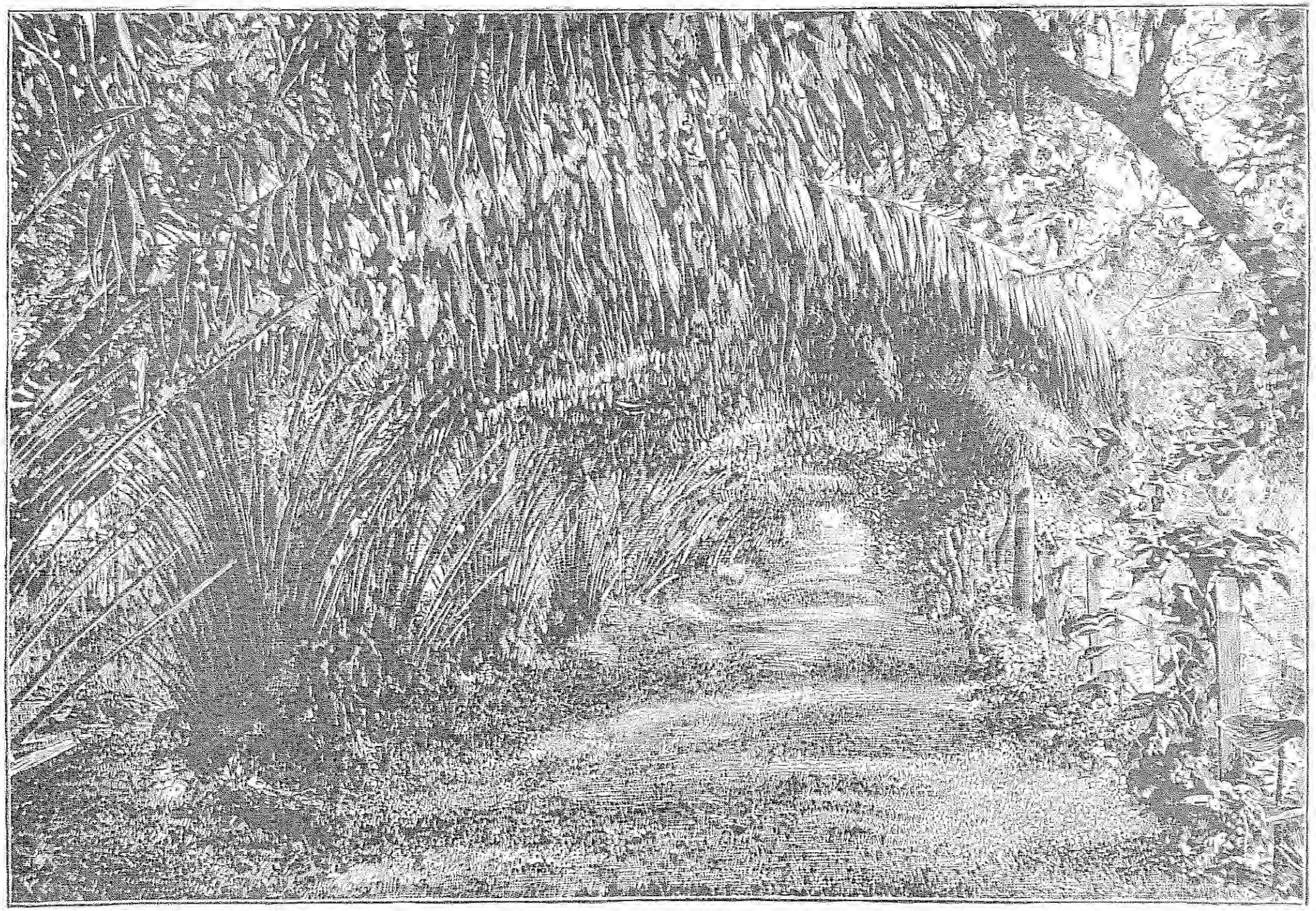
This tune, consecrated as it is to the altar of home, has a wonderful power over the sensibilities. It touches the very depth of emotion. Years ago, I was wandering, with aimless step, through the dark streets of an Italian city, one sultry summer night, enwrapped in that vague sense of depression that one is apt to feel in a strange land, alone and unknown, far from friends and acquaintances. As I sauntered into an obscure square, surrounded by houses of the prevalent gloomy style, frowning in the dim light, which cast no shadow, but brought out angles and projections in forbidding and

menacing shapes, I saw an irradiation streaming through an open window, forcing a brilliant pathway through the clouded night for the music that came forth on it, measured and harmonious—"Home, Sweet Home," played as a duet on soft breathing flutes. At once the sombreness became illuminated with the radiance of recollection, and there was a choking sensation in the throat which made the eyes wink sympathetically. I stopped and lingered long near the transfigured spot, where a strain of music obliterated the surroundings, and transported absorbed thought, on tuneful wings, backward, across wide lands and vast seas, to the early home thousands of miles away. My rapt gaze would not have been surprised had it encountered in the musicians the forms of flutists of my boyhood recollections, Fargo, Pratt, and Lines, who played at Mechanics' Hall concerts in the days when Utica was famous for its excellence in amateur music.

Yet this air had been played and sung by Italian peasants long before Payne was born. But his words have become inextricably interwoven with the melody; and while the strain without the words would be a beautiful air and nothing more, and the words dissociated would hardly be worthy to be styled poetry, the two united make a combination of melody and sentiment which have a stronger hold on the feelings of the English-speaking peoples than any other song in the language.

"Home, Sweet Home!" and now the thought comes to me as I write—where is mine?

We weathered St. Lucia in fine style, passed St. Vincent in the distance, and made our course for Trinidad direct. After the success in getting to windward so easily, we regretted that we had not arranged to touch at Barbados, where there is more population to the square mile than in



BAMBOOS.

any other country in the world, except China; and where we could see the Cuffy of ancient days in all his glory. There the poor white trash is tolerated, but does not occupy the commanding position held in the land of the free and home of the brave, where all men are born free and equal, even if some fail to continue so. The famous Dignity Ball, over which Lady Jane Smith presides with queenly grace and despotic rule, is in itself worth a visit to this island, which is the most English and self-sufficient of the West Indian dependencies. It is said that, in aristocratic quality and eminently high tone, the shadeful Barbadian patriarch's balls excel the shadowy assemblages that, long ago, flickered on the white-washed wall of Pete Williams' saltatory temple in the Five Points of New York.

About noon the day after sailing, we came in view of the high mountains of Trinidad. Far away to the west, dimly visible, were the cloud-capped peaks of a spur of the Cordilleras, which sets through Venezuela to the coast. We were at length off the coast of South America, the scene of strangely mixed history and fable, of bloodshed and rapine—the romantic Spanish Main. Here black-visaged pirates despoiled mighty galleons of their treasures of gold and silver, and sank the ships after making the unfortunate passengers walk the plank; or made incursions ashore, ravaging the estates of rich planters, cutting the owners' throats, and carrying off the lovely daughters; firing pistols at random, and flourishing cutlasses with indiscriminating recklessness; committing all sorts of atrocities and raising the Old Scratch generally, to afford material for blood-curdling recitals that fill with horror the minds of youthful readers absorbing the record of wonderful piratical adventures. Here are met the currents that flow from the many-mouthed Orinoco, through its delta, into the Gulf of Paria; thence oceanward, offering obstruct-

ive resistance to entrance through the Dragon's Mouth, where strong favoring winds are required to aid the sail in its passage. The mate of the yacht told us that he had once lain off with his vessel fifteen days before he could get in through this baffling barrier. A smaller and more direct passage can be made through the Ape's Mouth, which is a narrow channel between the Island of Trinidad and a mountainous isle called Monos, or Monkey, Island, but the current setting through might drive us on the rocks if the wind should give out, so we determined not to run the risk. The cliffs on both sides are high masses of rock, and although the water is deep enough up to their base, we concluded that the longest way around was sometimes the shortest way across, and accordingly sailed through the Boca del Dragon—the name given to this surly entrance by Columbus when he discovered Trinidad, and still retained. A small, queer-rigged vessel, with three leg-of-mutton sails, was hugging the shore of Monos, and as we entered the Dragon's Mouth, the skipper hoisted his jigger sail and put after us, thinking, probably, that as the wind was light he would have the advantage and lead us into port. But much to his astonishment, no doubt, the Montauk sailed along and left him far astern. He wasn't used to see a schooner moving in that style, for yachts are not often met in these waters.

The sun sank behind the Venezuelan hills in a brilliant haze, and for the first time in weeks we saw a sunset by land. We had often watched him extinguishing his flaming torch in the sea wave, but disappearing behind the promontory of Paria in a golden glory was a reminder of the sunsets at home. There was no succeeding twilight, however, such as we have; that rosy link binding daylight and darkness together in the tender obscurity of the most perfect hour of the day in our favored region. Here is no hour like that deli-

cious time, for in this tropic clime night's dusky hand pulls down the shade as soon as sleepy Sol, tired with his daily round, has laid his head beneath the crimson hangings of his bed.

At ten o'clock we dropped anchor in front of an array of lights, which, for aught we knew, might have been an illumination in honor of our arrival, but which we found this morning were on the numerous vessels at anchor in the roadstead of the Port of Spain. And here we are at the island of Trinidad, only six hundred miles from the equator.

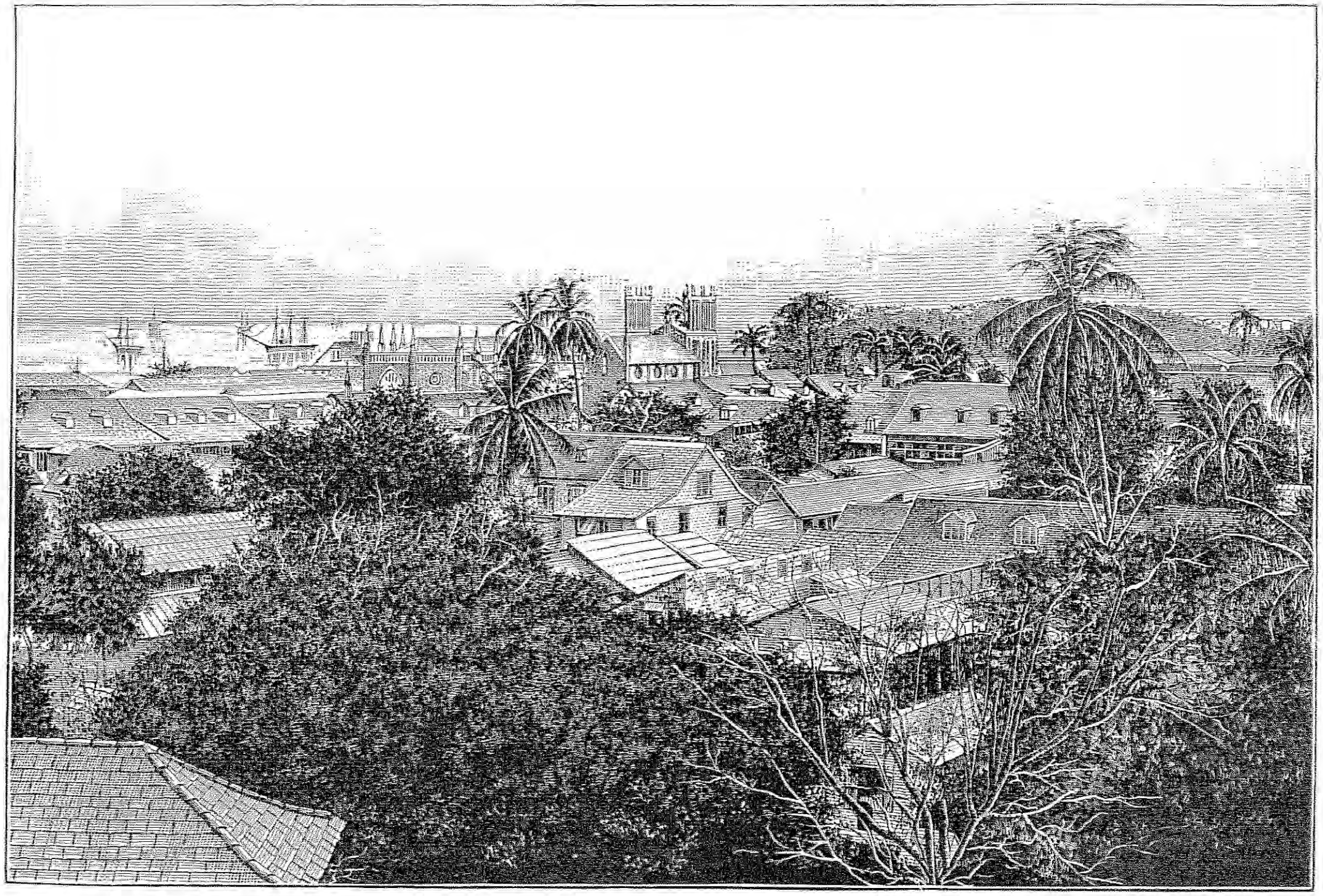
CHAPTER XVI.

PORT OF SPAIN.

Discovery of Trinidad—Busy Port of Spain—Race Types—Coolies—Political Ignorance—Vulgarisms in Language—Botanical Gardens—An Impertinent Bird.

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, March 28, 1884.

TRINIDAD was discovered by Columbus during his third voyage. He sailed from the Cape Verd Islands, intending to reach the equinoctial line, but when in the fifth degree of latitude north, became becalmed in the torpidity which prevails in the region contiguous to the equator, known among sailors as the "Doldrums." Suffering greatly from the heat, which was so intense as to melt the tar and open the seams of his ships, causing them to leak, he was forced to seek a harbor as quickly as possible in order to repair damages. With this intention, he kept to the north and west, and, after much anxious sailing, sighted land on the 31st of July, 1498. He was reduced to great straits when the welcome land appeared. There was not more than one cask of water remaining in each ship. He had resolved to name the first land he beheld in honor of the Blessed Trinity, and as the triple summits of these mountains presented themselves he regarded the appearance as providential, and devoutly named the island *La Trinidad.* From here he sailed to the Gulf of Paria, and along the coast of South America, which he supposed at first to be an island, not knowing that he had discovered the great Western Continent. Indeed he died without this knowledge.



PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

Careful examination of the indications caused him to change his first opinion, and he came to the conclusion that this vast territory was an extension of the eastern Asiatic continent. The writings of scientific men predicated this opinion. It was based on the hypothesis, generally accepted by geographers, that but one-seventh of the earth was water, and his erroneous judgment was natural in this view, particularly as it had the authority of a corroborative assertion in one of the books of the Old Testament. Geographical knowledge in those days was largely interwoven with fantastic speculations and ingenious theories spun from the imagination.

Port of Spain presented a busy appearance when we came on deck the morning after arrival. Many sails were in the harbor, or roadstead, for such it is; large steamers were lying at anchor, and the bustle and animation showed this to be a seaport town of some consequence. Before turning out, we could hear the negro laborers loading a vessel in the vicinity, singing shanty songs, which sounded not unmelodiously as the rude chorus, muffled in music-clothing indistinctness, shuffled down through the companion-way to our drowsy ears.

The first duty upon going ashore was to telegraph notice of our arrival, so that an anxious and inquiring world might be informed at the earliest moment of our important whereabouts. There was a slight increase over the Martinique rate, four words to New York costing $11.76. Ice was bought at thirty dollars a ton, though two cents a pound is the usual price. Water was furnished aboard at a cent a gallon. I make this note of the cost of water, ice, and telegraphy, not because it is of any particular interest to you now, but for reference in case you should have a yacht built on the Erie Canal, and sail away in search of adventures, to form a pretext for inconsiderate infliction of long letters on suffering friends.

Two unsightly hulks are in the harbor, used as coal-yards. The fuel for steamer use is a mixture of coal and pitch, pressed into square blocks, easily handled and stowed, and giving a strong heat. It comes from England.

The population of the Port of Spain is a motley mixture of English, French, Spanish, Chinese, negro, and Hindoo, with an occasional Arab; speaking a babel of tongues, a *patois* with a French-Spanish foundation predominating. I thought I could hear the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean frequently. The Algerines are escaped convicts from the hulks of Cayenne, a refuge of sinners, convicted and unconvicted, in French Guiana. They are villanous-looking reprobates, who would not scruple to cut a throat for a dollar. The United States Consul informed us that they all want to go to America, but our Government forbids their immigration. Therefore if any of them reach our shores, with a view to utilize their early rascal experience by engaging in railroad enterprises in Wall Street, they will have to be smuggled in as cigars or boxes of tin.

Probably no port presents a greater variety of race types. It reminds one of Marseilles. The most novel to the traveler is the Hindoo coolie, with turban and two scant cotton garments, just sufficient to comply with the demands of decency; dark, silent, unsmiling, yet mild and amiable enough. The coolie women, becomingly draped, with abundant hair, regular features, and flashing black eyes, are not uncomely. They wear much jewelry, many bracelets and bangles on the ankles, wrists and arms, sometimes extending above the elbow; heavy ear-rings, and pendents in the nose, overhanging the lip. Osculation must be attended with some difficulty, as Uncle John remarked in his practical way. A strange ornament is a gold bead screwed into the nostril, just as a lady with us wears a jewel in the lobe of the ear.

These coolies are brought over from Hindostan, under governmental supervision. The Indian Government watches their embarkation to prevent the degeneration of this emigrant system into a slave-trade, which it might become if not properly guarded. On their arrival, the coolies are indentured for five years to planters who desire to employ them, at a specified sum, payable part in cash and part in rations. It is a sort of servile condition, but not slavery; indeed, the indentured apprentice to a master-mechanic formerly held in the United States an analogous relation to his employer. At the end of five years, the coolie is free to do as he pleases, either to reindenture himself, for not more than a year—the maximum period permitted—or to seek employment elsewhere. After ten years' residence, he is entitled to a free passage back to Hindostan. Many avail themselves of the privilege, others exchange it for a Government grant of ten acres of land, which is the equivalent right. The coolies are frugal, temperate, and economical. They accumulate their savings during the period of indentment, and subsequent voluntary employment, which become comparatively large sums in Hindostan, when they return. Unfortunately, the coolies are not Christians, or they might be regarded as good citizens. They never get drunk; nor do they steal; they are quiet and orderly; chaste and devoted to their families. But they know nothing of the Board of Domestic Missions, and never contributed a penny to societies for the support of repentant sinners, who, after squandering all their own money in debauchery, reform, with blatant protestation, and live joyfully upon the alms of the ninety and nine which need no repentance. These well-behaved pagans are steeped in profoundest ignorance of politics. Uncle John asked an aged and venerable Hindoo, becomingly arrayed about his loins with a suggestion of small pocket-handkerchief, if he knew

who was elected Mayor of Utica, a few weeks ago. He pretended not to understand; but I have a shrewd notion that he may have been some conspirator of high caste engaged in an independent citizen's movement, which he did not want to give away, as the slang saying goes. I may have done him injustice; it is possible that he was not trying to hoodwink Uncle John, but I am always suspicious of the independent citizens' movement, which is ordinarily a delusion and a snare. I was myself ignorant of the result of that important event, the charter election in the nucleus of politics, where sage statesmen sit oracularly enwrapped, but I could get no information, though I inquired of the boatmen in every port. Think of one being in a benighted country where nobody knows who is Mayor of Utica! Yet when one comes to think of it, that is often a problem with the constituency that elected the incumbent.

Despairing of getting political information from the heathen coolie, I asked a heathen Chinee if he were personally acquainted with any of the renowned leaders of the American people—Thomas F. Bayard, Henry Ward Beecher, L. E. Pinkham, John Kelly, or Warner Zafeguer. He listened unmoved. Evidently I made no impression on John Chinaman. He didn't understand English. That may have been the reason. I then tackled a negro on the dock, who listened because he thought I wanted to hire a boat when I spoke of water. I asked him, in my blandest, First-Ward-caucus manner, what he thought of the chemical analysis of the limpid flood of dusky West Canada Creek; whether in his opinion the organic matter was present in deleterious proportion; whether rocky comminution would injure the quality of picnic lemonade; whether the Hinckley's Mills exuviæ impregnated the stream to an appreciable infusion; whether —but he interrupted me before I could complete the Civil

Service examination, and said, "Don't know nuthin' about it, Cap; I drinks rum."

The Cimmerian ignorance of this parti-colored people is lamentable. I presume a large proportion of the variegated population doesn't even know whether the Roosevelt bill has passed; and take no interest in the great contest between Mayor Edson and Commissioner Asten about the salary of a clerk in the Tax Office, which shakes Johnny O'Brien's parish to its centre. I thought I saw a man who looked as if he were in favor of Tecumseh for President. He was a Carib Indian. He may have been a descendant of the King of the Cannibal Islands. I had a notion to ask him some questions about Robinson Crusoe, and how he kept Good Friday on the neighboring island of Tabago, but refrained, from prudential motives, not entirely disconnected with the integrity of my cuticle. I wanted to inquire if his name were Hokey-Pokey-Winkey-Wang, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and I have grown stout during this voyage, and feared to run the risk of conversion into an Irish stew, such as the Coroner sings about, in "The Regular Army, Oh!"

The coolie system is the substitution of free labor under indenture for the abolished slavery, and it would seem to work well. Something of the kind was necessary to insure the cultivation of the land, for the negro will not work if he can avoid it, while whites cannot labor in the cornfields. I was told in Cuba some years ago that white labor was employed there successfully, but I doubt if it can be utilized to any considerable extent.

A good many Chinese are to be seen in Trinidad, who are peaceable and harmless, minding their own business in unpuritanical fashion. The negroes are insolent and unpleasant persons to deal with. As a rule, the negro women are gross, ungainly, and repulsive. The boatmen are a truculent lot,

nearly as bad as the ill-mannered "cabbies" of London. The population is about ten per cent. white. Drinking resorts are numerous, but we saw no evidence of drunkenness. Uncle John claims that he saw a sign, "International Drunkery." Doubtless the proprietor wanted to show that he was no bigot, with race prejudices, but was willing to sell his fluids to anybody who would pay. They call things by their right names here, as is the English habit. What is described in the advertisement as a grog-shop, would be a saloon or sample-room with us, while the cook-shop, with our fondness for high-sounding words, would be a restaurant. The English draper is with us a dry-goods merchant; the railway station is a depôt; the shop, a store; the engine driver becomes a locomotive engineer, and the lift is an elevator. But we understand English better than the English themselves; at least I have seen it so stated in the newspapers.

Americans habitually exhibit vagaries in language, which may be attributed in some measure to the slovenliness of hasty newspaper writing, and the carelessness of superficial readers, who undervalue the salubrity of draughts from "the well of English undefiled," and insensibly acquire the corruptions of inaccurate expression. Eternal vigilance is the price of good English. With us, women are ladies, while men are mere men. Thus we read in advertisements that salesmen are called for, but the fair employees of the store! resent the appellation of woman (which the Saviour of Mankind used) and exact the designation of lady. They are salesladies. Ridiculous! If salesmen, why not saleswomen? Think of changing the wording of Holy Writ and making the angelical salutation read, Hail, full of grace! Blessed are thou among—ladies!

Then the vulgarism of "gents;" although this is rare. "Help," as the comprehensive synonym for servants, is not

often heard now, except among the uneducated, and the aged, who retain the traditions of the ignorant period from which we are beginning to emerge. But everywhere we hear the insufferable abbreviation of "pants" for pantaloons. Abbreviated pantaloons are breeches. Then it is not a solid English word, but an Italian derivative, and although the use of pantaloons is permissible, the cutting short is reprehensible. Trousers is the correct word. I have seen in Broadway signs reading, "Gent's pants and vests," descriptive of men's trousers and waistcoats. In English mercantile nomenclature, the articles known as pants and vests are of the feminine gender. Let Joan have the pants then, but permit Darby to wear his own trousers.

Another vulgarism, which is a concession to American pruriency of thought, styles a game-cock a fighting rooster. A cock is a cock and a hen is a hen, and both are roosters. Think of changing a common proverbial expression and speaking of "the 'rooster' of the walk." Or reading in the Bible, when Peter denied his Lord, "the rooster crew." The refinement of prurient vulgarity is reached by fastidious ladies who fear to employ the term "legs," and use limbs instead. I make it a rule when I hear one speaking of limbs, to ask, "which limb, Madam, the arm or the leg?"

Having descended into a verbal limbo, I will remain hidden from the indignant sight of salesladies, gents, roosters, and help.

We had read in the guide-books glowing accounts of the beauty of Port of Spain, its broad avenues and shady trees, but I failed to see its attractions. The Marine Square has fine trees, among them some stately Palmistes, but the only moist thing about it is the fountain, all the surroundings being dry and dusty. Near this Square is the Catholic Cathedral, the most imposing building in the place. The

population of Trinidad is about seventy per cent. Catholic. There is nothing inviting about the buildings or streets. The scavengers are the unsightly turkey-buzzards, such as one sees in Charleston and Savannah, called here the *corbeau*, or vulture. Through the considerate kindness of Mr. Towler, United States Consul (an English gentleman who, by the way, resided for many years in Geneva, and is a friend of Judge Folger), we were granted the privileges of the Union Club during our stay. It occupies temporary quarters until a new house can be built, the former club-house having been burned recently, under circumstances that give color to the suspicion that one of the members sleeping there was robbed and murdered, and the building fired to hide the crime. The Colonial Club also sent cards, but we had no opportunity to avail ourselves of the privileges extended.

An attractive feature of Port of Spain is the pleasure ground, open to the public, called the Botanical Garden, surrounding the residence of the Governor in the environs. The terminus of the tramway is but a short walk from the entrance to these grounds, which are handsomely laid out, flowers occupying the space in front, while in the rear are shady walks winding through specimens of luxuriant tropical vegetation. The show of flowers is not remarkable for variety, but there is an abundance of plants and trees, banana, orange, pineapple, bamboo, cabbage-palm, giant locust, and—especially beautiful from its dentate leaf—the fern-palm. These arborous paths are not without attractiveness, but in the oppressive hot air one contrasts them with the pine-cone carpets of northern woods, with the soft murmurs of cascading waters sweeping coolly through the fragrant aisles, while the robin carols in the leafy choir overhead—and looks forward longing for the time when he can exchange this languid breath of the enervating tropics for the exhilarating ozone of the tem-

perate clime, dispensed by my numismatic friend, Michael Moore.

There is but one singing bird here, which put an impertinent question to us as we neared the gardens. I asked a negro, who was watering his horse at a fountain outside, what was the name of the bird. His answer sounded like chick-adedee, but in a moment, by listening closely, I found that the bird song was the French, *Qu'est-ce qu'il dit*, which, as you know, is pronounced, with clipped sound, "Kesskedee." The imitation of this interrogatory is perfect. Uncle John was relating at the time how 29 Hose saved Mayor Opdyke's house from the mob in 1863, and I called his attention to the question put by the bird, which might be construed into the fashionable slang, What are you giving us? but he declined to answer, saying that it was none of the foreign bird's business. Besides, he couldn't answer it in its own tongue, as he had left all his French behind in *Rue St. Hyacinthe, Marché St. Honoré*, with a *cocher* who wasn't satisfied with a half-franc *pourboire* because he was an American, and was, therefore, expected to be generously vulgar in ostentatious gratuities. I then suggested that the Commodore might answer, as he has a voice of peculiar softness, gurgling and bird-like. He essayed one of his favorite quotations from Longfellow, and the birds were silent. That settled them. The inquisitive *Qu'est-ce qu'il dits* heard enough.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRINIDAD.

Singing-birds—Taxidermy—Metempsychosis—"Keb, Sir!"—Piratical Attack—Button-hole Oratory—French Courtesy—Pitch Lake—Asphalt—Flying Oysters—Future of Trinidad.

PORT OF SPAIN, March 28, 1884.

FEW singing birds are found in the tropics. There is a law now against bird shooting, which will protect some of the fine feathers, but there were never many voices to slay. The fashion of wearing birds in bonnets has resulted in great havoc among the gay-plumed, particularly humming-birds. Still I suppose sparrows, chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and dye-stuffs supply many of the handsome South American birds the ladies wear. At the photographer's, where we bought some views, was a case containing birds, fishes, and reptiles, found here and in neighboring Venezuela. The tarantula and centipede were among them. The tarantula is a large, hairy, loathsome spider, venomous but not necessarily fatal; while the bite of the centipede is sure death unless an antidote is administered in good season. The specimen in this collection was about nine inches long; a disgusting object, appropriate encasement of a venomous disposition. If nature had arranged that the slanderous tongue of man should be sheathed in like characteristic indication of disposition, we would know better what malignant two-legged reptiles to avoid; what to crush when they crossed our path.

In the case were many elegant birds, prepared for sale. One, a light blue and white, was especially attractive from its delicate shape and cerulean color; a sort of embodiment of the idea of virginal purity. There was a number of sheeny throated humming-birds, and looking at these beauteous mummies in the sarcophagus of the taxidermist, I could not but regret the prevalence of a fashion that involved the killing of these flashing jewels of the air. The aboriginals forbade the slaughter of the innocents, for they believed that, in the transmigration of souls, departed Indians returned in them; materialized spirits revisiting the place of their early sojourn. I fully sympathized with this poetic superstition when I saw the glossy atoms of feathered symmetry, stuck on wires in a dealer's show-case, in juxtaposition with stuffed snakes and lizards, and bottled tarantulas, scorpions, and centipedes. It was trading in sublimated beauty, prostituting ethereality to sordid earthliness. I inveighed with eloquent fervor against the whims of fashion, which tore these pretty birds from Parian groves, where they dwelt unseen save by the infrequent hunter, to perch admired in the head-gear of some pretty girl, promenading Fifth Avenue, with face as radiant as the shining plume in her jaunty hat. I lauded feelingly the Indian metempsychosis, and bewailed the sacrificial hard-heartedness of modish millinery; then—I bought the birds. I know some fair brows that will adorn harmoniously these lustrous pinions; some masses of sunny hair in which the transmigrating humming-birds would choose to nestle, had they the power to select their place of abode in the future state.

To use a common expression, I don't take much stock in the tropical flowers. They are gaudy and flaring, and lack the indescribable tenderness of our buds and blossoms. The roses are large and luxuriant, but they seem blowsy com-

pared with the moist delicacy of our northern product. Nor do we see the pure white lilies and violets, which would wither in the consuming breath of this heated atmosphere. In my view, there is more beauty in a modest little pansy-bed at home, than in all the glaring gorgeousness of tropic flowers.

Coming out of the garden, we met the sailing-master on the lookout for strange sights. He had heard wonderful snake stories; among other things was told that hereabouts a serpent had swallowed a man. Uncle John told him that it was more likely the man had swallowed a snake—at the international drunkery. We saw no snakes. There may have been some about, but we were not fishing for snakes that day. A three-mile track race-course adjoins the Botanical Gardens. The enclosure held a large number of cattle feeding. We were told that it was a common pasturage for the public use.

When we reached the dock to embark, there was a large crowd gathered, not in honor of the New York Yacht Club, but the Royal Mail steamer was about to sail for Southampton, carrying a distinguished passenger in the person of the Governor, who was off for six months, thus avoiding the hot weather and September hurricanes. Had he known of our intended arrival, he might have postponed his departure until the next steamer, for it is hardly possible that any consideration except the most urgent business would have prevented him from embracing an opportunity to test the virtues of James' pills. The passengers for the steamer, anchored far out, were conveyed in small boats by the rude boatmen, who were clamorous with harsh solicitation. It was not as noisy, however, as the Grand Central station at Forty-second Street, on the arrival of an express train, when the welcoming assemblage is shouting an invitation to Mr. "Keb, sir,"

to take a ride. The negro is often turbulent and unruly. At the village of San Fernando, up in the mountains, there was a serious riot last month. They revolted against the prohibition to carry torches in the carnival season; the military and police were called in, and the émeute caused the loss of several lives.

A quartermaster had in his possession, when we returned, a small shovel-nosed shark with the peculiar shaped snout of the species. I asked him how he picked up the fish, when Uncle John interpolated, "Why! with a pair of tongs, of course; shure the shovel and tongs to aich other belongs." Uncle John is a grate joker. It is a coal day when he gets left.

In the evening, as we sat on deck smoking, we were boarded by a pirate. A long, low, black piratical-looking craft appeared on the starboard bow, and a negro jumped aboard and seated himself on the anchor, or rather anchored himself on the seat. It seems that he was a mutineer who had engaged in an altercation with the captain of a coal-lighter—which the strange vessel proved to be—and sought sanctuary on the yacht deck to evade condign punishment. A wordy argument ensued, and as there appeared to be no prospect of a cessation of hostilities, he dared not return to the deck of the collier, but, as it floated off, sprang overboard from the anchorage, and swam to the rudder of the lighter, which he clutched, still maintaining the argument with the skipper. They did not come to terms, for we could hear the contest prolonged in the dark distance, the coal-black rudder-barnacle interspersing expostulations with loud cries of "Police!" No policeman answered (he never does, according to popular belief), but it is probable there were no lives lost. Too much talk for that.

Another adventure of a more pacific nature was met the

same night. The Commodore had gone aloft (in a deck easy chair) to count the stars after Uncle John and I, who keep good hours, had endued our night-caps. A boat, rowed by two wandering minstrels singing "Old Folks at Home," approached, and the Commodore, taking the song for a serenade to his guests, who are never so much at home as when in bed, invited the gondoliers to come aboard. He extended to them the hospitable entertainment for which the Montauk is famed, and talked to them for a few hours in the saloon, while we remained churlishly in our state-rooms. At length they escaped, but evidently in a weary state, for their singing after they left sounded faint and demoralized. They were two agreeable gentlemen, and it is to be hoped that no permanent bad effect followed their visit. Uncle John insists that they will be affected with deafness; but this is sheer envy. Even the most generous and magnanimous nature has a taint of weakness. Uncle John's frailty is jealousy of the Commodore's superior powers of button-hole oratory.

A French man-of-war, an armor-plated ram, anchored in the harbor, afforded an opportunity for a pleasant interchange of courtesies. It is customary for vessels in port to hoist colors at 8 o'clock in the morning, and lower them at sunset. Yachts take the time for colors from an American man-of-war, when present, and we applied the rule here to the Frenchman, regarding him as an American for the nonce. Thus, the evening after our arrival, we waited until the French colors were lowered, when ours came down simultaneously. The next morning at 8 o'clock, the Quartermaster stood ready, halliards in hand, to hoist colors with the Frenchman, but none went up. After waiting some little time, the American colors were hoisted on the yacht, when at the same instant the French colors fluttered in the breeze. This was repeated every day while in port; we took colors

from the French vessel, and he from us, alternately. He took off his hat to us—a mile distant—in the morning, and we doffed ours to him in the evening. It recalled the story of Fontenoy, when, as the antagonistic forces approached, the commander of the English Guards, removing his chapeau, said, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!" To whom his chivalrous enemy replied, "The French Guard never fires first;" whereupon the English delivered their volley. The days of chivalry are past, but French courtesy still exists.

A small steamer runs from Port of Spain to La Brea, forty miles distant, situation of the famous pitch-lake, which contains an inexhaustible supply of asphalt. This wonderful bituminous sheet has an area of nearly one hundred acres, between elevations close to the hill-top. It is a broad surface of pitch, seamed with small channels of water. The pitch is dug from the hardened top, and the quantity taken away is constantly replenished by the soft asphalt oozing up from below, which becomes hardened by the evaporation of its constituent oil in the sun. Night supplies the exhaustion of day. The method of skimming the great bowl may be illustrated by comparing it to a pond, from which blocks of ice have been cut, and the water solidified again by the action of frost; the difference being that heat is the agent in one case and cold in the other. Some power below constantly forces the asphalt to the surface—perhaps nature uses a tuning-fork to keep up the pitch.

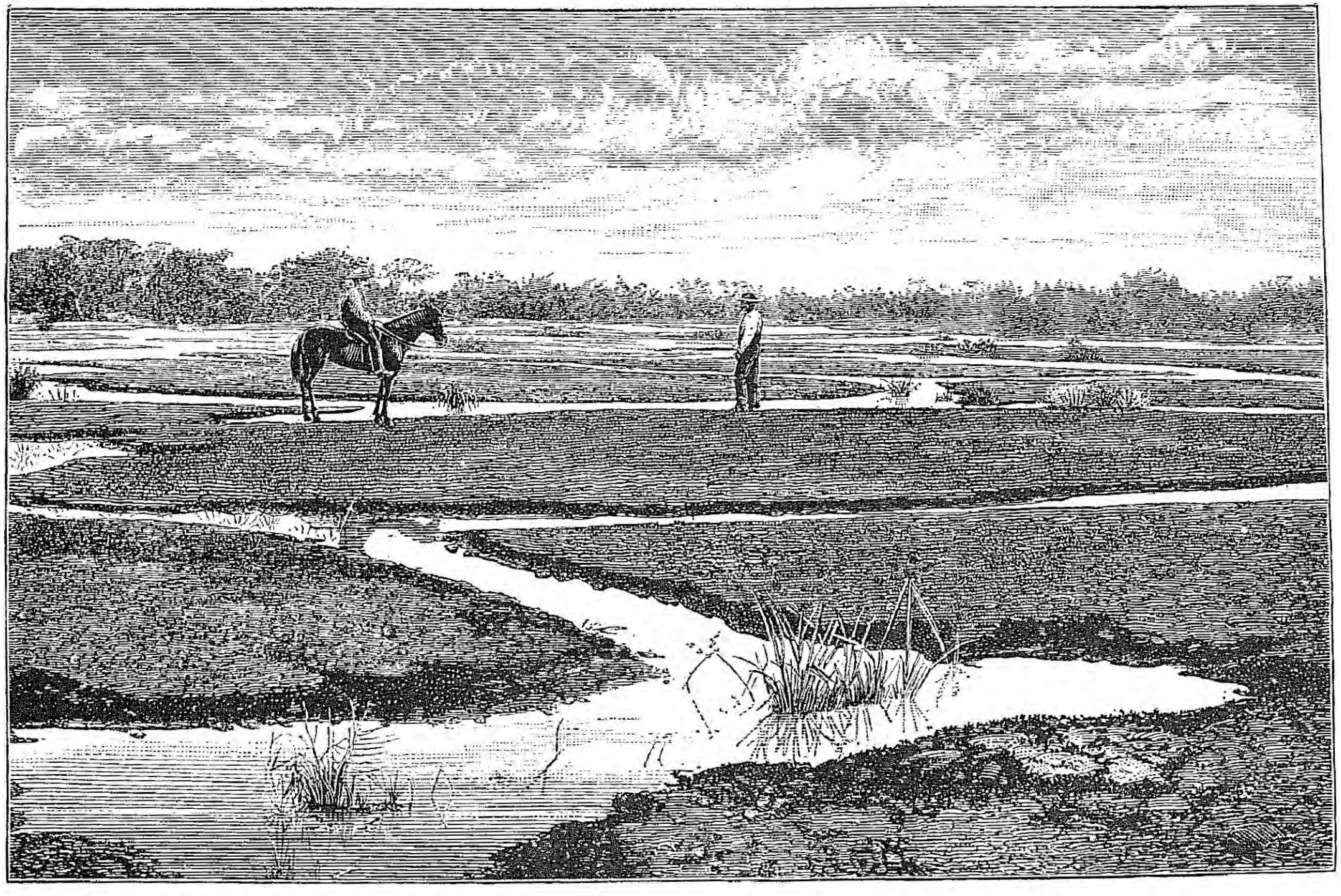
It was supposed formerly that the deposit was subject to volcanic action, but recent investigation disproves this theory. The accumulation is simply vegetable matter, which, in the process of degeneration, becomes melted by the hot tropical soil into mineral pitch and asphalt, instead of being transformed, by hardening influences, into peat and coal, as it would be in Ireland or Pennsylvania. Asphalt is sometimes

called Jew's-pitch. I don't know why. Perhaps the blind bigotry which consigns the Hebrew to the bottomless pit has something to do with this designation.

Trinidad asphalt has become an important article of commerce. It is largely used in the unequaled pavements of Paris. The patch on Fifth Avenue, near the Worth monument, the best bit of pavement ever laid in New York City, is of this material.

In 1595 Sir Walter Raleigh, in search of El Dorado, touched at La Brea, en route to the mythical territory, and calked his ships with the pitch found here, declaring it to be superior to that of Norway. He had some fighting with the Spaniards in possession, in which he held the advantage, but didn't remain long on the island, for he would not be diverted from his pursuit of gold. There is a savor of romance about this malodorous pitch when we connect it with Sir Walter Raleigh, the handsome soldier, poet, historian, intrepid adventurer, the accomplished courtier and favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Better for Raleigh that he had thrown his cloak over a fissure in the steaming lake of La Brea, than in the puddle to save the silken shoon of the virgin Queen from being soiled. Good Queen Bess, albeit she did some heavy work in the cause of religion, roasting papists and nonconformists at Smithfield, was a pretty hard character; in her jeweled stomacher, embroidered farthingale, and voluminous ruff. She is always represented with a great ruff in the contemporaneous portraits. Certainly she was the female rough of the period; and was hard on poor Raleigh, who died undaunted in the bloody Tower of London, writing on the wall of his cell, the night before execution, this couplet to the snuff of his candle:

> Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
> Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.



PITCH LAKE, TRINIDAD.

Trinidad was Spanish until 1796, when Spain declared war against England, and great naval battles were fought in West Indian waters, between English, French, Spanish, and Dutch fleets. The following year, Admirals Hussey and Abercrombie sailed through the Boca del Dragon and appeared near Port of Spain, with twenty men-of-war and a large array of soldiers. The Spanish Admiral, Apodoca, cooped up with but four frigates, finding resistance useless, burned his ships and fled to the Spanish Main. Chacon, the brave and noble Governor of Trinidad, capitulated; and so Trinidad passed under English rule, where it has remained ever since; and is likely to unless O'Donovan Rossa should put dynamite in the coffee of the Governor some fine morning.

The oysters growing on trees, which Columbus found, transmitted that pernicious habit to the descendant and pendent bivalves of the present day. The roots of the mangrove extend into the water, and to these the oysters cling, to be plucked like fruit. They are not good, but small and coppery, like the oysters I tasted in Naples. O'Neil would laugh at them. But where do we find good oysters outside of the United States? Not even the vaunted "native" of Carlingford, the famed "poldoodies of Burran," can approach in savory succulence the New York oyster. Uncle John said that this must be a queer country, where the oysters keep lean, flying around, roosting on trees, instead of lying quietly in their beds, to get fat, like Captain Joe Elsworth's in Prince's Bay.

We had no mosquitoes aboard. We were anchored too far from shore for them to reach us with their little bills. Then they may have thought it a waste of time to attack those who had passed the ordeal of the New Brunswick "skeeter," nourished in the classic shades of Rutgers, with

commendable animosity toward full-blooded followers of the Pope. The Trinidad knight-errant would lose his laurels in abortive emulation. Besides he doesn't sing. Dr. DeWolf told us, however, that although a small insect, he has a fine, silent touch in surgery, which can be felt if not heard. Still, without an appalling bugle, the mosquito is robbed of half his terrors. His sound is like artillery; it frightens more than it hurts.

Port of Spain is destined to become a place of great commercial consequence; the most important, perhaps, of all the West Indian ports, except Havana. Trinidad is rich in products. The principal exports are sugar, cocoa, and pitch. They are now cultivating coffee extensively, and have for the first time more than enough for home consumption. A complete revolution has been established in the manufacture of sugar. Formerly the raw material was shipped to New York and elsewhere to be refined; now, by the modern appliances, it is prepared completely for the market at the usines. I can remember when quantities of sugar-canes were brought to New York, and chewing cane was a favorite refreshment of the street boys. Sugar was ground in the mills, then common. But all this has changed, and the prosperous days of sugar-refineries of the ordinary grades, remote from the plantations, are numbered. We regretted that time did not permit us to accept the invitation of Mr. Agastini, one of the most influential men in Trinidad, to spend a few days on his extensive estate, where we might have witnessed the production of sugar on the largest scale.

The proximity of Trinidad to Venezuela, to which a line of steamers runs, gives it a great advantage in the South American trade, and its fertility and large territory, with increasing products, will in time place it in a commanding position in the tropics.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THROUGH THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

Salutamus—A Corkonian Gaul—The Dragon's Mouth—Columbus—An Apology — The Trade-winds — Navigation — Dead-reckoning — A Timely Warning—Old Fogies—A Tender Hour—The Same Old Moon—Serenade—Uncle John Romantic—Gammon.

ON BOARD MONTAUK, AT SEA,
Lat. 12° 44′ N., Long. 67° 18′ W., March 31, 1884.

WE left Port of Spain on the morning of March 29th, with a light breeze that sent us along gently, in an easy, graceful, deliberate, and dignified manner becoming a yacht of elegant leisure; not rushing out of port with the hurried fussiness of the busy trader compelled to work for a living. Our course was varied slightly to enable us to pass around the French man-of-war at anchor in the roadstead, with whom we exchanged salutes. Recollections of Rochambeau fluttered in the folds of our dipping ensign; the national flag that France helped us to raise over surrendered Yorktown.

We doffed our caps to the officers gathered on her quarter-deck, and the responsive recognition was watched with great interest by Uncle John, who was anxious to learn the latest French style of hat-removal. He insists that the elbow contortion of the stiff-necked Fifth Avenue automaton, which resembles the motion of a wooden toy figure jerked by a string, is not only inelegant, but that there is no authority for it in the canons of good taste or conventional etiquette. The salute of

poor Montague in "The Shaughraun" was the initiation of this muscular spasm, but *Captain Molyneux* was, for an Englishman, graceful though unmilitary. Uncle John, who is a warrior bold, having marched with uncut corns in the Seventh regiment bunion's pilgrim's progress during the Helderberg war, and smelt powder without taking a reef in his nose at the Astor Place riot—says that, properly, the hat should be raised from the head in salutation. The dudish motion is to pull the tile down in front of the countenance, like a cloud passing over the face of the sun, as if the wearer feared that the rays of his beauty would scorch the susceptible fair one who encountered his burning and enslaving gaze. "When I take off my hat to a lady," said Uncle John, "I want to see her; to have my eye on her." "You want to beam on her, as it were" I remarked graciously. "No," replied the veteran gallant, "where ladies are in question, there is no beam in my eye." Thus smote he the flippant interlocutor.

Clustered along the rail forward, were the French sailors, in their natty white jackets, gazing admiringly upon the yacht as she passed the iron-clad monitor, like a swan gliding by a scaly crocodile, and expressing their opinions with exuberant ejaculations and vivacious gestures. In order to do something in a complimentary way, as well as to show my knowledge of language, acquired at Turner's French Academy in Utica, while at the same time indulging some vainglorious superiority over my messmates, putting on French airs, I removed my *chapeau de paille*, and as the sunbeams glinted on the polished expanse of my enameled cranium, shouted, in the deep contralto tones of a Greenwich Street clam-peddler: *Compatriotes! Vive la belle France!* The response came, quick and distinct, in the lisping accents of the Provençal troubadour: "Iv ye see Tim Mulrooney, who keeps a shebeen wid a roosterinit near Hahrlem Bridge, tell 'im 'is brud-

der Mick is sarvin' his counthry aboord a Frinch ram ov wor. Hurroo for Ameriky!"

I had intended to sing a verse of the *Marseillaise*, requesting the Gallic mariners to *Aux armes citoyens* and *For-r-rmez vos battaillons*, but upon consideration I concluded to postpone the chant until we sailed into the Cove of Cork. My messmates were to join in the refrain, but we all refrained.

Out again through the fierce currents of the Boca del Dragon, skirting the promontory of Paria! The limestone rocks that line the beach have intervals of whiteness washed into them by the surf, which remind one of the spring snow-drifts along the Hudson; pure wreaths, safely encreviced in hillside ravines, until the melting breath of nearing summer finds them out, and they trickle reluctantly into stained affluents of the grimy flood that sweeps below.

The current aids us and we pass through the formidable dragon's mouth without difficulty; as easily perhaps as Jonah was evicted from his temporary tenement in the whale by a writ of ejectment issued by a district court civil justice. We have reached the southern limit of our cruise; we are turned to the north; we are homeward bound. Not that we are going home directly, for a long detour to the westward must be made to reach Havana, but, with the turning of our prow, the home feeling will grow strong with my companions, and impatient longing will soon fret and fume, as unfavorable winds or thwarting calms delay our progress. As for me, I have no stimulus to this yearning impatience.

As one views these shores, enveloped in the romance of history, he cannot but recall the wonderful adventures of the great Columbus, whose valor, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and devotion made the possessor of these admirable attributes an exemplar of virtuous endowments rarely combined in one person. That he should start on his first voyage of discovery

over the trackless ocean with but three small vessels, two of them caravels without decks, and overcome obstacles before which the ordinary man would have shrunk appalled, excites our greatest wonder. His own flag-ship was the only decked vessel. During the third voyage, when, coasting the Gulf of Paria, he discovered the waters in which we are now sailing, he complained of the unnecessary size of his vessel, nearly one hundred tons burden. Our yacht, which appears so small, is two hundred tons. But his vessels were built up with houses fore and aft. Still, he had not only to take a large quantity of stores for the considerable force of soldiers, with artillery and munitions of war, but he had horses and provender aboard as well. That such vessels could cross the Atlantic, and survive the autumnal hurricanes and tornadoes of this boisterous region, is marvelous. It seems almost incredible that Columbus should possess the ability to surmount the formidable interposing barriers to success. But his indomitable courage was fortified by religious convictions of the most exalted character. He was a devout enthusiast, who believed that he acted under divine inspiration, that his mission was to Christianize the heathen, and extend the empire of the Church for the honor and glory of the Redeemer. His great purpose in life was the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre. In his will, he enjoined on his son Diego, to devote a portion of his wealth to the conquest of Jerusalem. His religious fanaticism animated to victory a career which was productive of incalculable benefit to mankind.

Columbus was a great benefactor. But for his discoveries many of our eminent statesmen might still be trotting, bare-toed, through the savage wilds of Connemara, leaving shapeless footprints on the bogs of time. Notwithstanding his pious fervor, which was Catholic and idolatrous, Columbus might not be regarded by Oberlin University as a truly good

man, but he was a truly great man. I regard him as, in some respects, a greater man than William C. Kingsley or Ripley Ropes.

Emerging from the Boca del Dragon, we point westward and, skirting the coast of Venezuela, make our course, in the Caribbean Sea, toward Curaçoa, our sails filled with gentle breezes, wafted by the cooling wings of attendant zephyrs, through summer seas, enjoying, in its perfection, the poetry of motion.

It is the highest duty to acknowledge an error; to retract an unfounded statement, to render an apology when justice demands a correction. I apologize to the trade-winds. One of my splenetic outbursts in a previous letter contained an unjust reflection upon the habits of these benignant gales; which I desire to retract, for, so far from being dissolute, they are most exemplary. I think I went so far as to say that the trade-winds were a humbug, like blustering and pretentious reformers. I thought they had got up a reform movement to change the even tenor of their way and make society miserable with meddling disturbance. I take it back. They are admirable; nothing could be gentler or more propitious. When I wrote before, they were suffering from indisposition; they were in evil communication, which corrupts good manners, with some mountainous island associations, which, perhaps kept them out late at night, and ruffled their usual serenity. They were temporarily under a cloud, unable to make both ends meet, and that is calculated to create spleen, cause depression, and stir up bile. The sea was not well between St. Kitt's and Martinique. It showed bad blood. Evidently it was suffering from boils. It appeared to be in hot water and I rashly attributed the discomposure to a reform in the trade-winds. I was wrong. The mischief was done by heated land-breezes, that came down through island val-

leys, with a predaceous rush, like college students on a base-ball lager-beer stand, or militia cavalry charging a baker's wagon.

The trade-winds blow with unvarying constancy from one quarter, the year round, if they have a chance. They have it in the Caribbean Sea, where there is plenty of blow-room, and no perverse wind-breeders. Barring some spiteful tornadoes which invade it in the hurricane season, everything is lovely and the goose may have a high old time with ease and safety. I offer to the trade-winds an humble apology. I take occasion to convey to them the assurance of my distinguished consideration. I salute the trade-winds.

The sky in the latitudes where these winds prevail is of modest neutral tint, with small detached clouds, mainly of indefinite, spherical shape, congregating more numerously near the horizon, but, seen elsewhere through the lucid space, floating in melting beauty, like seminary girls waltzing on a hot summer night. They reminded Uncle John of dainty crullers circling in a pan of melted lard. Could there be a more tasteful comparison? But it was an inspiration of the summer season. Uncle John is part Scotch, and the simmerle of the cruller "simmer" came to him naturally.

To day the observation shows that we are in latitude 12° 44′ north, longitude 67° 18′ west; that is, in round numbers, 750 miles north of the equator and 4.050 miles west of Greenwich, England. By looking at a map you will see where we are as I write. I mention this because it is probable that this letter, when you receive it, will not bear the post-mark of the place where it was written. The post-office service of the Caribbean Sea is not regular. Every one is his own mail-carrier. At night it is a Star Route; realms of Bliss, Uncle John remarked.

It occurs to me that your sea experience thus far has been

COOLIES, TRINIDAD.

confined to threading the dædalian channels of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, where land-bearings are frequent and lee-shore rocks accessible. Perhaps you may be interested in learning how the mariner steers his course on the ocean, and ascertains his position by the sun. I make no apology for my endeavor to explain it at some length here. I assume that you did not study navigation at school, and if you had, you would probably know little about it. Very little is learned at school. I trust that the explanation may not prove unintelligible, although I appreciate the difficulty of conveying the idea by mere word description :

The nautical instruments employed are the compass, quadrant, sextant, and chronometer, with the thermometer, barometer, lead, and log as auxiliaries. The boiler, frying-pan, and gridiron belong in the cook's department, and are useful implements, but not indispensable to navigation ; although the cook is a seafaring man, to whom inquisitive passengers are often referred for information, regarding winds, tides, and fogs, by surly skippers crossing the Atlantic.

The quadrant and sextant are similar, one being marked in quarters and one in sixths of a degree. The movement of the compass everybody understands. It is placed in the binnacle directly in front of the wheel, under the eye of the helmsman, who by it steers the ship's course. The chronometer is a finely-adjusted big watch, set by the time of Greenwich Observatory, England. With this, and the observations hereinafter described, the longitude is ascertained. By looking at a map you will see the division of the globe by imaginary lines, drawn from pole to pole, and converging at these points, which are the longitudinal or meridian, and transverse lines, equi-distant, which are the latitudinal or parallel.

To ascertain the longitude, the common or ship's time is

compared with the chronometer's Greenwich time, and the difference between them shows the meridian, forming the basis of the calculation by which the ship's position is determined. You will see that on the map the meridian of Greenwich is marked 0. The degrees of longitude east and west of this are numbered, and contain at the maximum sixty nautical miles each (sixty-nine statute miles), diminishing in width as they converge toward the poles. Thus longitude 1 E. is sixty miles east of Greenwich, longitude 1 W. is sixty miles west, longitude 2 W. one hundred and twenty miles west, and so on. There are four seconds in time to a mile, hence fifteen miles to a minute, 900 miles to an hour. To ascertain the longitude, you compare the ship's clock, common time, with the chronometer, and the difference in time shows the position in miles. For example, if you are west of Greenwich and it is noon by the ship's clock, and the chronometer marks five o'clock P.M., you know that you are five hours from the observatory, and as there are 15 degrees to an hour, you are in longitude 75° W.; and 60 miles to a degree gives the position 4,500 miles west of Greenwich. This, however, must be worked out with the observations, according to tables prepared for that purpose, with the aid of logarithms, and adding or subtracting the sun's declination, varying with the ship's position toward the equator.

These observations of the sun are taken at noon, if practicable, and at eight o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon, for purposes of comparison. The latitude is ascertained in this manner: As noon time approaches, the navigator places the quadrant to his eye and looks toward the horizon, through a small aperture. An arrangement of colored glasses reflects the figure of the sun, which appears just above the horizon, ascending, the navigator bringing the reflection down to the proper point of vision by the movement of a

screw. When the sun reaches the meridian, or culminating point of ascension, it stops, wavers, and then begins to decline. At this instant, the observation is taken, and, by figures marked on the quadrant, the navigator is enabled to determine the latitude, making the proper allowance for the point of view and the refraction of the sun's rays. Thus, having, with the chronometer and quadrant observations, ascertained the latitude and longitude, the ship's position is known by looking on the chart. These problems are worked out by tables prepared for the purpose, which give the apparent declination of the sun each day, varying with the position north or south of the equator. An observation taken from a ship absolutely on the equatorial line at the precise instant the sun crossed, would show an altitude of ninety degrees. This rarely happens, however.

All these computations require careful and accurate figuring. I don't think I could work them out with certainty. Possibly the reason is that I don't know how. Yet I know some persons equally ignorant who would tackle them with entire confidence, even if they wrecked the ship. They are the public benefactors and busybodies who work out social problems, and solve all evils in agitation. I don't think I could work a ship. It is easier to work a free lunch route, which I am doing now in this cruise of the Montauk.

Of course when land is in sight no sun observations are necessary. They are only required on the open sea where no land is in view to give bearings. When the sun is obscured, and no observation can be taken, the navigator must work what is called a dead-reckoning. This is accomplished by the log, an instrument put out astern, which indicates the number of miles sailed, the compass showing the course. But this is not entirely reliable, for tides and currents increase or diminish speed, and in them the log would not register accu-

rately the distance progressed. A nice question arises as to the effect of currents upon the log. If the tide is running with the ship, the log would not be affected, but it would be with the current against it. If the current is running against the ship's course, and the speed is retarded to the extent of its velocity, the question arises, whether the log would indicate the actual number of miles progressed by the vessel, measuring from land points, or whether it would not in addition register the velocitous movement of the current which retarded progress. For example, if a ship were sailing with a ten-knot breeze against a five-knot current, what would the log register? If anchored with the log out, and a five-knot current were running, the register would show five knots, although no progress was made. The problem then is, what would the current effect be on the log if the ship were under sail against it. Would the current be registered on the log in addition to the actual distance progressed by the aid of the wind? Then, if the log does register an excess of distance traversed, does the notation of current momentum increase or diminish relatively to the degree of velocity?

All of which nebulous conundrums are respectively submitted to the gay gondoliers of the Erie Canal. Answers may be sent to the flag-officer of the State's scow.

The dead-reckoning is, therefore, to a great extent, guess work, but the experienced sailor can ascertain his position by it with a considerable degree of accuracy. During our first week out, no complete observation could be taken for some days, and the yacht was worked by dead-reckoning, but we made the course to Bermuda with almost as much certainty as if the sun had been visible. The only error ascertained was in the too great allowance for drifting while the yacht was laying to during the hurricanes in the Gulf Stream. When an observation could be had, it was found that she had

drifted but little, having held on to the sea with the tenacity of a bull-dog. It is no easy matter to force the Montauk to the rear. The working of the yacht during the period of observation proved the able seamanship of the sailing master, Captain Peter N. Breitfeld.

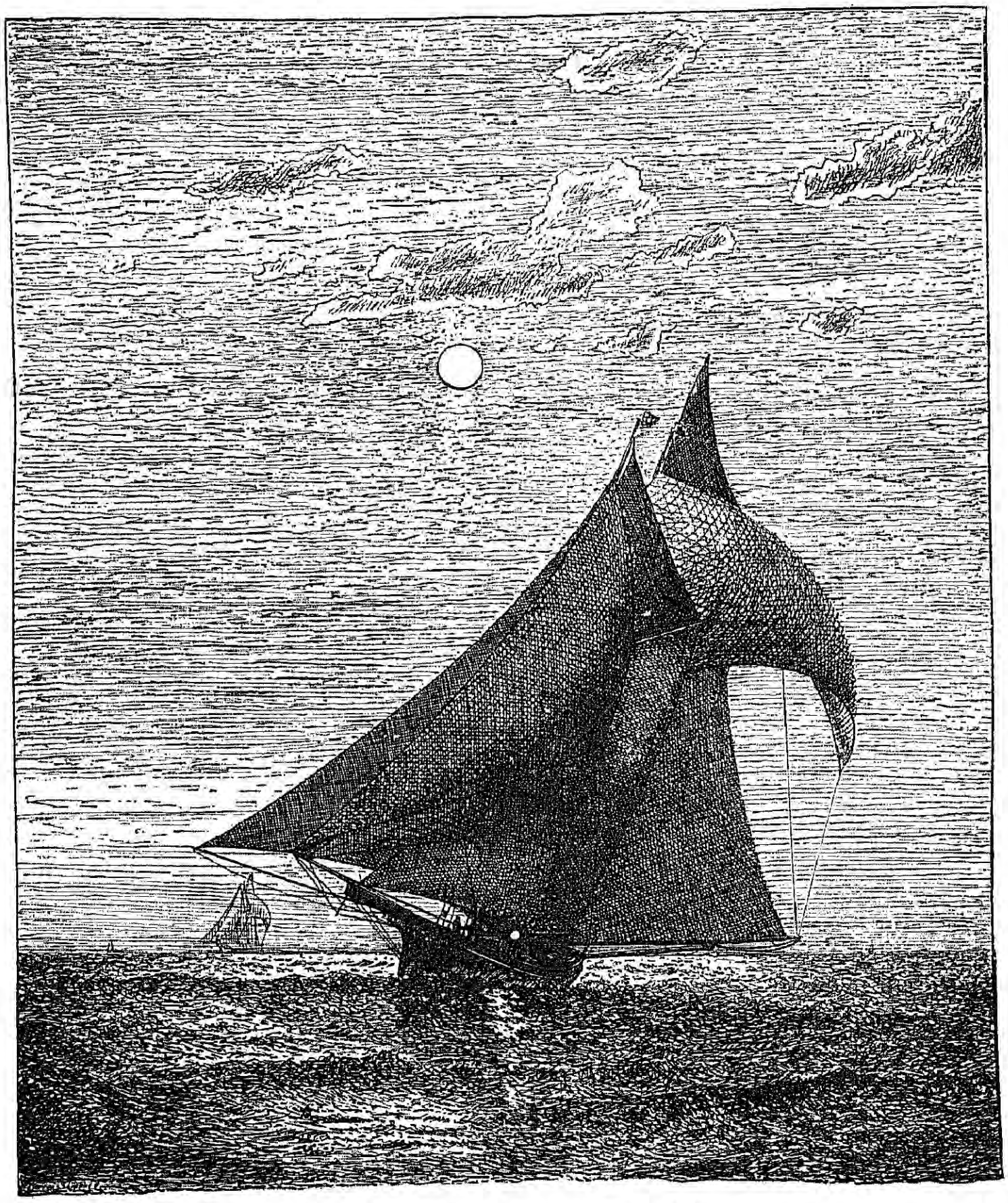
The system of dead-reckoning at sea is different from the Arizona method, where a debtor converts his running account into a dead-reckoning by shooting his creditor. Political parties are sometimes worked by dead-reckoning.

One must go to sea to realize the importance of minute accuracy in keeping time. With a chronometer two minutes out of the way, one would make a mistake of thirty miles in position, which might be awkward if one were out at night without the latch-key. There are but few of the strongest first-class lights that can be seen thirty miles. The Highland lights at Navesink are said to be visible that distance, but a very good hand is required to see them. If making for a small island, it might be missed if the chronometer were wrong, unless the exact deviation were known.

One is apt to be careless on this point ashore. A man says thoughtlessly, "My watch is two minutes slow," without reflecting that it puts him thirty miles away from where he thinks he is. We fail to appreciate the gravity of this matter. If, for example, I should start to drive to Whitesboro, and my chronometer were four minutes fast, I might find myself in Syracuse before I crossed the two-mile bridge. Then, too, in the matter of promissory notes. Through chronometrical derangement, they often fall due before the makers are ready to come to time. Some are never ready. They carry stop-watches. The moral of all of which is, we cannot be too particular about taking our timepieces frequently to the venerable horologer of the Woodmarket to have them regulated.

We are fortunate in having the full moon to "roll on" and "guide the traveler his way" on our run to Curaçoa. Nothing could be more delightful than these glorious nights. No, instead of engrossing all this superabundant space ourselves, we might have company which would add to the delight; some gracious presence more in harmony with the delicious scene than the incongruous occupancy of three old fogies, who have no romance left in them; dull materialists, utterly devoid of sentimentality; thinking of their eating, drinking, smoking, and selfish creature comfort, instead of filling themselves with moonshine, and soaring away on the wings of fancy to realms where the soul is steeped in lethal obliviousness of the present, and memory fills the musing night with dreamy enchantments of the past. Silence sits on deck these moonlight nights. There are long breaks in the desultory conversation, ordinarily so brisk and animated; there is no chaffing, no joking; the voice is pitched in a lower key; there are no sarcasms, no funny stories, no rollicking songs. Occasionally a murmuring strain steals out as if unconsciously, some crooning tenderness, some fragment of a ballad, breathed under-voiced: "The Dearest Spot on Earth to Me," "Home Again," "Flee as a Bird"—some old-time melody that makes the moon appear hazy in the eye though shining lustrous from a clear sky. Perhaps it is "Blue-eyed Mary," or "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour."

There are no bacchanalianisms, no humorous ditties, no anacreontics, no lively glees or rattling choruses; but melody comes and sits beside us, in sober raiment clad, low-voiced and pensive. Loud tones would seem to jar the quiescent air, to grate harshly on the ear of listening night, attuned to tranquil harmonies. The only interruption is when one asks gently for a light for his cigar. The moon sails swiftly



THE MONTAUK BY MOONLIGHT.

through the sky, her progress marked by fleeting clouds, shifting buoys in the azure sea; while occasional translucent veils of vapor cover her face, through which argent rays outshine prismatic—an aureola of transcendent beauty.

Then the old expedient of holding communion with the absent by gazing on the same star at the same hour (which was practised by Enoch and Seth when they left their spouses for a night to attend a convocation of the Knights Templar—and will continue so long as the world lasts) comes to mind, and the thought springs up that this same moon, which paves the Caribbean Sea with silver ripples, is shining serene over the mounds on a green hill far away, dropping in leafy infiltration through the branches of stout-limbed trees into luminous bleachings on the dark green grass. And it whitens the tombs in the cemetery, which do not appear so unattractive in this solemn light of meditation.

Yes, this is the same moon that gleamed on the prow of Cleopatra's silken galley; that lighted the conventual retreat of Heloise and the cloistered seclusion of Abelard; that shone on Paul and Virginia, wandering hand in hand, chaste and innocent, near the sanctified cocoa-tree; the same moon that on such a night molded the wooing words of sweet-tongued Lorenzo to fit the heart-framed ear of fair Jessica. There has been no change in the moon for lovers since "Adam dolve and Eve span." It is the light that illumed Paradise, and it will be the light of Paradise for all time. It is the same light that flooded broad meadow slopes, from which the night breeze came heavy-laden with the scent of new-mown hay, on the way back from the Falls, but vainly essayed to penetrate the kindly shades of the road that wound through obscuring forests in the favoring glade. It is the same light that made glorified mirrors of the window-panes at which you gazed long hours in rapt devotion; or

before which the strains of the serenade ascended in worshiping tone to the sanctuary they enclosed :

SERENADE.

TO A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

Good-night ! I 'neath thy casement sing—
  May angels fill thy pillow soft
With plumage plucked from heavenly wing
  To bear thy holy dreams aloft.
    Sweetheart—Good-night !

Good-night ! stars smile in mirrored stream,
  While, over meadow's fair expanse,
Benignant planets kindly gleam
  To light good fairies' midnight dance.
    Sweetheart—Good-night !

Good-night ! now glittering dew-drops deck
  The velvet bosom of the lawn,
Fit jewels for thy snow-white neck,
  Bright as thy sapphired eyes at dawn.
    Sweetheart—Good-night !

Good-night ! the honeysuckle vine
  Spiced night-wind's odors, chaliced, sips,
Its censer, swinging in thy shrine,
  Finds sweetest incense on thy lips.
    Sweetheart—Good-night !

Good-night ! when moonbeams chastely glide
  Within thy chamber's hallowed fane,
May sainted spirits there abide
  And o'er thy stainless slumbers reign.
    Sweetheart—Good-night !

Good-night ! and if in darksome hour
  Some sound should startle, do not fear !
No evil may invade thy bower,
  A lover's heart stands sentry near.
    Sweetheart—Good-night !

Good-night! when glowing glance of Morn
  Peers in thy blushing lattice-bar,
The roses which thy cheek adorn
  Than this warm look more crimsoned are.
    Sweetheart—Good-night!

Good-night! as fond birds come to wake
  Their playmate in her downy nest,
Breathe prayer seraphic for his sake
  Who wears thine image in his breast.
    Good-night, Sweetheart—Good-night!

"Ah," said Uncle John, with a ruminant sigh, "when I look at that moon, moving majestically through cerulean space like a stately ship full-rigged, I recall the time when the warm blood coursed in my youthful veins, swift as the water rushing through 29 Hose; when all nature was smiling and gay. I think of those dulcet moonlight nights when two eyes could see for four, and four arms were but two for all practical purposes. This salt air is transformed in memory's condenser to the perfume of lilacs in Harlem Lane, or the freshness of dew sprinkled spruce-trees on the old Bloomingdale Road, and——"

"Gammon!" interrupted the startling voice of the Commodore, breaking in on the plaintive clarionet-like notes of Uncle John, like the blare of loud bassoon heard by the wedding-guest in the Ancient Mariner—'a gammon!' who will play three hits or a gammon for a drink of lemonade?"

The Commodore has no poetry in his soul! To break up poetic reverie with backgammon! Yet there is a great deal of gammon in poetry.

CHAPTER XIX.

CURAÇOA.

The Pilot—Fortifications—The Dock—Peddlers—Custom House—The Church—Geneva—Roman Organ—Jewish Synagogue—Commerce—Pirates—Smugglers—Vegetation—Water—Goats—Municipal Division—*Vis Inertiæ*—Streets—Romeo and Juliet—Vessels—Venezuela—Slavery—Negroes—Dialect—So-long.

CURAÇOA, April 4, 1884.

THE appearance of Curaçoa, as we lay in the offing, on the morning of April 1st, brought to mind views in Holland. The place presented the appearance of a Dutch town, the houses had the same look, yellow-tinted, with white copings, and brown and red tiled-roofs. Before we landed, there could be predicated of this aspect, Dutch cleanliness, order, and neatness. One could almost imagine himself approaching Rotterdam or sailing in lazily from the Zuyder Zee.

We had to wait for a pilot, as there is but one licensed for the port, but after a time a well-manned boat approached, and a quiet, self-possessed negro stepped aboard to take charge of our entry. There was nothing remarkable about his handsome, portly person, unless it was the novel seaman-attire of Panama hat and embroidered slippers, in which he ignored the professional array of the pilot of our shores—a black plug hat and heavy boots. Uncle John looked at the slippers inquiringly, but observed nothing extraordinary about them, not even in size, though they were quite large; nearly big enough for a Syracuse belle. We had handsomer

designs in our combined exposition aboard. This knowledge was gratifying, for it would have grieved our glass of fashion and mould of form to find a black pilot excelling us in any point of dress; even were he the petted of dusk beauty in the highest circles of colored Curaçoan society; the recipient of as many favors as the much-beslippered popular clergyman in the holiday season.

The harbor entrance is imposing, flanked by stone forts which, while they would offer but ineffectual resistance to iron-clads, are calculated to inspire terror, like the restive horses of militia-officers at a "general-training." We passed, through the frowning portals, by the Governor's yellow palace, a handsome building with capacious balconies, before which guard was being mounted in a slovenly, perfunctory manner. There is abundant evidence of military occupation, in the forbidding guns—grinning black teeth in the harbor's mouth—and the soldiers who loiter in the streets, both, I believe, equally harmless. Adjoining the fort, on the right as you enter, is a dismantled water-battery, with two or three honeycombed guns, mounted *en barbette*, feebly lingering on the dilapidated walls, like tremulous autumnal flies clinging to a crumbling pie-crust. Near this is an interior fortification or citadel—containing a bomb-proof, with elaborate interior passages—within which are the barracks for troops; a poor lot of men as compared with our soldiers, or the armies of England, France, Germany, and Austria. The garrison consists of one company of whites, sent out from Holland, with an occasional black soldier, enlisted here.

Fort Nassau, situated on a high hill further inland, is a strong work, mounting heavy guns, and important from its commanding position. It is used for a signal-station. These works are all old style, stone fortifications, ineffectual as defenses against armor-plated ships, which would knock them

into smithereens. Curaçoa could make no prolonged resistance to any navy, saving, perhaps, that of the United States, which, like John Brougham's actor in Heaven, is no navy. It was formerly a walled town, but walls are no longer fashionable, except some disjointed relics, like those of Quebec, which are kept as curiosities, or the enclosure of Chester, England, used as a promenade, a sort of English wall-street. It is safer walking there than in the American Wall Street, which abounds in slippery places. *Lubrici sunt fortunæ cressus.*

We wanted to sail up into the lagoon, but the wind being light, the pilot determined to moor the yacht at the dock. There are no steam-tugs, and towing would have to be done by small boats. The boats which ply in the ferry between Willemstad and Otrabanda are of solid Dutch build, flat-bottomed scows, square-ended, propelled by an oar astern, with the motion called sculling. Few boats are to be seen with side oars used in the usual manner, nearly all are sculled. The Commodore was prompted to remark that these boatmen must do a great deal of head-work—they use their sculls so much. He paid his fine. I think I saw that joke in Joe Miller; or heard it aboard the Alliance.

As it turned out, we might have gone into the lagoon and anchored there instead of tying up to the dock, to run the risk of being boarded by rats, cockroaches, and such "small deer," from which infliction we have been fortunately exempt thus far, notwithstanding two weeks' foggy adhesion to Pier 3 N. R., waiting for a send-off. With the exception of three mosquitoes who paid us a short visit of courtesy, and not on business, at Martinique, and considerately retired early without taking something, contrary to the habit of the regular visitor, we have had no insects of any kind on board. Whether this is due to the presence of detergent, as Uncle

John claims, the fear of James' pills, or whether it is a recognition of the exemplary conduct of the voyagers—the purity of life which envelops them and deters gentlemen of questionable habits from seeking their society—is a point that I am unable to determine. I leave it open to suspicion.

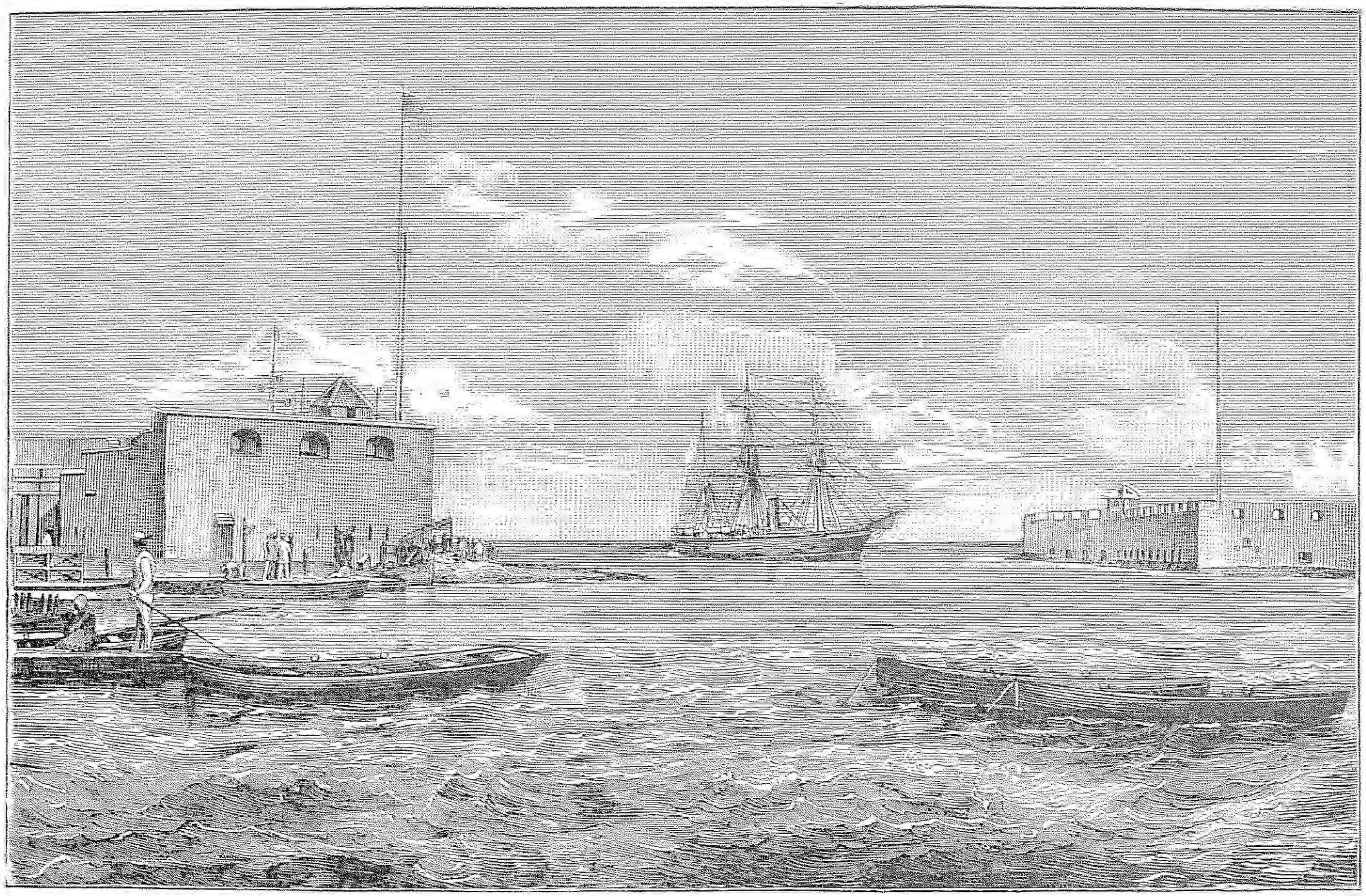
Our arrival at the dock was watched with much interest by the crowd assembled, a concourse of unemployed, who gazed complacently on the sailors straining at the warping-hawser, and offered no objection to their perspiring as much as the effort demanded. One of the amiable characteristics of the idler is his willingness to let the other fellow sweat. Hardly had we made fast, when the dock swarmed with peddlers of carved knicknacks, fancy boxes, shell-work, birds, and straw-hats. Many of these were women, who carried their warehouses of merchandise on the head, as is the habit of sensible persons who have heavy burdens to bear. It was somewhat remarkable that the first display of wares was an assortment of vivid cravats, offered, by the black Autolyca who bore them, to Uncle John, in whom, with feminine intuition, she recognized a sympathetic purchaser. But she brought her goods to a poor market. It was carrying coals to Newcastle, or recommending Captain Williams to play clubs for trumps. There was nothing in her stock that rivaled in splendor the gorgeous deposit which glows beneath in the depths of Uncle John's locker, like gems of purest ray serene the dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.

The first visit after landing was to the Custom House, accompanied by Mr. Gaertse, a merchant to whom we had letters of introduction. He greatly facilitated our business, which was to impress upon the collector, Mr. de Veer, that the yacht's commission exempted her from entry and clearance and the payment of port-dues, compulsory on merchantmen. The infrequency of yacht arrivals (it is several years

since one was here before) rendered an examination of laws and treaties necessary, which resulted satisfactorily to the pleasant collector. We learned here that an error had been made in reporting us from the telegraph station. Our ensign was mistaken for the flag of the Republic of Hayti, and we were reported as a Haytian vessel. Possibly the telegrapher caught a glimpse of the Commodore's swarthy face, as he appeared on deck, with cheek darkly, deeply, beautifully bronze, from exposure to wind and weather. Or the official may have known that he was a Black Republican—munificent contributor to the hat passed around for soap in the cause of freedom.

We omitted to telegraph our arrival to New York, as has been customary upon reaching other ports. Telegraphing is an extravagant luxury in the West Indies, and we are beginning to practice economy. Then there is no telegraph in Curaçoa.

After leaving the Custom House, Mr. Gaertse kindly devoted himself to showing us the public offices in the Government Square, the business-rooms being in the lower story, and the Governor's residence in the apartments above. In the same enclosure is the Dutch Reformed Church. Mr. Gaertse, who is a deacon in this church—the State establishment of Holland—pointed out the curiosities of the plain and unpretentious old building. Inserted over the entrance, like a wart on the forehead, is a cannon-ball, fired at it, about a hundred years ago, when the English occupied the opposite shore of Otrabanda, and amused themselves by pitching balls at Willemstad, asserting their orthodoxy by apostolic blows and knocks on the Calvinistic church. This ball has probably been permitted to remain as a sign of the church militant; after the fashion of Pompeiian sculptures over the door, indicating the business carried on within. The floor



ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF CURAÇOA.

of the church is covered, to the depth of three or four inches, with fine white sand, which has the advantage of affording no refuge for carpet-bugs, and, as kneeling is not part of the service, it furnishes a clean floor-cloth, leniently assuaging the clatter of late-arriving brogans. At first, one accustomed to the Yankee tavern might suppose it to be intended for tobacco-chewers, but church-members do not chew tobacco here. They only drink, smoke, play cards and billiards, and dance on Sunday. There is no prohibition of the use of tobacco, by a Conference, on religious grounds, as being contrary to the teachings of the Bible, in which no permission is granted to masticate, but they choose not to chew, as Uncle John said. It isn't *chic* among gentlemen anywhere but in America.

There is an elaborate enclosure for the Governor, and pews for the elders and deacons, but chairs for the general congregation, the *vulgus*, divided by an aisle through the middle, the women occupying one side and the men the other. A story is told of an English friend of ours who attended divine service and insisted on sitting among the women—like Achilles, only in his own shape—saying that he always sided with the ladies. In this division the line of demarcation between the sheep and the goats was suggested.

A commendable feature of the service here is the omission of passing the plate. As the government pays expenses, there is no necessity for taking up a collection, but after meeting is over the deacons stand at the door, holding bags in which those who choose may drop their offerings. There is no echo from the bottom of the bag, and nobody knows the weight of his neighbor's contribution, nor is it considered obligatory to give anything. It is different from the delightful little church, where Vestryman Josephus Arnoldus levies contributions, like an ecclesiastical Rob Roy,

grimly passing the defiant plate, raiding the pews with stern impartiality, and looking daggers at anybody who puts less than a quarter of a dollar in his sacerdotal sporran.

In view of this unrevealing bag, which doesn't let the right hand of the deacon know what the left hand of the donor does, the copper currency of Curaçoa is peculiarly adapted to church purposes. The small coin has the value of two-fifths of our cent. This insignificance of expenditure appeals strongly to the religionist of an economical turn, who finds it cheaper to go to church and put something in the bag than to stay at home and smoke *perique*.

During the terrible hurricane a few years ago, the tiles were lifted bodily, and a tidal wave setting in, the church was filled with water through the roof; converted temporarily from a Dutch Reformed to a Baptist church, by immersion. It contains a fine organ, built for the cathedral at Havana. While the war was in progress between Spain and Columbia, it was captured and brought here by a pious privateer to be placed in the Catholic church. It was found to be—like the surplices on the choir-boys at Grace—too high for the church, and as the Dutch Reformed congregation had a smaller instrument on hand, a trade was effected, and now the Catholic organ sounds within Protestant walls, while the Protestant accompanies the priest singing Mass. Can anyone say that the worship is less devout because of this change, that the tones of the Protestant organ do not blend harmoniously with the *Adeste Fidelis*, or that the strains of the Catholic do not fit Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott. If the angels can distinguish any inharmony between them, they have exceedingly fine and critical ears for music.

Little religious bigotry exists. The Government supports the church, pays the salaries of ministers, and keeps the buildings in repair, but it pays the Catholic priest and

Jewish rabbi as well as the Protestant minister. In the Dutch Reformed church the sermons are preached in Dutch, and not *papiamento*, the island dialect. After visiting many countries, I have come to the conclusion that we are about as bigoted in the United States as they are anywhere. We talk more religion and believe less, we prate more about religious liberty and have less toleration of opinion, than any other people. Mr. Gaertse is intelligently liberal in his views, and is happily circumstanced: he is a deacon in the Dutch Reformed Church, his wife is a Catholic, and he has a sister a nun. Thus he has a part-proprietary interest in various avenues leading to Heaven.

Of the twenty-five thousand population of Curaçoa, but three thousand is Protestant. The negroes are all Catholics, the whites, Protestants and Jews. The most imposing structure on the island is the Catholic cathedral, not yet completed. The Orthodox Jewish synagogue is a large building, two hundred and fifty years old, containing some particularly handsome brass chandeliers, the branched-candlestick. The sexton who showed us around (I don't know his church title in Hebrew) had a countenance of the most pronounced Jewish type. He carried the exaggerated beak of an eagle; indeed it was large enough for a doubloon. Perhaps the prow of an antique galley would describe it better. He didn't understand English and was unable to impart any information when, wanting to be polite, I enquired of him courteously, as if I were addressing John McCullough in the Fifth Avenue Theatre: "What news in the Rialto?" What he knows he knows, but he knows enough not to give his "knows" away. It would give him away, however, if he tried to pass himself off as a Connaught man in Mackerelville. Still his nose might be subjected to a few yards' excision with advantage to his personal appearance.

Then he would navigate better. With a heavy bowsprit, he carries too much head-sail; he is down by the head; that's what makes him shuffle along so round-shouldered.

There is a split between the conservative Hebrews and the reformers of the new school, who have a fine synagogue of their own. The Jews are powerful here and control trade. Business brains will tell everywhere. Abe, Ike, and Jake are too sharp for Hans and Derick. You can't beat the Jews. The Christians are very jealous of them in a commercial way. The money-changers haunt the temple, and commerce lurks behind the cross. The island contains one Lutheran and one Dutch Reformed church, two Jewish synagogues, and four Catholic churches, besides a chapel attached to the convent. You see I give you a good deal of religious information in these letters. I rather run to that sort of thing. I would like to see somebody who knows more about sectarian divisions —or who cares less. I look into these as matters of profitable inquiry. Religion enters into all the affairs of life, social, domestic, and governmental. You know that in Utica persons who become rich, and want to get into "good society," must quit the Methodist Church and join the Episcopal.

The commerce of Curaçoa is considerable, but it has fallen off in late years. It is an *entrepôt* for Venezuela. Its products are light, nothing of consequence but dye-woods, peanuts, and divi-divi. In this last article of commerce it might get up a flourishing trade with Albany, where there is often complaint of the scarcity of "divvy" during sessions of the Legislature.

The productions of Curaçoa being unimportant, it buys and sells everything. It is a general broker and commission merchant between the Spanish Main and the rest of the world. The light duty on imports makes it practically a free port, while the exorbitant tariff of Venezuela, a sweeping

duty of thirty per cent., naturally encourages smuggling, which I fancy is carried on largely, despite the vigilance exercised for its suppression. The proximate free port to a country so heavily protected makes it reasonable to suppose that the Curaçoan, who pays but one and a half per cent. duty, has a neighborly feeling of sympathy toward the Venezuelan, who is expected to pay thirty—but doesn't. In olden time, Curaçoa was a great place for pirates, who could lurk in the lagoon, with their light-draught, swift vessels, and dart out and pounce upon the heavy merchantmen passing in the open sea. But there are no more swash-buckler corsairs; the smuggler has taken the place of the buccaneer. The emancipating *filibustero* sometimes appears, but he soon gives way to the cunning *contrabandista.*

The island is rocky, with scanty vegetation, parched and gasping for moisture. Rain falls but seldom, sometimes not once in two years; when it does come the grateful earth quickly responds in marvelous rapid growth. Notwithstanding this lack of moisture, conflagrations are unknown. It is said that a house won't burn down under the greatest provocation. Insurance companies, therefore, have no business here. I told a good story about the insurance business, which was lost because the hearers didn't see the point. They were Dutch. The story is this: Moses Levi, clothier of Cincinnati, inquired at the Chicago telegraph office for a message, two days in succession, and was in great perturbation at his failure to receive one. When he applied on the third day, a telegram was handed him, whereupon, before opening it, he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Mein Gott! Mein Gott! my shtore ish burnt down."

Of course there is no Fire Department, and no tickets for excursions, picnics, and balls. Rain-water is used, and it cannot be—like the youngster just out of college going into

politics—"too fresh," when we consider that it is sometimes kept two years in tanks. I believe water undergoes some chemical change, some decomposition of organic matter held in solution, which exercises a clarifying effect and makes it sweeter and purer than when first drawn. I have seen this aboard ships where water in the tanks has been kept a long time—I have seen, not tasted. Uncle John got up an ingenious idea as a remedy for this dryness. He suggested that, in order to raise moisture, the business men might come to the front—as they do every four years in front of the Sub-Treasury building in New York, saving the country from commercial disaster by contributing to the support of the men who make a living out of politics. The merchants here might go into liquidation, with drafts falling dew, and notes whose makers are mist. Uncle John is perfectly incorrigible.

Sheep and goats abound, the goat abounding more than the sheep, as is its habit. Curaçoa-kid is a standard quality of leather, though all skins so classed do not come from the island, South America furnishing the bulk of them. The name is no indication of the origin of an article. There is the famous Curaçoa *liqueur*, for instance. Not a drop of it is made here. It is distilled in Holland, and takes its designation from the peculiar aromatic bitterness of the Curaçoa orange-peel with which it was flavored originally. But the orange no longer grows here in sufficient quantity to supply the requirements of this distillation. The trees have died out, and now the Curaçoa flavor is imparted by the peel of Havana and Jamaica oranges. One of the peculiarities of the Curaçoa orange is that it is not good to eat. The skin is used and the pulp thrown away. The Curaçoa *liqueur*, then, is *lucus à non lucendo*.

How goats manage to make a living is a mystery. The supply of old boots is trifling, the greater portion of the

populace going barefooted, while the frugal save their vegetable-cans for soup-tureens. There are no discarded hoop-skirts and bustles, and, as the goat is unable to tackle the cactus, on account of the lanceolate defense, it must live by its wits.

Nature has some wise object in every creation. Some of them are inscrutable, but there is wisdom in everything, except long sermons on hot Sundays. However, we are not troubled much with them, as the churches are closed during the warm weather by ministerial sore-throat. As a matter of course, during that period, there are no admissions to Heaven; it is closed to give the attendant cherubim and seraphim a vacation. The object in the creation of the cactus involves a conundrum that it would puzzle Œdipus to answer, but I believe it was intended to present an insolvable problem to the omnivorous goat. I never heard of a goat being choked by anything except an independent New York newspaper, containing a demonstration, by fractional tables, of the accomplishment of its political prophesies. Even the Harlem goat couldn't stomach that. I don't know what makes the Curaçoa kid-skin superior. It may be something in the flavor of the edible rocks, more pronounced by reason of the absence of diluent rain to weaken their pungency. The Curaçoa goat doesn't feed on sodden, slippery stones; he wants something substantial. That goat has a gneiss taste in petrology.

Curaçoa is divided by the waters of the harbor into four divisions, named, respectively, Willemstad, Otrabanda, Scharlo, and Pietermay. The harbor proper, which leads to the inlying lagoon, separates Willemstad from Otrabanda, the principal business quarters, with communication by the sculled boats before mentioned. These punts are very handy and the ferriage is but half-a-cent a passenger. They are

not large enough for vehicles, but may be lashed together. A gentleman told us that he saw a queer funeral procession crossing on the ferry from Willemstad to Otrabanda. The hearse was placed on two boats, and the horses swam across the stream. The coffin was not floated, but remained in the hearse, on sticks, in charge of Charon.

Scharlo is separated from Willemstad by a lateral extension of the harbor into a smaller lake, crossed by a draw-bridge, owned by a private corporation which charges toll, and earns heavy dividends. The Catholic Cathedral is at the head of this sheet of water, the most conspicuous position in the place. Pietermay is a continuation of Scharlo, extending to the suburbs.

The lagoon, or inner harbor, stretches inland, forming a broad, beautiful lake, shallow in places but deep enough for a man-of-war to ride at anchor near the entrance, where a Dutch frigate is now moored. A finer sheet of water for rowing it would be hard to find, yet, strange to say, there is not a boating club in Curaçoa, and not half a dozen private boats. It is different with carriages. All the conveyances are private ; there isn't a public vehicle on the island. The roads are good, but there is little driving. It would seem to be impossible to overcome the *vis inertiæ* of Curaçoa. Whether it is owing to the climate (like dipsomania in the United States), to the sluggishness of the Dutch blood, or to whatever cause, there is a pervading languor, not calculated to stimulate great enterprises. Rip Van Winkle would not have been out of place here, if he could keep sober, and would break himself of the bad habit of indulging in sufficient energy to go a-hunting.

Asses and mules are numerous, and are to be met in the country roads, bearing their burdens as meekly and patiently as if they expected something to eat when they got through.

The donkeys do not appear to be extraordinarily large, yet they must be great asses to live here; Dutch orphans without any fodder.

We saw negresses bestriding the animals after the manner of men. They seemed to consult comfort rather than propriety. There is no reason why they shouldn't adopt the easiest attitude. I once saw some women riding in the same fashion out among the Rocky Mountains. They were from Greeley, Colorado, clad in epicene, bifurcated garments. They wore trousers; I don't think the negresses did. They seemed to have long black stockings on. The donkeys here enjoy a gallant discrimination in favor of the fair sex. Jack does all the work; Jenny is a lady, and idles at home, except when engrossed by maternal cares. Wild asses are to be found in some parts of the island.

The streets are narrow; the widest is Broad Street, in Willemstad, thirty feet. The pavements are good, of small, oblong blocks, something like Medina or Hammond sandstone. Their fine condition would indicate that they were not laid by contract. In the older parts of the town the streets are about fifteen feet wide, in some not more than six; mere slits among the buildings, fissures in a mass of masonry; wooden balconies, abutting the upper windows, often meet in the middle of the street. In order to make Juliet's balcony accessible, Romeo need only hire the house over the way, when the contiguity of his balcony would save him the trouble of climbing. And when he exclaims, "But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks," he wouldn't be foolish enough to say, "It is the East, and Juliet is the sun," for he knows very well that the sun never penetrates these cracks of streets, but that the light is probably a kerosene night-lamp in the old lady's bedroom, left burning for Cap., who is out carrying a transparency with his Ward Club.

It wouldn't answer to have the Montagues and Capulets in the same street. They could reach across while at breakfast and tweak each other's noses without getting up from the table. It would afford dangerous facility for collision, yet it would be rather a safe place, after all, for nobody could draw a sword without facing it lengthwise, and it is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door. Then there is no glass in the windows and Montaguese and Capulettish dames could scold each other to their hearts' content, without being compelled to go into the street, after the Italian fashion in the *Strada di* Mulberri.

We met no umbrellas in Curaçoa. It never rains, and the narrow streets are always shady. Besides, it would require some exertion to raise an umbrella.

In 1877, seven immense tidal waves swept over the best portion of Willemstad, destroying the buildings, making a clean sweep and wrecking everything in the inundated district. Fortunately, the loss of life on land was slight, as the disaster occurred in the morning, and the fierce hurricane, which commenced at midnight, had given timely warning for the inhabitants to escape to a place of safety. The devastated portion has been but partially rebuilt. Haste is not a Curaçoan weakness. But Rome wasn't built in a day. I doubt whether anything could be built here in a day, not even a mansard on the head of a pugilist. It would take two days for the contusion to develop a swelling. The sun rises and sets the same day, but he is only an habitual visitor, he doesn't reside in Curaçoa altogether. During the hurricane, many vessels were stranded, and four were dragged from their moorings, swept out to sea, and never heard from again.

A schooner is on the stocks near where we are moored. She is of good model, rather full in the bows, with a remark-

ably clean run aft, resembling the Montauk somewhat in this particular. She is built of tough Maracaibo wood, with stem, sternpost, and ribs of mahogany, and mahogany under the knees; reversing our use of the rare wood, for we put our knees under the mahogany. Think of employing this precious timber in constructing the frames of vessels! No iron is used, but all the nails, rivets, and bolts are of composite metal. This schooner—like one of John Hirt's on a midsummer day—is evidently intended for quick work. We didn't learn for whom she was building, but it wouldn't be strange if she turned up some fine day with a cargo of tobacco for Venezuela, courteously waiving the formality of paying thirty per cent. duty, in order to save the Customs' officers trouble. Many fast schooners sail from this port.

No arms or ammunition are permitted to be sold, but I have a shrewd suspicion that when a revolution breaks out in South America (these little affairs are about as certain as hurricanes) there will be plenty of arm *caches* in the island, for the delving of adventurous filibusters, and transportation of such swift sailers as the one on the stocks.

Venezuela is quiet just now. The President, Guzman Blanco, administers the government with firmness and discretion. I don't know how long it is since Blanco turned the other man out and put himself in, but his term as President has expired, and as there is a constitutional disability to his re-election, he continues to hold over, neglecting to order an election for his successor. I am unable to see how a South American can let such a little thing as a Constitution stand in his way. He could sweep it aside at once with a well-loaded military necessity. If he wants to hold the office again, I wonder it didn't occur to him to create an Electoral Commission. We do these things better in North America,

where the will of the people is the supreme law, and the majority rules.

Slavery existed until the year 1863, when, through the indefatigable efforts of the philanthropic Governor Crol, it was abolished, by formal proclamation of the King of Holland. At noon on the first day of July, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the fort, and at the sound of the cannon the fetters fell off every slave in Curaçoa. In our own land, the idol of slavery tumbled from its pedestal at the sound of the gun that fired on the flag of the Union at Fort Sumter. Holland paid from ten to twelve millions of florins for the manumission of these slaves. Emancipation cost us much more, but Holland had no politicians and army contractors to pay, no blundering marplots to enhance the cost of war. I imagine Holland is honester than our great fanfaronading nation, where the horn of the hypocrite is heard on the hill.

The black population of Curaçoa outnumbers the white, in the proportion of about seven to one. The negroes are quiet, orderly, and well-behaved. Liquor is cheap, but there is no drunkenness. Even white men don't get drunk in Curaçoa. I suggested to Captain Smith, the United States Vice Consul, who is from the State of Maine, that he might change this condition of society by bringing Neal Dow down and starting a Maine liquor law, importing a few frightful examples from Portland, where no liquor is sold, for a stock in trade.

The common language is called *papiamento*, and is an *olla podrida*, a *patois*, with a base of Spanish and Portuguese, a stratum of Dutch, an admixture of English, and an infusion of other languages, to make it thick and slab. As a rule, the whites speak English, particularly those in business, and nearly all are in trade: the aristocracy here is commercial.

BROAD STREET, CURAÇOA.

They are conversant with American affairs, and all read the *New York Herald.* Whether this gives them accurate information regarding our governmental affairs, I don't venture to assert, for fear of provoking the indignation of rival New York newspapers. They can learn something about one J. Kelly from the *Herald.* Everybody says "so-long," instead of good-by or *au revoir.* I don't know what language it is, but I have been informed that s'long is a sort of slang imported from China.

CHAPTER XX.

CURAÇOA—*Continued.*

Peter Stuyvesant—Government—Orthoëpy—Mr. Gaertse—Wages—Straw-plaiting—*Grosira*—Venomous Reptiles—Cactus—*Zuikertiuntze*—A Frugal Repast—Fireworks—The Governor—A Glass of Wine—Religion—Sunday Observance—Light Clothing—A Tableau—Historical Sketch—Arcadia.

CURAÇOA, April 5, 1884.

CURAÇOA boasts of being the birthplace of Peter Stuyvesant, who went from here to New York. Uncle John claims that he often saw Hard-Koppig Peter pegging up the Bowery to a morning-tansy laboratory on the corner of Walker Street, but I doubt it, notwithstanding my ordinary reliance on his credibility. He must be mistaken. He was too young to remember the Iron Governor. He confounds him with his old chum Tom. Dongan, the Roman Catholic Governor who gave New York its first charter of liberty. Uncle John is given to mystifications, and tries to stuff me with marvels, like an Irish jaunting-car driver plying the English cockney tourist with bams. I know a man who probably made the acquaintance of Governor Stuyvesant, when he went to New York, on a flat-boat, to purchase paper-hangings, but Uncle John can't fool me. I am not credulous, except when the girls tell me that I am looking better than I ever did.

Curaçoa had no regular steam communication with any ports besides Porto Caballo and La Guayra, in Venezuela, until recently. Now there is a fortnightly line of steamers to

New York, the Red D, which, I understood Captain Hess, of the Valencia, to claim, is the only regular line of ocean steamers with American bottoms, flying the United States flag. I may have misunderstood him, for the Havana lines are American.

The government is administered by a Governor, appointed by the King of the Netherlands. There is a Council of thirteen, a close corporation, a continuing body, electing its own members, under governmental confirmation. The judiciary consists of one presiding judge and two assistants, appointed by the King, and one assistant, named by the Governor. The animosity between the Dutch and Germans is implacable. No Germans need apply. The Dutch have taken Holland. There are no Irish; all the corner groceries are kept by Dutchmen.

The expenses of administration amount to $200,000 per annum, a trifle less than the cost of governing New York. The taxes on real estate are light, and the duties on imports a mere trifle, the great source of revenue being the phosphatic beds of Santa Barbara, claimed to be the richest in the world. The royalty paid the government for the concession amounts to nearly enough to defray the expenses of administration, so that the colony may be said to be self-supporting. The cost of the small military establishment is not included.

We were put down for the principal club, of which Dr. Ferguson is President, and found it pleasant and well-appointed. There is another club here, the *Semper Crescendo*, which must be some insurrectionary organization, always rising. Fortunately we were not compelled to pronounce the name of our club, Gezeligheid (sociability), or we might not have been able to find our way to the house. Speaking of names, we insisted upon the right of mispronunciation which

the true American glories in, and maintains, with erroneous stubbornness, at home and abroad. Therefore we persisted in addressing Mr. Gaertse with the phonetic sound his name would have in English, according to the spelling, whereas in Dutch the g has the aspirate sound of h. I made several praiseworthy efforts to get it right, practicing on "horse-car" with a sauce of violent influenza sneeze, and "asparagus" with epizoötic dressing, but failed. The amen stuck in my throat. One attempt gave Uncle John a quinsy sore-throat for three days.

We are very lax in orthoëpic observance. I have a shibboleth for the mispronouncing American. I ask "how do you pronounce few?" He answers "fyou." Then how do you pronounce "new?" and the answer is "noo." Now, if "new" is "noo," "few" is "foo." It is said that there is no reasoning by analogy in the English language, but here both analogy and authority concur. It is few (fū) and new (nū), not fū and nu̇.

But if we quailed before Mr. Gaertse's name, we surrendered at discretion to his unremitting attention to our comfort and pleasure. We had the privilege of visiting his handsome house, and enjoying a home scene, which brought up cheerful recollections, shining softly through the mists of afflictive memories. At dinner we became acquainted with a variety of Spanish dishes, provided expressly for our information. The predominant garlic brought to mind travels in Spain, the Alhambra, thick-skinned cork-trees, the jangling equipment of Andalusian mules, the tinkling castanets of Seville, the velvet jacket of the muleteer, the student's mandolin, and the *banderilla* waving before an infuriated bull in the lists at a gay Toledo *Fiesta*. That garlic stood by like a stanch friend. It never quit us once during the evening, and it came aboard the yacht and stayed all night.

Garlic was the grim chamberlain
  That went with us to bed,
And drew our midnight curtains round
  With fingers perfuméd.

Some one said that there ought to be a *soupçon* of garlic in the cooking of certain dishes. Agreed; but let it remain a suspicion; don't make it a certainty.

The dinner was excellent, well-served, and copiously concomitantiated (what would Richard Grant White say to that for a new word?) with fluids of choice bouquet, which could not, however, entirely overcome the *après-gôut* of the garlic. Mrs. Gaertse, our charming hostess, is a native of Texas, the daughter of General Thomas J. Green, of the Confederate Army, and the only American lady resident in Curaçoa. She was educated at the Convent of Mount St. Vincent, and as I happened to know some of her schoolmates, she greatly enjoyed the rare opportunity afforded of talking over early home associations. We sat out, on the tesselated pavement, under the portico, after dinner, with cigar and cognac, while Mr. Gaertse, who is an accomplished musician, played operatic airs and some of his own compositions on the piano. His is a pleasant home-life; but, as he says, there is none other in Curaçoa. There are no amusements, save occasional social entertainments; no operas, concerts, plays, political meetings, temperance revivals, or roller-skating, except when some strolling company eddies this way.

After all, are they not happier, unvexed by the worryings and excesses of fashionable life. They make home a sanctuary. Mr. Gaertse enjoys the advantage of having a large stock of relatives to draw from for family reunions. He was born in Curaçoa, and so was his father, and the family connection amounts to over two hundred souls. I said it was all very well, but I could beat that record badly. He struck me

on my strong point, genealogy. I could figure up, direct and collateral, according to my comprehensive method—but never mind! I won't go into details; but if all my relations would vote for me I might be elected Charity Commissioner. The father of our host, a bluff, stalwart, retired skipper, twice made the voyage to Holland, in a schooner of eighty-five tons burden, without a chronometer; once in forty, and once in thirty-six days.

We saw a curiosity here in a feathered watch-dog, a speckled bird with a long bill, resembling the heron species, called a Dara, which sets up a tremendous clatter when a stranger enters the premises. It is a faithful guardian, making a shrill noise, something like that of a turkey-gobbler. Mr. Gaertse, with his consonants Dutch-softened, said it had a very Blaintive cry.

In discussing domestic matters, suggested by the skill of the cook who prepared our fine dinner, we learned that the pay of a first-class cook is four dollars a month, and that ordinary, capable house-servants receive two dollars. The wages of a master carpenter or mason is sixty cents a day, the journeyman receives forty. The competent architect who designed, and superintended the erection of, Mr. Gaertse's house was liberally paid a dollar a day. The laborers in the salt-vats receive twelve cents a day, and a small ration of Indian corn-meal, imported from the United States, the common food of the poor. This, too, despite the fact that they are liable to become blind by continuous working in the dazzling white salt. But the cost of living is proportionately cheap. There is a savings bank here, but the deposits must be very small.

A large share of the female population appears to be engaged in plaiting straw-hats, of every variety and degree of value, from the fine, expensive Panama, to the coarse straw

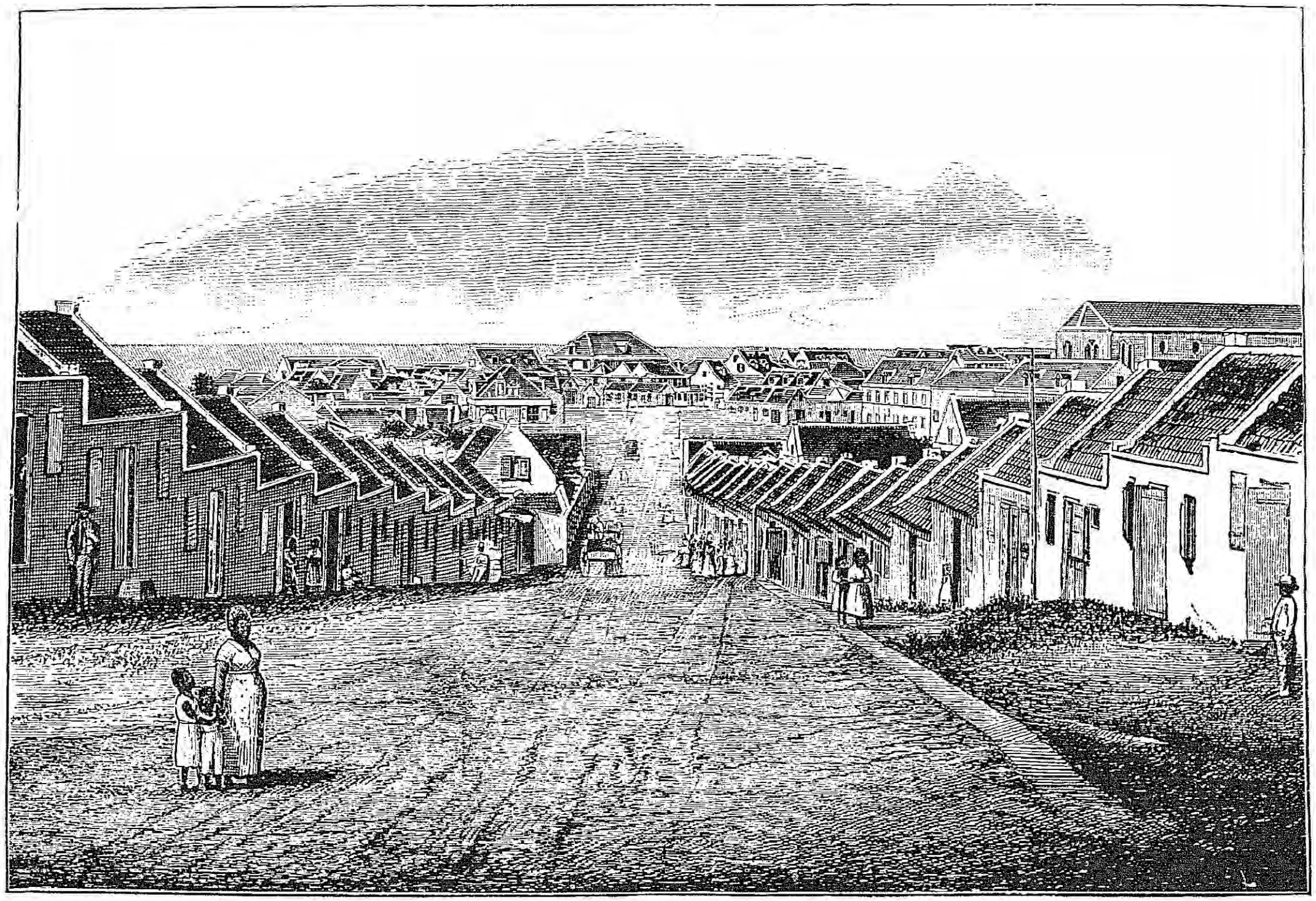
sold for a few cents. Thousands of women are to be seen, seated at windows, in doorways, and along the streets, with fingers busily occupied in this work. Nor are all those so employed visible; there is a hidden force of women making hats in the seclusion of their homes, and disposing furtively of the products of their labor. They do not wish to have it known that they earn something for themselves, regarding female employment for pay in the same demeaning light that it is viewed in our own aristocratic land. This has something to do with the fashion of wearing long finger-nails, which largely obtains among the women. Of course the patrician long nail would prevent the finger from being used in plebeian straw-plaiting, hence there could be no suspicion of the possessor working surreptitiously. The straw for the Panama is brought over from the South American coast, indeed nearly all the material, except for the very cheapest, is imported. I bought a handsome hat for one-sixth of what it would cost in New York. The women all appear to be busy; the men seem willing to let them.

No horses are to be hired, and we were indebted for the use of the best pair on the island to Captain Smith, who took us for a drive to the country-seat of their owner, the Estate Grosira, a place having the characteristics of Pompeii in the arrangement of the house. The pavement of the *cavædium* is mosaic, of coral shells, the *atrium* is similar, and the only difference is in the *penetralia*, of modern appearance. We saw some curious masonry on the grounds, a large unfinished bath, of solid construction, after the Roman style, the projector of which is unknown. The wells are like those seen in Palestine. The figure of Rebecca would have been entirely in keeping, but she wasn't there: Dinah was. Our guide told us that there were no snakes in Curaçoa, but as he was speaking I observed one crawling in the grass through which

we were walking. It was a mite of a thing, not over two inches long, and I suggested, from its color, that it might be a young coral snake, but the Captain said that there were no venomous serpents here, and the bite of the coral snake is deadly. He put his foot on the reptile and broke it in two, when both parts wriggled off in different directions. There was a split in the party, each probably claiming to be regular.

Though the island is deficient in the matter of snakes, it makes up in scorpions, tarantulas, and centipedes. Captain Smith told us of an occurrence which was highly interesting to the participants for a few minutes. Entering his house one afternoon, his wife, recently arrived from the North, said to him that she thought she felt something on her back, and asked him to see if there was anything there, and if there was to remove it. She had on a light peignoir. Approaching, he found that the "something" was an immense centipede. Now this reptile will not bite unless it is touched, and the problem with the Captain was how to remove it without exciting it to inflict its poisonous wound. He was afraid to inform his wife of its character, for in her terror she might make some motion that would produce the dreaded action, so, apparently careless in her view, he suddenly seized the reptile and covering cloth in his grasp, tore the peignoir from his wife's shoulders, and cast it on the ground. This centipede was the largest he had ever seen. It was probably lurking in the garment when his wife put it on. Centipedes do not take kindly to interviews. They are like defeated candidates for office, interrogated as to the causes of disaster.

The road through which we drove was most unattractive, level, smooth, and well-kept, but dusty, and bordered by unsightly cactus-trees, which are employed as division-fences and hedges. They give a dreary look to the highway, with its jagged roadsides and sterile paths. These trees can be used



STREET IN PIETERMAAY, CURAÇOA.

for no other purpose, the outer rim of wood cannot be worked, the pith will not burn, and the only merit I have heard claimed for it (which I forgot to mention in my last letter) is that it makes a cooling embrocation in cases of fever. As there are many thousands of trees, with several gallons of febrifuge to a tree, and but few cases of fever, the supply largely exceeds the demand, and the cactus cannot, therefore, be regarded as a valuable crop. In comparison, the Canada thistle is Hyperion to a satyr, for donkeys can eat it, while it isn't customary for the average donkey to go around with a portable forge to blow up a fire to simmer down cactus-juice into anti-febrile infusions. Then bees can sip sweets from the thistle blossom, and convert them into honey for Arabella Jane's luncheon; likewise, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety; it gives us, too, a handy quotation, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" (used in some psoric connection)—in fine, the thistle lays over the cactus by a large majority. Some varieties of cacti, not trees, but plants and shrubs, produce gorgeous flowers, the *grandiflorà* for example. The aloe is of this family. Cochineal insects were formerly to be found on the leaves of some of these, but of late years they have dropped off, like Republican majorities since the war. The common cactus-tree, which fringes the roadway with abundant deformity, grows rapidly, without a root, a slip planted in the ground soon enlarging to a tree, holding on like a country cousin come to pay a short visit.

We took a drive into the rural districts early in the morning (as is the custom here, to avoid the heat of midday) with Mr. De Lima, some members of his family, and a party of friends; visiting the estate of Mr. Jeudah Senior, called Zuikertuintze. (I wouldn't advise anybody to attempt to call it without holding a very strong hand.) We spent some hours in his orchard, a large plantation of fruit-trees, mango,

sapadilla, sweet-tamarind, and grape-fruit, but a melancholy place. There was no lively freshness about it, such as one finds in our verdant orchards, where the vivacious leaves seem to be full of willing life and animation. Here the trees have the appearance of languid indifference, seeming to grow in lethargic fruition, as if they complied reluctantly with an enforced exertion, a sort of slavery of effort, in which they take no interest, and only bear their burden under compulsion. The dry, crackling turf is in marked contrast with the elastic, moist sward which spreads in velvet carpeting under our fruit-trees at home, grateful to the eye, springing responsive to the foot. A picnic would be out of place in this parched fruit grove.

I observed overhead some dark clouds which, to my untutored mind, betokened rain, but one of the gentlemen present said that these deceptive vapors came up every day for months at a stretch, laden with rainy promise, but never discharging a shower. However, I was not far out of the way in my anticipation. Before we returned to the house, four or five drops of rain fell, greatly to the surprise of the party, which I took as a personal compliment. It was like giving me three cheers. The clouds discovered a resident of the humid valley region, and sent down this sprinkle to salute a visitor from juicy Fort Schuyler, where, in very moist seasons, it rains occasionally.

In Mr. Senior's mansion we learned something about the milk in the cocoa-nut, the juice of the green fruit, which we drank for the first time. I have often heard the superiority of this beverage vaunted, but it failed to strike us as palatable, on the contrary it was cloying, if not insipid. A dash of schnapps improved it some; but I cannot conscientiously recommend it as superior to milk-punch, with "a little hair" of nutmeg on the frothy crown. The Gilsey

House Alderney, in charge of Dairyman Butler, gives better milk.

We returned from Mr. Senior's Canaan, laden with milk in the cocoa, grapes, and fruits of different kinds, to Mr. De Lima's, where we breakfasted. The custom here is to take the meal at eleven o'clock, after the European, continental fashion, the first repast being a roll and cup of coffee. Mr. De Lima's house, which adjoins the Cathedral, is spacious, airy, and cheerful, the cooling trade-winds blowing into the easterly exposure of his dining-room windows every day in the year. It is sufficiently capacious to accommodate his numerous and interesting family, which nearly filled the long table, at the head of which he sat, like a cheerful patriarch, with a long line of descendants on either side, interspersed on this occasion with guests, who did full justice to the sumptuous provision before them. The breakfast was served in courses, the first being a sweet soup, followed by zestful hung-beef, imported from Holland. Then came anchovies, which, Mr. De Lima remarked, were substituted for caviare. The Commodore, pushing them over to me, said that they were an appropriate succedaneum—"caviare to the General." The demoralizing influence of Uncle John's facetiousness is affecting everybody. It will reach me next, and the first thing I know I shall be trying to get off jokes.

I never sat down to a more lavish breakfast, for, in addition to the solids, were fruits in profusion, wines of various kinds, *liqueurs*, and coffee. It was a full *déjeûner-diner*. Greatly to our regret, we were compelled to withdraw in the middle of the feast, before the tenth course had been served, as we had an engagement to call upon the Governor at noon.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Gaertse and Mrs. y'Bara dined with us aboard the yacht. Mrs. y'Bara is an American,

daughter of Judge Russell, formerly United States Minister at Caracas, and wife of General y'Bara, who, in one of the revolutions which Venezuela gets up for amusement every year or so, was expatriated, and is now a professor in a Boston college. No doubt he will get back in a revolution. They come around like the recurrent hobby-horses at Rockaway Beach. We had obtained the necessary permit from the Governor to display fireworks, and after dinner we rowed, in the Commodore's gig, up to the lagoon, and saluted the Dutch man-of-war with an exhibition of colored fires, repeating the display in front of the Governor's palace. I asked our fair exile if she were not afraid that she would be taken for a *filibustera* getting up a counter-revolution of some kind, but she answered that with the United States flag over her head she was afraid of nothing; a plucky response, but I disliked to cool her patriotism by saying that the stars and stripes afforded slight protection to the citizen abroad, unless he happened to be in the safe retreat of an Embassy.

Yesterday Governor Van den Brandhof visited the yacht, accompanied by his family and an officer of his staff. They all speak English well, the Governor fluently, and their prolonged visit formed an agreeable episode. The Governor is a man of fine presence and courteous manners, and appears to be highly esteemed by the inhabitants. In appearance he resembles somewhat the late General Burnside. His estimable lady, a leading member of the Dutch Reformed Church, is noted for her piety, and is foremost in all good works. It will not be improper for me to relate here an incident of the visit, which illustrates how manners and customs affect the appearance of an object, viewed from diverse stand-points, in different countries. A custom which is regarded as perfectly proper and innocent in one land, becomes blameful in the discordant view of another.

While drinking a glass of wine with the Governor's party, the untraveled American idea suggested, no wine to children; so Uncle John, addressing the Governor's lady, said: "Madam, shall I have the steward bring your son some lemonade?" It didn't occur to him that it would be right to offer wine to a lad of twelve years.

"No, thank you," she replied, "I think he would prefer a glass of wine; he is very fond of champagne."

Think of it, Christian Mothers of America! Hold up your hands in horror, ye epicene Crusaders of Ohio, cleaning out the infidel salooniers with brawny capra arms! Shrink from the appalling spectacle of a fond mother, a devout member of an evangelical Church, leading an edifying Christian life, an exemplar of domesticity and all womanly virtues—the first lady in the land, holding the poisoned cup to the lips of her innocent young son, encouraging him to worship the demon r-r-r-u-m by giving him a glass of champagne! Carry the news to Lucy! Proclaim it from the housetops of Fremont: there is a land where everybody drinks, and nobody gets drunk to make business for the reformers! *Delenda est Curaçoa!*

The heterodox creed, which is fast encroaching on our faith, and loosing the bonds that held our forefathers to belief in the Bible, by lugging in unauthorized precepts of the Koran, finds no favor here. The people believe *more majorum*. They are astonished when told that some Christians, with perverted ideas, regard drinking wine a sin, and it is hard to make them understand how Legislatures can pass laws to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors. One gentleman remarked that these places must be convict colonies of drunkards, where such prohibitive enactments were punitive laws. He couldn't understand why he should be deprived of his right to take a glass of wine because some-

body else made criminal use of an innocent instrument. But they are greatly behind the age, in slow, simple, honest, virtuous, religious Curaçoa. They ought to come to the United States to find out what is true morality in business and politics; to see our honesty in religion, legislation, banking, and commerce, and admire our scrupulous virtue in social life.

The religion of the blacks, as I have said before, is Catholic, of the whites, mainly Dutch Reformed, with some Lutherans. The Dutch Reformed is the established Church, and, as they founded it, I assume that the Dutch understand their own doctrines. There is some doubt of their knowledge, however, growing out of the belief that obtains in the Dutch Reformed Church with us. The Governor is the magnate of the Church here. He represents the Netherlands, where it originated; he occupies the biggest pew in the meeting-house, and is regarded as the member in the highest standing. If he is not orthodox, where can an exponent of the true faith be found? The Governor gives his receptions Sunday nights, at which they have wine, cards, and dancing. Think of an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church in New York opening a small game after Sunday evening service! that is, unless he did it under the rose, and nobody knew it but he and his pals, who wouldn't give it away to the deacons.

In connection with this question, the thought occurs: does the Omniscient eye wink charitably at the tergiversations of Curaçoa, while keeping a sharp lookout over less-favored America, held to strict accountability. Possibly the Dutchmen who invented the Reformed Church and formulated its belief, don't know what their own faith is, as well as the Americans, who bought a piece of it second-hand. Strange how climatic influences affect religion! In fervid Curaçoa, of a Sunday evening, the pious Dutch Reformer

smokes his meerschaum pipe, and sips the fiery after-dinner cordial, in full view of passing Christians, and then goes in to play a game of sixty-six with his wife and children before retiring to kneel at his nightly prayers; while in frigid Utica, if the church-member should indulge in these heathenish practices, his name would be marked Anathema, Maranatha, in the next list of that particular body of the elect, printed at the *Herald* job-office. The few operas and plays that drift this way are given Sunday; it is the great day for dinners, parties, and balls; it is the day of worship, rest, and recreation.

But let us haste from the contemplation of this wickedness, which must fill with anguish the sensitive Christian soul, already tormented with doubting efforts to bolt Jonah and the whale, seasoned with Lot's wife. I ask pardon for presenting the repulsive picture here, but I must portray faithfully what I have seen, even at the risk of shocking true piety with a view of this lamentable stubborn adherence, by the Curaçoans, to the religious principles of the original Protestant Reformers, as displayed in the personal habits of Luther and Melancthon, without the modern improvements of Francis Murphy. But while I submit to public opinion, which elevates the horn of the apostolical revivalist, I enter a protest against the abominable misuse of the word evangelist in our newspapers. The Evangelists are the inspired writers of the four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. It was regarded as an oath of especial solemnity to swear by the holy evangelists. Now every blathering fellow who gets up revivals, and talks ungrammatically to the gaping multitude, is styled an evangelist. Imagine a man taking an oath, which he desires to be peculiarly impressive, on the blessed evangelists—Moody and Sankey.

These phlegmatic islanders, clinging to their simple faith

and moss-grown traditions, fail to appreciate the modern evolvement, that truth, which appears to them immutable, may be changed by new inventions and reforms, as the world progresses, and that Divine revelation ought to be subjected to the patent-laws, like reapers and mowers, sewing-machines and telephones.

There are many handsome mulattoes in Curaçoa, and the negroes are better-looking than any we have seen, except at Martinique. The women wear the same long, trailing garments, and shuffle along with their shoes down at the heel—when they wear shoes. The dainty feet, *bien-chaussés*, which glance through the streets of Martinique, are not to be seen. But there are here few of the creoles, so numerous in the French island, and so hard to distinguish from the natives of diluted negro blood. Small children are dressed comfortably according to the weather. Some of the little ones are costumed in undressed Curaçoa "kid" skin, and nothing more. We saw a small chap, proudly arrayed solely in a pair of shoes, which he wore with a conscious sense of extraordinary magnificence of apparel. Out driving in the suburbs, the other day, we came across a festive young darky, clothed in a bestrided broomstick, who forged up to the side of the carriage, and raced with us some distance; prancing gayly along, a juvenile Knight Desnudo, in sable armor, with his broomstick lance in rest, tilting through the dusty lists. Ladies seem to be utterly indifferent to this sparseness of clothing so novel to us. It is all a matter of habit. I learned in Paris how American ladies can become familiarized with sights, which would shock them at home but fail to attract attention there. The *al fresco* style is more fashionable in the country districts than in town. The young ones crawl out of the rural huts like black ants from a hill. This simplicity of attire saves mothers the trouble of calling in their

children two or three times a day, to be washed, dressed, and spanked for getting the bib and tucker dirty, according to our unhealthy custom. Children ought to be permitted to roll around in the open air, even if they do soil their clothing. There is a great deal of health-sustenance in mud-pies.

Everybody seems to be selling something in Curaçoa, and the mystery is, with all sellers, where do the buyers come in. One will see in the outskirts a board stuck out with three or four mangoes or half a dozen oranges for sale, and in town, the doorways are used for benches to display trifling articles. Perhaps they exchange with each other and do a barter business, or deal in "futures," without a delivery.

The dock at which we are moored presents a constantly-changing assortment of sight-seers, the small boy being in the majority as usual. We bought from the crowd of peripatetic merchants some straw-hats and troupials, birds peculiar to the tropics, of brilliant plumage, something like the Baltimore oriole, and sweet singers. There was no temptation in the cigars at ninety cents a hundred, though they were imported. Black Jenny, dealer in birds, and brokeress in general merchandise, is a well-known character, and is spoken of by all as honest and reliable. Jenny has a knack of making herself useful. The steward being absent when some visitors came aboard, she appointed herself brevet-stewardess, without asking for confirmation, took charge of the pantry, and managed things in the most satisfactory manner. Jenny is a jewel—a black diamond. She is a judge of character. She picked out Uncle John as a good man.

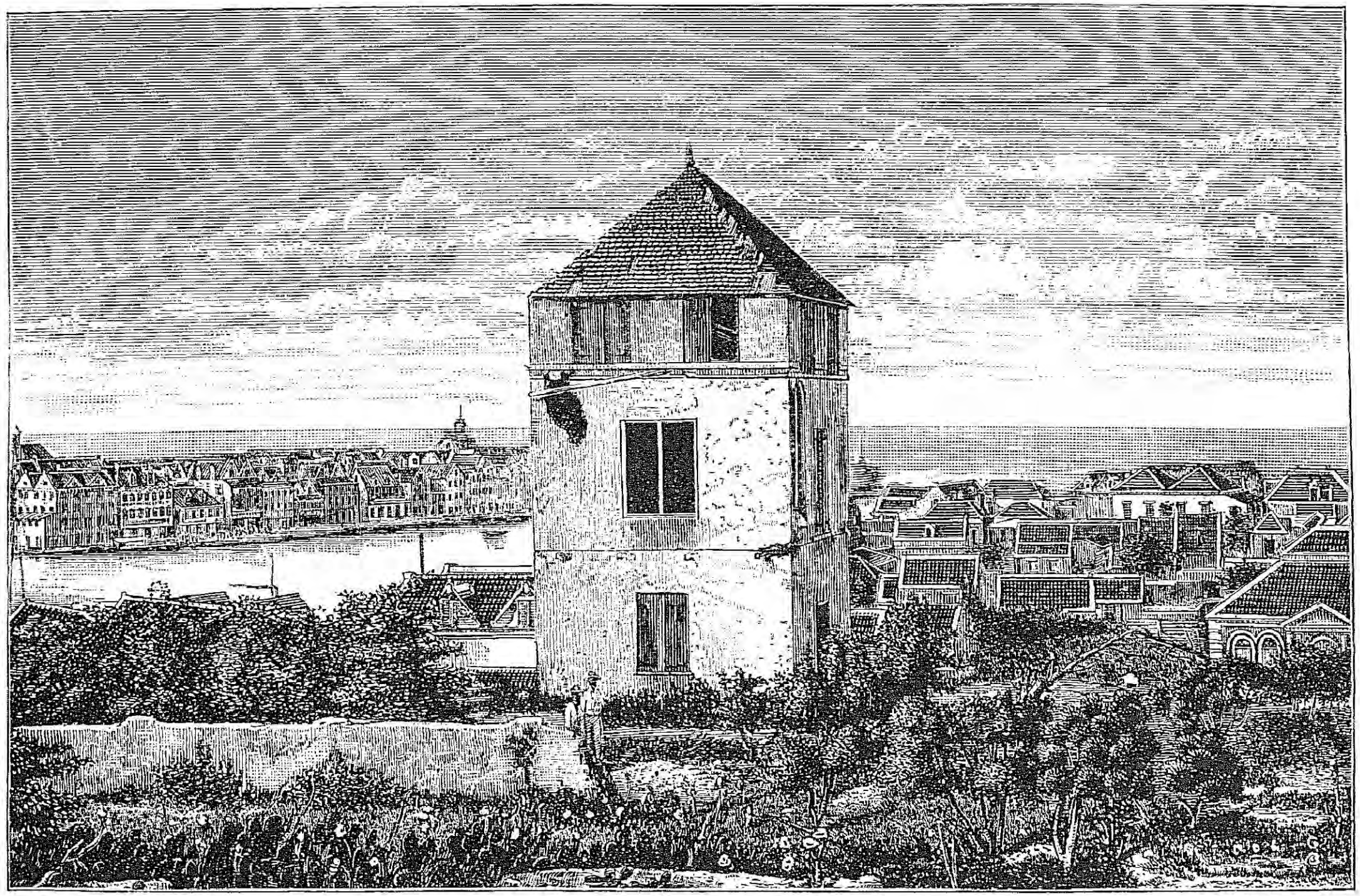
It is a motley assemblage on the dock, affording us much amusement in watching its shifting character and peculiarities. The variety of costume is remarkable. We longed for a photograph of one diminutive urchin, who stood two hours in the broiling sun, gazing entranced at the yacht. He was

fragmentarily clad, *en cuerpo de camisa*, a hole, with a few straws braided around it, partially covered his head, on which rested a cigar-box, while under his arm was carried an empty bottle. He stood firm and immovable, not changing his position, nor joining in the clamor of the other boys, who played all sorts of pranks. He may have been posing for a statue representing the Genius of Curaçoa. Uncle John addressed him, in Dutch, interrogatively, *Zwei-lager!* but he made no response, maintaining strictly his wide-mouthed imperturbability. At length Uncle John nodded significantly to him, and went below, saying, as his head sank in the companion-way, something that sounded like "soon tight." He soon reappeared on deck, wiping his lips, and, as he surveyed the bare legs of the boy, hummed:

> "*Le bon roy Dagobert*
> *Avait mis sa culotte à l'envers.*"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the assembled ragtag-and-bobtail chorused out, as if by preconcert, "Onkel Jan; Jeem peel!" Either a job had been put up on the Domino King during his absence below; or James' pills have become so popular in the West Indies, through his advertising, that children cry for them.

Curaçoa would be a paradise for our volunteer building committees, which meet on the sidewalks and sagely superintend, with unheeded suggestion, the erection of new buildings. If the men who gather around fallen horses in the street, and offer advice about buckles and straps, would come here, they would feel at home. No, there would be nothing for them to do. Horses don't fall down; it is too much trouble to get up again. If anybody ever died any but a natural death, what a place it would be for the chronic coroner's juror!



BOLIVAR TOWER—OTRABANDA, CURAÇOA.

Curaçoa was discovered, in 1499, by Alonzo de Ojeda, one of the most brilliant and daring of the adventurers who sailed with Columbus on his second voyage. Americus Vespucius, who accompanied him, described the inhabitants as ignorant, but, at the same time, good-tempered and peaceable, though brutal in countenance and gestures—"*la mas bestial é ignorante, pero mismo tiempo la mas benigna y pacifica de todas.* They fill their mouths to overflowing with certain green herbs, which they chew like animals, and can hardly articulate words." By this he probably intended to describe the habit of chewing tobacco, which is American in our days, and may have taken its name, like the continent, from Americus, who discovered it. He says further, "hanging around their necks are necklaces, and they wear ear-rings." He describes Curaçoa as an island of giants on account of the extraordinary size of the inhabitants. This was an exaggeration, his mind having been filled with fabulous accounts of the Carib cannibals. There may have been giants in those days, but there are none here now. He also represents them as great fishermen and notes abundance of fish.

Owing to the unrelenting hostility of the natives, Ojeda's efforts to colonize proved ineffectual. He devoted himself to the establishment of a colony on the mainland, called by the natives Coquibacoa, to which he gave the name of Venezuela (little Venice) from the appearance of the houses of a village erected on piles in the Gulf.

Ojeda was an intrepid soldier, his valor often reaching the extent of recklessness. The stratagem by which he captured the powerful cacique Caonoba—by inducing him to put on a pair of polished manacles, representing them to be emblems of royal authority which came from the skies, then prevailing on him to mount behind him on his horse, when he rode away with his prisoner—illustrates, at once, the hardihood

and the treachery of the Spaniard in dealing with the Indian. Caonoba died a prisoner, intractable to the last; a noble example of the fierce heroism of the proud Carib chieftain. Ojeda's own career ended in poverty, humiliation, and neglect. He died so poor that he did not leave money enough to pay for his interment, and his last request was that his body might be buried at the portal of the Convent of San Francisco, in expiation of his past pride, so that every one who entered might tread upon his grave.

The conduct of Ojeda's companion, the bloodthirsty Gonzalvo de Ocampo, who oppressed Curaçoa with barbarous severity, was stained with the greatest atrocities. He even wanted to extirpate the Indians. As it was, they were reduced to slavery under the shadow of the cross. As Olmeda said: "*Si es verdad que nos quitaron libertad, en cambio diéronnos religión.*" How many outrages have been committed in the name of Christianity!

The Emperor Charles V. condemned the inhabitants of Curaçoa to slavery, as rebels against Spanish rule. The abdication of Charles V., and accession of his son, Philip II.; the career of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries; the patriotism of the Counts Egmont and Horn; and the hostilities which were terminated by the Peace of Munster, in 1648, by which Curaçoa was ceded to Holland, are all matters of history. Curaçoa suffered severely during the war between France and Holland, in 1672. She was prosperous during our Revolutionary War, when her situation as a neutral port gave her commercial importance. During the French Revolution, the slaves rose in insurrection, fomented by the example of the insurgents in Hayti, but the uprising was speedily suppressed. During the general European war, in 1799, an English protectorate was established, as a prudential defensive measure. When Holland desired the restoration

of her ascendancy in the island, England demurred. In 1804, the English occupied Otrabanda, destroyed the Lutheran church there, and bombarded Willemstad. The island was unprosperous under English rule. After much negotiation, Curaçoa was finally ceded to Holland, by the Treaty of Paris, in 1815; the English sailed for Jamaica, and the Dutch took formal possession, the following year. It seems that this rocky little island was a great bone of contention to warlike powers before the final cession to Holland. Simon Bolivar, the Liberator, resided here while he conducted his revolutionary operations for the liberation of South America.

This is an affectionate, hospitable community, where wants are few and easily supplied; where there are no misleading daily newspapers, no inquisitive telephone, no Good Templars; where the hypocrite appears not, and the demagogue dare not show his face; where there are no subscription-papers for political banners—where placid, blameless lives flow gently to unostentatious graves. It is a near approach to Arcadian simplicity. The possession of forty thousand dollars makes one a very rich man! It is no place for dentists. The richest in the land couldn't afford to have a tooth filled. Hence the teeth are good. Happy Curaçoa! *Et moi aussi; j'ai été en Arcadie.*

CHAPTER XXI.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Bird and Beast—Pretty Pets—Misty Fancies—A Cruel Wrong—Palm Sunday—The Thrilling Sea—Church Service—Ave Sanctissima—Prayer—The Sailor's Yarn—Resurgam.

ON BOARD MONTAUK, AT SEA, Lat. 16°12′, Lon. 74°24′.

WE left the harbor of Curaçoa on the morning of April 5th, with the harbor-master, Mr. Van Osnabergen, Captain Smith, and Mr. Gaertse aboard; saluting the Dutch flag on the fort with colors as we passed out, having decided not to stay in Curaçoa any longer. After a short sail, for the gratification of our guests, we put about and, leaving the gentlemen at the mouth of the harbor, turned our prow westward. A fresh employment to occupy the time presented itself, in the passengers shipped; three troopials, a parrot, and a monkey. The delicate troopials belong in the saloon, and, being intended for presentation to some children at home, are the objects of much solicitude; Uncle John and I devoting ourselves to their care with as much anxious assiduity as if they were themselves the prospective pretty owners, instead of bright-plumed objects of vicarious tenderness. The plebeian parrot belongs to the steward, and the proletarian monkey to the sailing-master; and both find their appropriate resting-place in the forecastle; but all come on deck in the sunshine, with democratic obliteration of caste distinction, where the clear whistle of the troopial, the harsh talking of the solemn parrot, and

the gibbering of the tricksy monkey, mingle like the various-priced applause of box, pit, and gallery in a theatre. The parrot is a bird of attainments, a linguist; he speaks Spanish. The monkey is a ridiculous little animal, a marmoset, named by the sailing-master "Eddie," on account of his fancied resemblance to some politician. To see Uncle John and I hostlering the troopials in the morning, giving them their breakfast before our own preliminary coffee is swallowed, is suggestive to the Commodore of Poll Sweedlepipes, with his bullfinch drawing rations from the miniature well. Indeed he has begun to call Uncle John "Poll," and I suppose I would be addressed as Young Bailey, if I measured less around the waist, and could wear becomingly a short jacket with bell-buttons. I was afraid he would call us Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prigg, but the bird-nurse idea didn't occur to him. He would if he had thought of it, for he hesitates at nothing, and treats us with jocose familiarity, as if he were one of us, instead of being merely the keeper of our boarding-house during this cruise. We don't mind his badinage about the birds. One of these days, when pets shall be joined to pets, when we deliver the troopials—to which we are a sort of bird-grandfather as it were—to their owners, we shall be repaid, by pleased glances from bright eyes, for all the care we are taking of them. I am trying to teach the troopials some army-calls, but with indifferent success; they are Spanish birds, and cannot be made to understand whistling in English. A funny story is told of the kind of a time a monkey and a parrot had in an amicable interview in a clergyman's study, but no such disrobing has attended the peaceful communion of our bird and beast on deck; which appear to be rehearsing for the millennium, where the parrot and the monkey shall lie down together. They make no hostile demonstrations, dwelling in peace and harmony, eating out of

the same dish without greedy collision. The sailing-master is wrong in naming that monkey. He may resemble one in countenance, but he hasn't the habits of a Brooklyn politician. That statesman would never divide with the parrot; he would grab all the spoils himself.

Floating along with the softly-blowing trade-winds, which will continue until we reach the Gulf of Mexico, we think of our early reading of the adventures of Columbus in these seas; of his persistence, his marvelous physical and moral courage and sublime devotion. We think of his erroneous pursuit of the far Cathay, his search for the terrestrial paradise; his endeavor to reach the mystic regions that existed only in the dreams of scholarly recluses, who spun theories from the vague legends brought by Crusaders from the Holy Land, and romances of travelers to the hazy dominions of Cubla Khan. The fabled Atlantis of Plato stretches out before us, and the imaginary island of the Irish saint uprears in mountainous magnificence of phantasm. The traditional Island of the Seven Cities, with the Christian bishops, escaped from Moorish thralldom in Spain, might welcome us if we could find it; but while we allow the imagination to dwell amid these entrancing fantasies, we prudently let the sailing-master guide the ship's course toward Kingston, Jamaica.

Strange how news floats about the world in out-of-the-way nooks and corners, where it is borne by vagrant currents, to be picked up, waifs and strays of intelligence. While at Curaçoa, Mr. Booth handed me a copy of an Amsterdam newspaper, which I glanced at, not expecting to see anything of interest to me, but the first thing that met my eye was an editorial reference to the death of Mr. D. C. Grove, of the *Utica Observer*. I was pained to learn of the unexpected departure of this amiable and upright gentleman.

I also learned, from the same source, of the passage, by

the House of Representatives, of the act to do justice to General Fitz-John Porter, at which I was greatly rejoiced, for the Senate has already taken favorable action in his case, and will certainly concur in this most just measure. As I know personally that the President is friendly to General Porter, I feel confident, for the first time, that the vindication of this loyal, chivalrous, and gallant soldier is at hand. I have never doubted his ultimate justification, though I knew that mean and dishonest political partisanship would interfere to thwart the reparation due him for long years of unmerited suffering. Unfortunately, in our office-seeking land, where truth is corroded in the selfish engrossment of unscrupulous politics, and justice yields to partisan expediency, fair right often goes down before the felon blow of mercenary wrong.

Yesterday was Palm Sunday. We had no green branches with which to deck the saloon, and were forced to be content with placing in the companion-way a spray of sweet-lemon (beloved of the Curaçoan belle) as the only available outward sign of festal recognition. These recurring anniversaries bring up many scenes of early life, clothed in the azure hue of enchanting distance. I recall the green boughs piled before the altar, for aspergillous benediction, and distribution among the worshipers by white-robed acolytes, in St. John's Church, long ago ; and I can hear the voice of Joseph Arnott in the recitative, "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way ; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way.—And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying (and here the choir came in with full chorus), Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord ; Hosanna in the highest!" Good, simple-minded, pure-hearted Joseph has been many years singing that chorus (I don't think they would let him take the solo—he didn't do it

well) in the celestial choir whose strains reach no mortal ears; and, save one, all the voices that joined with his in the exultant strains on Palm Sunday morning, in that organ-loft, are heard there no more, but are silenced forever.

Aboard this yacht, we are no avowed professors of religion, who wear pretentious piety on the sleeve for doubting daws to peck at, but, with a firm faith in an overruling Providence, we deem it proper to observe the Lord's Day with becoming reverence. It seems strange that one can be an atheist at sea. The symmetry of natural arrangement, the undeviating accuracy of eccentric planetary revolution, the orderly recurrence of the seasons, according to an unvarying system, leaving nothing to chance; the unfailing indications which enable the mariner to navigate the pathless seas, guided by the heavenly chart, whose points are marked by an unerring hand—all bear intrinsic evidence of an Omniscient and Omnipresent power. Human science has invented instruments by which we are enabled to decipher the Divine handwriting. With the sextant and chronometer to explain the mapped firmament, the navigator can ascertain where he is sailing on the wide waters with almost as much precision as if he were traveling on land. The stars are the lights that point out his path by night, and the sun's rays guide him on his course by day.

How any one can cling to the deck of a vessel in a tempest, with the tremendous waves towering tumultuously, threatening to overwhelm; the winds roaring as if seeking to devour, with irresistible force, these poor atoms of matter; and the elemental turmoil filling the mind with an idea of the awful grandeur of nature, impressing by contrast the helpless insignificance of man's greatest power, without feeling the august presence of Omnipotence, is something that I cannot understand.

We can recognize the day set apart for Christian worship, though we may not be gathered within the confines of a consecrated temple, with stoled priest to offer sacrifice, and choired voices to sing the praises of the Most High, with incense floating in adoring clouds, and all the devotional accessories to stimulate the payment of homage. These surroundings should be employed to the greatest extent possible in Divine service. There is no building too magnificent, no work of genius in painting and sculpture too exalted, no music too fine, for the service of the Almighty. But these adjuncts are not always within reach; and even the impressiveness of the most imposing church ceremonial (in which spiritual devotion is sometimes lost in distracting material admiration) cannot appeal more strongly to the religious sentiment than do the sublimities of the majestic sea.

I remember some lines by either Horace or James Smith, authors of the "Rejected Addresses," which seem to be peculiarly applicable to the idea I have attempted to convey, inadequately, I fear, in my own language.

"Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves; its organ thunder;
Its dome the sky."

The stately ritual of the Church of England clothes, in dignified and appropriate language, the annunciation of faith, providing a common channel of devotion which all may em-

ploy profitably, although some who unite in the service may reject the tenets, and deny the authority, of the organization that ritualizes the pious aspirations of the heart. It is the custom with us to have this service—according to the American Episcopal form—read, by either the Commodore or one of his guests, on Sundays. The duty often devolves on me. I am but an indifferent reader at best, and have had little practice in this particular kind of recitation, yet I manage to acquit myself to the satisfaction of the auditors, for this reason: I lived a long time in the pleasant Utica avenue where Trinity Church sits venerable under the shade of ancient trees, and my ears became acclimated, if I may use the expression, to the sonorous chants that came hymning out through the tinted windows, imbuing with melody my green-leaved memories of happy summer days in dear old Broad Street; and so, when I utter the words of the church service, the clinging tones seem to blend with my voice in echoing rhythm.

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

At night we sit on deck, in the jewel light of the stars:

Blue dome besprent with diamond dust,
  Bright gleams the path by angels trod,
Mid countless jewels, rich incrust,
  Outshines the monogram of God.

And we sing for our vesper service, the exquisite song to the Virgin, which touches the sensibilities with pure and refining influence.

EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

Espressivo.

A - - ve.... sanc - tis - si - ma, We lift our

souls to thee; O - - ra.... pro

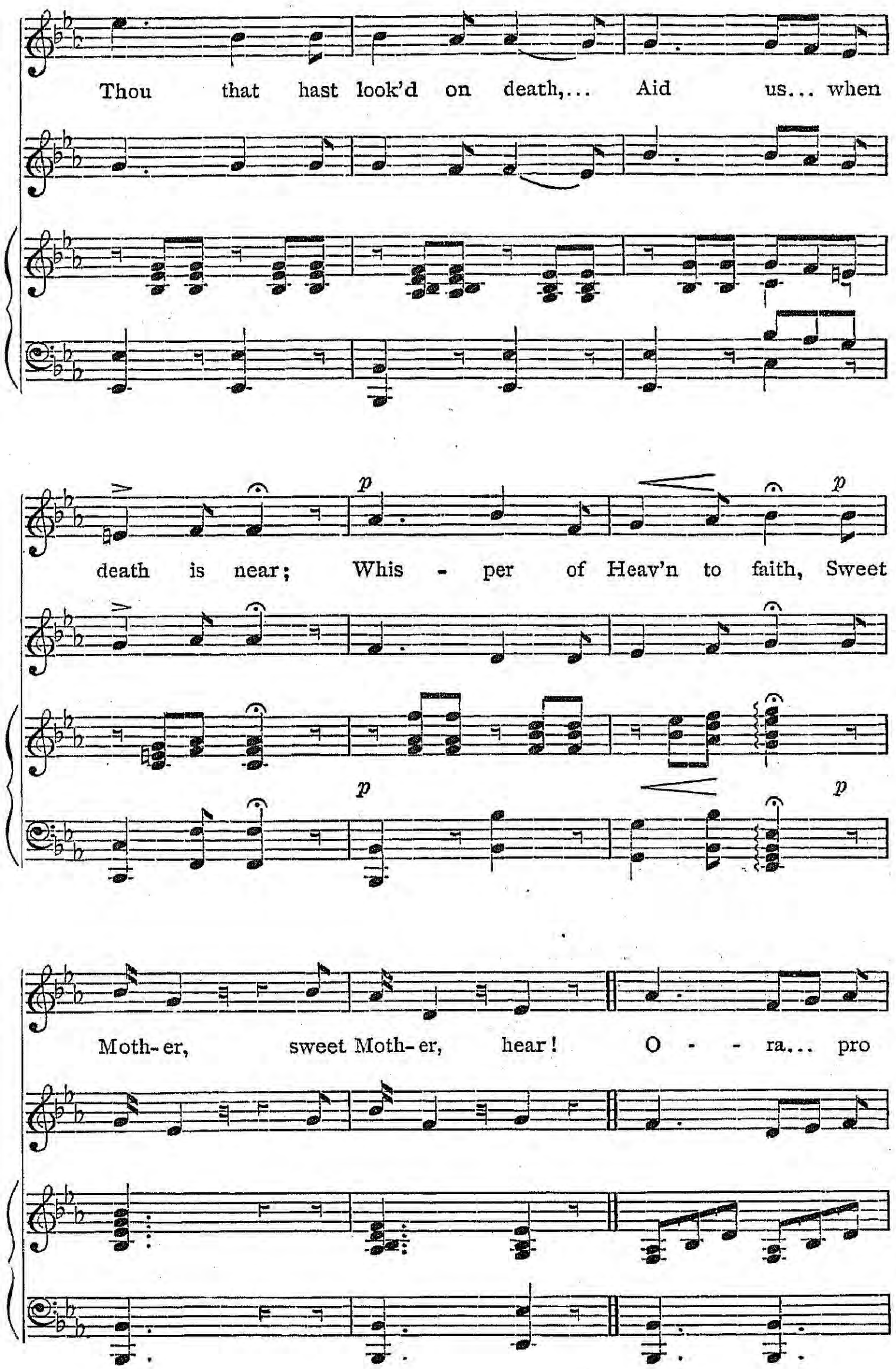
no - - bis, 'Tis night - fall on the sea.

Watch us..... while shad - ows lie Far

p

o'er.... the wa - ter spread, Hear the heart's

lone - ly sigh,.... Thine too hath bled.


Thou that hast look'd on death,... Aid us... when
death is near; Whis - per of Heav'n to faith, Sweet
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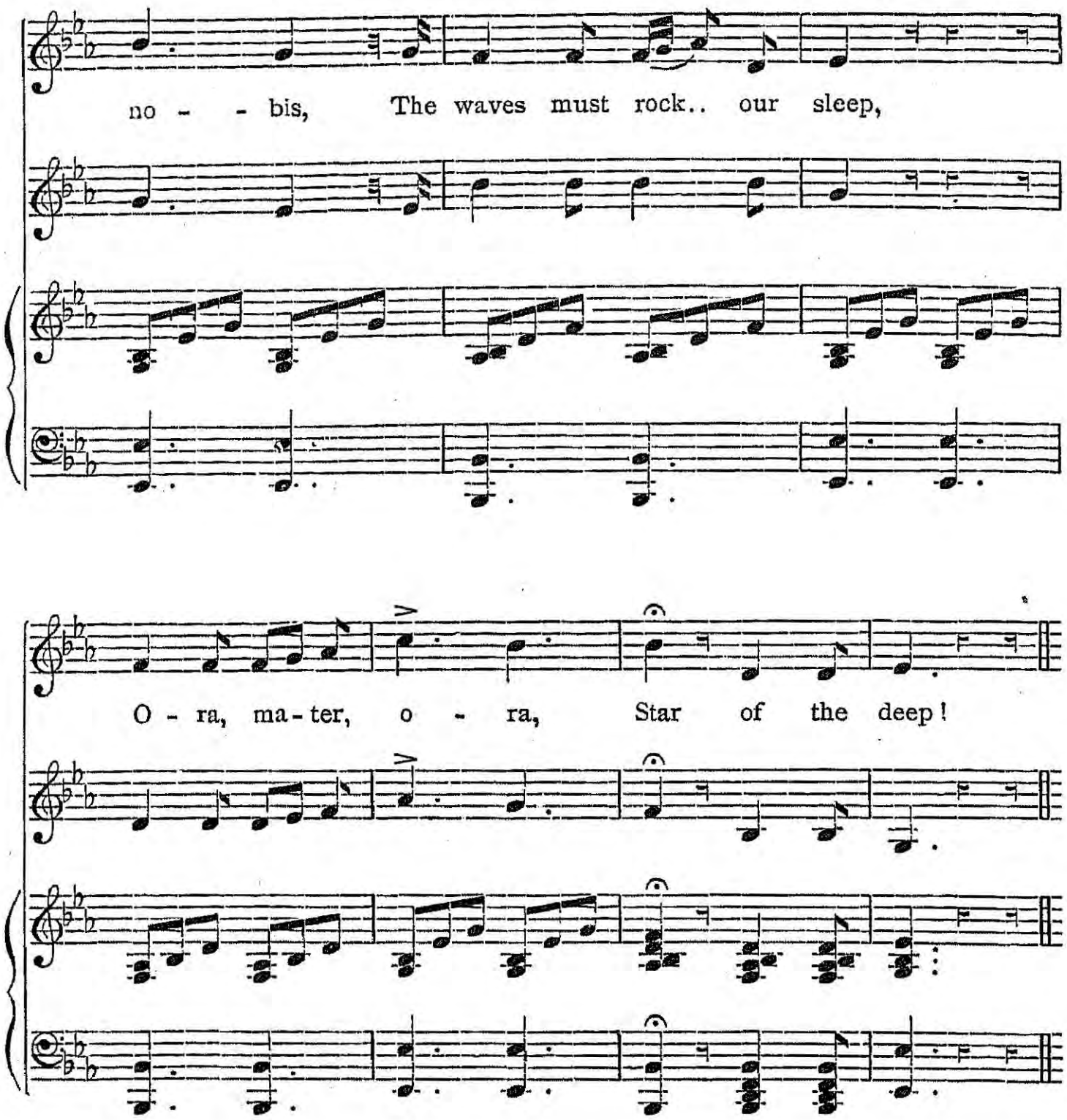
Moth-er, sweet Moth-er, hear! O - - ra... pro



Ave sanctissima, we lift our souls to thee,
Ora pro nobis ; 'tis nightfall on the sea.
O thou whose virtues shine
With brightest purity,
Come, and each thought refine,
Till pure like thee.
Oh, save our souls from ill ;
Guard thou our lives from fear ;
Our hearts with pleasure fill :
Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, hear.
Ora pro nobis ; the waves must rock our sleep :
Ora Mater ; ora, star of the deep.

It is but a faint and weakly strain, from the deck of our little yacht, but, in the infinite sounding-board of the empyrean, it may be heard, distinct as if it came from some mighty chorus, with accompaniment of resonant organ and swelling orchestra.

It must not be understood, however, that we are sabbatarians, observing the day in the straight-laced, puritanical manner. We regard it, as its originators intended, as a day of rest, recreation, and religious devotion. No unnecessary labor is engaged in on Sunday (nor any other day, for that matter), but we spend the hours in a cheerful, decorous way, not much different from the habit on secular days, except that the familiar click of the shuffling domino is silent in the saloon. This abstention is a tribute of respect for the feelings of Uncle John, who, while not a precisian, says he was brought up to regard games on Sunday as wrong, and we yield to, without sympathizing with, his conscientious scruples. As in New York, where a great majority of the population does not believe in the rigorous, pharisaical observance of Sunday as the Sabbath, the minority rules—with this difference, that here we live up to our law, and there it is violated. I tried to convince Uncle John that he was wrong, but there is no use of arguing with a man who says, "That's the way I was brought up." I may give that discussion *in extenso* hereafter. It is sufficient to say now, that my strongest argument, showing the appropriateness of Sunday for the noble diversion of dominos, failed to move him. I said that Sunday is *dies Domini*, and *domino* immediately follows *domini*.

As a rule, sailors are superstitious, but not religiously inclined, although many a rough, weather-beaten skipper carries his Bible to sea, and thumbs it as piously and unintelligently as the scripture-reading landsman who has more time

to become muddled in its continued nebulous perusal. The sailor sees so much accomplished by able seamanship; he relies so much upon the stout heart, the quick eye, and ready hand, that providential interposition is rarely invoked. The man at the wheel is not apt to call upon Hercules. Jack is more likely to depend upon his own efforts than on prayer. In a storm, hands are more useful than tongues, spending futile words on the unlistening tempest. If Jack should hear Deacon Sloggs, at prayer-meeting, asking the Almighty to perform a miracle and cure Brother Snoggs of fever, he would be inclined to say that quinine would do more good than prayer. Going down to the sea in ships makes men practical. The sailor's idea in this regard is well expressed in the following lines, repeated to me from memory by a yachtsman. I hope no clergyman will accuse me of heterodoxy, and assume, because I quote them, that I doubt the efficacy of prayer. I do not. I believe prayer exercises a most salutary influence —on the one who does the praying. As for its effect on the object of supplication, where supernatural interference with the usual course is invoked, that is another matter. Some Christians say the days of miracles have passed away, *per omnia secula seculorum*, and if so, what is the use of expecting a favorable response to the prayer for Brother Snoggs' recovery? Still it is all a matter of opinion—and faith. You have a variety of creeds to select from. You can adopt your own church; "you pays your money and you takes your choice." There are many mansions in the great house. Sectarian Christianity is like some immense variety-shop, where fresh fabrics are constantly exhibited in attractive display; and the obsolete patterns are put on the back-shelves, until recurrent fashion brings them out again, to furbish new as novelties for succeeding generations.

Here is the sailor's hard, practical, common-sense, materialistic view, couched in rugged homely phrase :

THE SAILOR'S YARN.

Religion is all very well in its way,
  And handy maybe now and then,
But prayin' is better for women and kids
  Than for us able-bodied men.
As a parson you plays your game
  When you preaches and sings and prays,
And you'd be a darned fool if you didn't,
  Considerin' ye finds as it pays.

I'm a sailor, sir, not a parson,
  A sanctified son of a gun !
And sailors is hard to tackle,
  As you'll find, sir, before I have done !
You've spun me a yarn about heaven
  And things as I don't understand ;
Now I'll tell you what happened
  One night on the Goodwin Sands !

'Twas a year ago come November,
  I was mate of the Ocean Belle,
We wasn't far off from the Goodwins,
  And the night was as black as hell.
The ship was old and rotten,
  The wind was a-blowin' a gale,
And the way we was pitchin' and tossin'
  Would have turned a nigger pale.

I knowed we was in for a dustin',
  But I didn't begin to funk,
I went astarn to the Cap'n
  And I found him three parts drunk.

He knowed just as well as I did
  There was nothin' more to be done;
So I went abaft to the others
  And I told them one by one.

Well, some on 'em took to swearin',
  And some on 'em took to rum;
That's the way tars has of preparin'
  Their souls for kingdom come.
But one on 'em slunk away, sir!
  And he makes for the cabin stairs,
And underneath we could hear him
  A-pipin' out his prayers.

'Twarn't more nor an 'arf an hour,
  When on she goes with a thud,
And the old ship she creaks and quivers
  With a creak fit to curdle your blood.
But we didn't begin a funkin'
  And shoutin', "Thy will be done!"
We done a darned sight better;
  We fired the minute gun.

We passed then about an hour,
  But more than a week it seemed,
When a somethin' we see'd on the water,
  And a hip-hurrah we screamed;
And over the roar of the waters
  Came back the answerin' cry,
And the flash of the oars in the life-boat
  Told us that help was nigh.

Well, to make a long story short, sir!
  We'd all on us left the ship
When she gives a sudden lurch, sir,
  And h'under she goes with a dip!

But when we looked at each other's faces
  In the light of the dawn of day,
I'm darned if we hadn't forgotten
  The cove as went down to pray.

Now the argyment may be rotten,
  Aye! as rotten as that old ship,
But if he hadn't been a prayin'
  He'd ha' gived Davy Jones the slip;
For them as took to swearin',
    And them as took to drink,
  Was saved by the Ramsgate life-boat,
    While he was left to sink.

Jack's idea may be very well in its way, but if, as we are told, this earth is merely a place of probation to fit us for future reward, his deduction is erroneous, in a spiritualistic view. The Ramsgate life-boat saved the body for a little further sojourn here below, but the soul that sailed away to the eternal sea on the life-buoy of prayer, was better, released thus from the cares and temptations of a longer earthly voyage. To the man who went down praying, the troubles and sorrows of this wearying world were ended, and, if there be truth in Holy Writ, he went opportunely, equipped for the happiness just begun.

Death holds the great Court of Bankruptcy, where all cited to appear wipe off their debts as the feet cross the threshold. Who dies, pays.

Life's an inn on a summer's day,
Some do but breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay
    And are full fed . . .
Large is his score who tarries all the day;
Who's stay's the shortest, has the least to pay.

CHAPTER XXII.

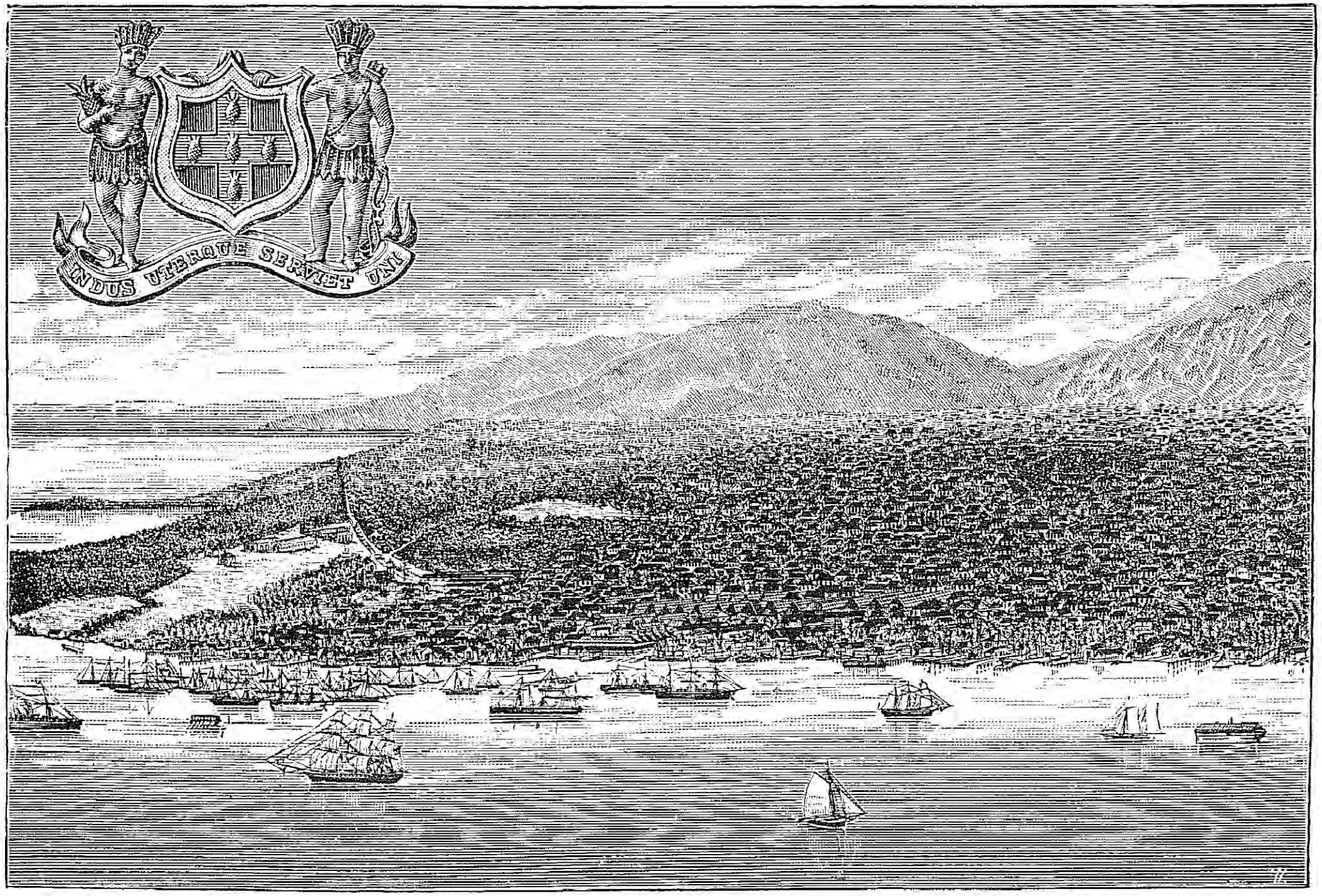
PORT ROYAL—KINGSTON.

A Carib Canoe—Port Royal—The Boatswain's Dulcet Cry—Fish-serenade—Kingston—Streets—Rodney: Nelson — Market — Shadowy Horse — Soldiers — Drive into Country—Virgil—Sugar-making—Rum—The Passover—Good Friday—The Jews—*Nasus Hebraicus.*

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, April 11, 1884.

THE mountains of Jamaica arose from the sea to greet us, as we came on deck, the morning of the 8th, and sent aboard as messengers some yellow-striped birds, which settled on the rail and hovered in the rigging, making themselves as much at home as if they had been regularly invited by card. It is remarkable that these tiny wings should possess the strength to fly so far out to sea, and strange that they should foolishly engage in such profitless roamings, out of mere curiosity, but these birds have no sense; they are feather-headed little things.

In the afternoon, we reached the vicinity of Port Royal, the entrance harbor to Kingston, and after we had beaten about some time a pilot-boat approached, with the swiftness of a racing-shell. The pilot wore the conventional plug-hat, razeed to the dimensions of a low-crowned Derby. All the pilots encountered thus far are black. We have no prejudice on the score of color, and are as willing to have them guide us safely into port as if they were Caucasians, *sang pur*. The boat was quite a curiosity, a canoe, thirty-seven feet long,



KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

dug out of the trunk of a tree, carrying six oars, and capable of being rowed seven knots an hour. I can now appreciate the speed of the canoes in which the Caribs of the Windward Islands made predatory excursions. The aborigines of Jamaica resembled them in their warlike character. The canoe of the cacique, hollowed out, like this pilot-boat, from the trunk of a single tree, carved and highly ornamented, was an object of great pride to the owner. It was a kind of flag-ship to the chieftain.

The natives resisted Columbus on his first appearance, when he discovered the island, but afterward became friendly. One of the caciques went aboard his ship and offered to accompany him back to Spain to pay homage to Ferdinand and Isabella. Looking at this boat's crew, with their swart faces, brows bound with gay handkerchiefs, and features strongly marked with aboriginal characteristics, I could understand how they were fearless warriors on the island, before their degeneration by civilized contact, white subjugation, and the introduction of African slavery.

We cast anchor in Port Royal harbor shortly before sunset, as there was not wind enough for us to reach Kingston that night. Here is stationed the English guard-ship, a white-coated sentinel standing in the barbacan of Kingston. The moon poured down pellucid beams in a shimmering flood, and the transmuted ship shone forth as if planked in mother-of-pearl, the rigging, electroplated by the argentiferous shower, glossy strands of frosted silver filigree. It might be the alabastered galley of a fairy queen, for the sound that comes hailing out from the vessel—moon-enchanted into Titania's massive, floating palace—is the cacophonous bray of Bottom. The voice of the boatswain is heard on the sea, and where else can that marvel of stridulence be encountered. To attempt a description of this sputtering dissonance would be

useless. No idea of this climax of discordance can be conveyed through the eye, the lacerated ear alone is capable of comprehending its incomparable strident culmination. It is a conglomeration of the screeching of a Texas owl; the howling of a Colorado panther; the blast of an Avenue D fish-horn; the stentorian recitative of the Exchange Place afternoon "extry" newsboy; the choral mingling of the basso-profundo of a Kentucky mule, the baritone of a Sunday-school chorister, and the counter-tenor of a Vermont crow; it is a blending of the objurgatory treble of house-cleaning time, with the snuffling alto of the village schoolmarm, and the bass of a raving Kansas stump-orator—all combining in the inimitable counterpoint of the hoarse boatswain's cry. I wonder who invented that mangling explosion of afflictive inharmony, that ruthless dynamition of voice. Nature was never guilty of any such enormity, for there is symmetry in all natural productions, except a carbuncle on the nose of the girl you love. It must have been produced by some process of vocal grafting, or some procreant extravagance that generated a monster. Perhaps it is the whinny of the nightmare. If it had not pervaded all the navies of the world before his devastations in the fields of harmony, I should suspect Wagner.

We sat long in the moon-bath, keeping a sharp lookout for the appearance of a shark-fin above the molten surface of the throbbing wave, for we had heard many blood-curdling tales of the ravenous monsters of Port Royal harbor, and would have liked to lure one alongside with a bit of Cincinnati bait, to avenge the wrongs of sailors who had fallen victims to the ferocious man-eaters in the story-books. But we saw no sharks, though many other fish frequently came to the surface, to take a breath of fresh night air, to look at the moon, and nod to zodiacal Pisces relations, winking at them from among the planets.

A strange noise was heard, with monotonous reiteration, resembling somewhat the groaning of a distant whistling-buoy; or the vesper hymn of a Wilmurt Lake bull-frog, heard with such distinctness in the perfect atmospheric purity which prevails in an elysian region of the North Woods. At first, we thought it proceeded from a snoring boatswain on the guard-ship, for we assumed that there must be some fragment of the day's hoarseness, lingering, like a remnant of fog, in the boatswain's throat, to make night hideous with nasal evolvement; but, listening attentively, we found that it proceeded from beneath the deck. The Commodore was in the saloon at the time; and Uncle John and I made up our minds that the grating noise was his singing, *sotto voce*, his favorite stirring sea-ditty, surcharged with stimulating salt-spray, which he has made a macaronian chant.

Mater, puis-je sortir to swim?
Ja! mia figlia cara!
Pends tes hardes sur l'hickory limb,
Y no onda in aqua!

When he came on deck, and the noise continued as if directly under the keel, we were at a loss to account for it, until a quartermaster informed us that it was the saw-fish, which attaches itself to the bottom of a vessel and causes the sound, which can be heard for a long distance. It was something like the tearing of a plank by a rip-saw, or the buzz of a planing-mill. I had great difficulty in ascertaining the exact name of this burr-voiced minstrel of the sea; the quartermaster calling it a saw-fish, the steward, a drum-fish, the United States Consul at Kingston, a grunter, Captain Murray, a trumpet-fish, and somebody else, a bellows-fish. It doesn't matter to the fish what I call it, for it would make the same noise under any of its different names. Whether Republican,

or Democrat, Independent, Greenbacker, Stalwart, Prohibitionist, or Labor-Reformer; Tammany, Irving Hall, or County Democracy, it is only a matter of name. The wickedness is the same, and the same queer fish swim around and appear in these several harbors, changing from one to the other, as bait runs short in this organization or becomes more plentifully alluring in that. From its iterative noise, different names, and tendency to catch on, I should class this fish with the Reformers.

The next morning we sailed up with a fresh land breeze and cast anchor in front of Kingston. Few vessels were in port. Steam is fast pushing sails aside, and a large steamer now does the work that once employed several sailing vessels. Kingston harbor no longer presents the appearance it bore when its anchorage was bespread with canvas. Probably the tonnage is as great as formerly, but commerce does not display so much bustle: attenuation is the fashionable form.

Kingston is a ramshackle old place, with narrow, ill-paved streets, and unattractive buildings, in various stages of dinginess, dilapidation, and disrepair. Many of the houses are unoccupied. These are not taxed: the law is, no tenant, no taxes. The occupants are required to pay assessments and water-rates. The saying, "an empty house is better than a bad tenant," may have originated here, anent dubious occupancy by an impecunious lessee.

In 1882, a destructive conflagration swept over a wide extent of the business part of the city, and but an inconsiderable portion has been rebuilt. The appearance of this section is unsightly; an extent of unroofed walls, with here and there a new building set in amid a mass of débris, intensifying the desolation of the scene, aggravated by the ravages of a hurricane which caused great havoc in its path. The ine-

qualities of the sidewalks would make an alpenstock a convenient appendage to the pedestrian. They are as irregular as the habits of a Boston church elder in Paris. In some places the *trottoir* is even with the *pavé*, in others it is built high above. Something like this condition was seen in Chicago during the period of wonderful house-raising, by jack-screws, to the changed grade of the streets. The thoroughfares are dirty and dusty, notwithstanding a faint effort is made to sprinkle them, which leave traces like the ineffectual discharge of a poorly-perforated pepper-box.

A handsome monument to Admiral Rodney, who achieved a victory over the French fleet of De Grasse, in 1782, occupies a prominent position in the market square, near the landing-place at the principal dock. The great Nelson held a command here shortly before, and was engaged in the expedition against San Juan de Nicaragua, in which he contracted a fever that nearly cost him his life.

The market is clean and well-ventilated, with stone floors and neatly-arranged stalls for meat and vegetables. Occupants of stalls pay a fixed price *per diem*, proportioned to the quality of the meat vended. Placards on the walls caution buyers against being cheated in weights. It reads: "Beware of cheats!" This warning might be regarded to advantage when we come to "size up" our great men. The supply of vegetables was noticeable, particularly the yams, some of which were large enough for the backlog in an oldfashioned fireplace. The vendors were nearly all negresses.

Telegraphy is cheap as compared with other West Indian islands, a dollar and a half a word to New York. Water is abundant and very cheap, a full supply for the yacht costing but three dollars. Uncle John wondered why so much money was expended for water, but I smelt an old joke,

revived by the prevalence of Jamaica rum. It was Falstaff's bread and sack again, which comes up every now and then in a new shape, like the Pantagruelisms, re-vamped from century to century. I must remonstrate with Uncle John on his habit of joking, and especially in the matter of old Joes. He says so many original, bright things, that it isn't necessary for him to rummage in the dust-bin to keep up a constant fire.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Goldey, Chief Inspector of Customs, we were put down at the Club, which we visited in search of the *vin du pays*. It was found.

We drove about the streets in the common vehicle of transport, called a 'Bus, a shaky concern with rheumatic springs, drawn by a melancholy horse, of composite, mediæval architecture, the protuberant, bony angularity of which prompted the Commodore to inquire if his ordinary feed was oyster-shells. The grinning driver claimed that oats was the principal article of diet, but we were of the opinion that the food must be taken with a grain of salt. Perhaps Duke Humphrey furnishes the oats, or it may be a Baratarian feast, or an imaginative "kitchen," like the "potatoes and point" in Ireland, where a flitch of bacon is suspended from the ceiling and those gathered at the table point their potatoes at it, and then swallow the tubers, with the flavor of the smoked meat in their minds. Our horse must have looked at a bag of oats and munched sawdust. But he may have known enough to go to sleep when hungry; he was asleep when we came along. *Qui dort, dine.* (Was there ever such a fellow to sleep as the Parisian *cocher!*) We paid a dollar an hour for the use of the horse. That wheezy animal, with caverned flank, earned his fair market value in one drive. He looked like a fly that had enjoyed a private conference with a spider in his penetralia. He had no more freshness to him than the

public garden, or park, a collection of droughty trees and desiccated grass, that we christened Sahara.

The streets swarm with black soldiers, the First West India Regiment, in zouave uniform, small but hardy-looking men, not unlike the French *Chasseurs d'Afrique* in appearance. They are reputed to be savage fighters. No doubt they get away with the rations, the only object of attack in these piping times of peace. Their barracks, on the hills just outside the city, are spacious buildings, with extensive grounds, apparently comfortable and convenient. The white troops (at present a regiment of Royal Scots is stationed here) are in cantonment at Newcastle, far up in the mountains, a picturesque situation, inaccessible to wheeled vehicles. Sailors being but indifferent equestrians, we concluded not to visit the camp on horseback. If we could have used the Commodore's gig, we would have rowed up there. The mountain scenery is represented to be very fine, but it would have slight interest to one who has ascended Long's Peak, in the "Rockies," with Aleck Stetson, during a thunder-storm; that is—ascended to the base and peeped up at the Peak through rifts in the clouds, or would have done so had there been any rifts. It is said that the Newcastle cantonment is delightfully cool, even calling for blankets at night, but coldness presents no attraction in the way of novelty to one who has wintered in Central New York, with the thermometer struggling in the frigid embrace of below-zero.

A drive out through the suburbs to the neighboring mountains, along dry roads, lined with trees bearing luxuriant layers of accumulated dust, was not particularly interesting. No rain has fallen for several weeks past. A majority of those we met in the road were negro women and children, bearing the usual head burden. The females seem to outnumber the males in these parts, or else they are more given to gad-

ding about. A curious thing was a ponderous three-wheeled cart, drawn by six oxen. Uncle John said it was a reminder of the pastoral age, and commenced talking about Ruth and Boaz, and quoting from the Bible; but I gave him *Tityre tu patulæ*, and a few little things from the Eclogues, though when I asked him, *Quid faciat lætas fegetes?* he handed me a paper of tobacco, though he knows I don't chew. He stood it pretty well, until I changed my tone and hurled at him, *Arma virumque cano*, when he surrendered at discretion. He can't rake up these old things on me. No quotations in mine, if you please. There is too much reading of musty books. Give us newspapers, robberies, rapes, and murders! I want to talk about the Present, "let the dead Past bury its dead" (Longfellow—I don't claim it). What did the ignorant dead Past know about gas-stoves and stuffed ballot-boxes? Therefore I never look back—never!

Then let us go ahead, to the Governor's residence, some miles inland, situated in a fertile plain among the hill tops; reminding one of English rural scenery. The pastures contained choice cattle, imported from England. The game of lawn-tennis was in progress on the Governor's grounds. Apparently the great object of life with English colonists is to play lawn-tennis. We found it flourishing everywhere, from Bermuda to Jamaica. We shall lose it in the Spanish domain of Cuba, where it will be exchanged for the mild diversion of bull-fighting. A few drops of rain fell as we passed the environs, another slight pluvial tribute to the representative of juicy Fort Schuyler. An umbrella, hoisted to receive the aqueous salute, excited the risibilities of those we encountered in the road. But I am used to being laughed at. I once believed in reform and shouted for it, until I found my partners in the business selling short on their own account while I was bulling the market among the outsiders. Then

A FRUIT MERCHANT.

I have antagonized Jay Gould in stocks, supposing all the time that I was on his side. Yes, I have been laughed at a good deal in my life.

A description of the process of making sugar may be interesting to you, as I assume you know nothing about sugar-making except in the sap-bush among the sugar-maple trees. I will endeavor to describe it, as witnessed on the estate of Mr. John Sawyer, kindly explained to us by William Goffe, the colored acting bailiff, and Elias Murray, the white distiller.

The premises presented a busy appearance, something after the fashion of the English Harvest Home. Huge wains, drawn by oxen, were entering the yard, laden with masses of sugar-cane, cut from the adjoining fields. The harvesting season begins in January and lasts until May. One crop a year is cut here, but in St. Kitt's two are gathered. The cane is ground in a mill outside, something like an immense coffee-mill, the expressed juice flowing into pans beneath, whence it is pumped into tuns within the building. Here the specific saccharine gravity is tested by the saccharometer, and the quantity of refined lime required for clarification determined. The lime is then put in, producing an effect like yeast, causing the impurities and refuse matter to rise to the top. It is a sort of disturbing element, like an election in the United States, bringing the scum to the surface. Unlike ours, however, it is of some use, and is converted into rum. Much of ours runs to cold water. This agent was formerly used in the purification of wine; Shakespeare makes Falstaff complain of the undue quantity of lime in his sack.

After the purification has been accomplished, the liquid is conducted into vats, where it is boiled and then run into shallow coolers, on which it solidifies. It is then shoveled

into the hopper of a mill, where, by the centrifugal process, the constituents are disintegrated, the dry sugar falling into one receptacle, while the liquid melasses drips into another. The melasses is sent to the adjoining distillery and made into rum, by the ordinary process of distillation, the condensation of vaporized spirit. The rum is colorless when distilled, and is tinged to the commercial tint by the use of burnt sugar. All the fuel used is what is called "trash," the dry residuum of sugar-cane after pressing.

The product of Mr. Sawyer's estate this season is estimated at two hundred and fifty hogsheads, of about a ton each, or half a million pounds of sugar. The melasses from this quantity will yield twenty thousand gallons of rum. The excise duty is eight shillings a gallon, the producer receives about three shillings, so that the cost of a gallon of Jamaica rum in the distillery is two dollars and seventy-five cents. When to this is added the import duty of two dollars per gallon, the cost of handling and transportation, with the profits of the exporter, importer, and broker, it will be seen that genuine Jamaica rum is an expensive luxury in the United States, costing not less than five dollars a gallon to import. This should be borne in mind when it is offered in Kansas at a less cost. It cannot be genuine, it must be doctored by the druggist. These facts are furnished for the information of the Iowa Legislature, which devotes a large share of its valuable time to the discussion of the merits of rum; the various spirituous liquors being grouped into that terse, generic designation in the vocabulary of vituperation.

Returning, we were attracted by the sign of a roadside inn, "Branch of the American Hotel," and, with patriotic devotion, indulged in some soda-water, which proved to be of domestic manufacture. The only thing American about the place was a large chromo, representing the famous forum

scene in Virginius, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with John McCullough in the title-rôle. But surely there could be exhibited no nobler specimen of the American than the gifted McCullough.

No singing-birds are found here, if we except the *solitaire*, or Jamaica nightingale, which is heard only in the recesses of remote forests among the mountains. There are many birds of brilliant plumage, but the absence of songsters is a peculiarity of the tropics. Indeed there is nothing cheerful about them in any regard.

We struck two holidays in Kingston, Maundy Thursday, when a few exceedingly good Christians go to church, and Good Friday, which is a close holiday, with entire cessation of business. Holy Thursday is coincident with the Passover, which is scrupulously observed among the Jews. Jewish abstention from commerce one day, followed by Christian intermission the next, brought two religious observances into contact, and afforded an edifying exhibition of soldiers in different uniforms relieving guard in the Army of the Lord. There are about two thousand Jews in Kingston, and, as mercantile transactions are largely under their control, there was a noticeable quiescence in the shops of the principal commercial streets. Uncle John remarked that, with so many closed shutters, business seemed to be playing a handful of blanks. He is prone to draw his illustrations from the game in which he is so proficient. The blinds were up, and I fancy the merchants were not inside, although the absence of the occupant cannot always be predicated of the closed front door of a Christian shop. We have the advantage in devout profession, but the Jews and Mahommedans beat us in rigorous observance. We preach, they practice.

The exceptional social importance of the Israelites in Kingston is owing to the fact that Jamaica was settled while

Cromwell ruled in England, and the Protector sympathized with the refugees from inquisitorial persecution in Spain and Portugal. The Puritans were not apt to countenance persecution, unless they had an investment in it on their own account. There are two synagogues in Kingston, one for the Spanish and Portuguese, and one for the English and Germans.

We observed Good Friday, in order to conform to the usages of the country, and to manifest our gradual disinthrallment from the Puritanism of old New England, which enjoined the eating of meat on Good Friday, and prohibited minced-pies at Christmas, as tangible protests against papistical methods of salvation. But I had a narrow escape. I trusted to our steward, a native of Santa Cruz, an honest man and a good Catholic, and he, in a fit of absence of mind, placed chicken-soup before me at dinner. I am liable to be forgetful, but I had a reminder that day; there was a Jew aboard, and my Lenten gorge rose against him warningly. Therefore I bethought myself in time, and touched not, tasted not, handled not the heretical broth. Imagine the undying remorse of that steward if, through his thoughtlessness, I had imperiled the salvation of my soul by eating chicken-soup on Good Friday!

Although the advent of the penitential day was a refresher to the religious animosity indoctrinated by Christian duty, worldly, time-serving courtesy was permitted to relax the strictness of orthodox hate, and we leniently checked the ebullition of devout wrath. We treated our guest with as much consideration as if he were not of the race that committed an abhorred deed, which afforded the amiable barons of the Middle Ages a justification for the lucrative business of dentistry on Hebrew jaws. Gold-filling is expensive. It used to cost the wealthy Jews vast sums of money to save their

teeth, yet it is safe to say that the expenditure to keep their teeth from being pulled out was trifling compared with what it costs us to put ours in. The most exacting Crusader, charging, sword in hand, couldn't vie with the New York dentist, armed with the nerve-shocking patent-drill; which may the horrent Furies take to their vengeful keeping! say I.

Charitable time has measurably assuaged our holy horror, and righteous aversion prevents none of us from making a dollar or two in the company of Jews—whenever they will let us. Lapsing years draw out the sting of wounds, yet when the Jew gets the best of us in a bargain (and he always does) we remember the sin of his blood, and regard him with sanctified Christian detestation. It cannot be expected, however, that, after the lapse of centuries, this feeling should be so intense as when the cause for it was yet fresh. I, for example, would hardly entertain as much feeling in the matter as did my ancestors, dwelling in their marble palaces, heated by steam, with nickel-plated radiators—smoking Havana cigars, and playing croquet with maids of Erin, under the mistletoe, amid the Druid oaks of Ireland, when they read the startling intelligence, in the extra newspapers, peddled by the original Rothschild through the streets of Jerusalem, and sent to Enniskillen, by fast mail, on the limited express, *via* Jericho. Tolerant usage has blunted the keen edge of indignation, except in rare cases, like that of Judge Hilton, who, being an Irishman, refuses to be placated.

I must confess to a great admiration for our erring brethren of the Hebrew persuasion. They are a strong-brained race. After all, the main object in life is money-getting; to that end is every effort devoted. Cash is the thing, "the rest is all but leather or prunello." From the mightiest emperor, to the meanest beggar, all are after money. It flows from the poet's pen, and drips from the mired scoop of the night-

man; it pays the bishop on his imposing episcopal throne, and the scurvy knave who struts on the dishonest rostrum of the demagogue.

This proscribed race has been endowed with one of the greatest gifts conferred by a kind Providence—a nose. Therein lies the financial success of the Jew. Samson, deprived of his locks, was weak and powerless; cut off the nose of the modern Jew and he would have no advantage in money-making over the Christian, who, as it is, can hardly get a smell when there is a Jew around, except of "ole-clo." It doesn't require brains to do business; it is all a matter of nose. The Jew proboscis will hook on somewhere. The concave has no show against the convex. It will do well enough for the priest, or doctor, the statesman, poet, orator, musician, or soldier, but it won't answer for the peddler and banker. Depend upon it, the great secret of success lies in nasal convexity, with corresponding "cheek."

We ought not to be unreasonably prejudiced against the Jews because of the transgression of their forefathers, for we must bear in mind that it was committed by a lynch-law mob, at the instigation of self-seeking leaders. It would be impossible for a like outrage to be perpetrated in our enlightened times; such a thing as lynching is unknown among us. (This is what A. Ward called "sarkusm.") The mob ruled then; the mob rules to-day, and is just as vindictive as when the former scribes and pharisees deluded the unthinking, boisterous multitude. And it still retains a leaning toward Barrabas. Whether composed of cowboys and rough frontiersmen, the unwashed and unkempt multitude, swiftly avenging some crime red-handed; or of shopkeepers, stock-brokers, grain-handlers, butter-prodders, or cotton-feelers, under the name of public opinion, it is the same aggregation of the savagery of human nature, seeking for some victim of blind

and merciless persecution, to rend and tear until the appetite for denunciation is satiated. The Jews persecuted in Palestine, and have been the objects of retributive persecution ever since.

I have great respect for the business capacity of the Jews. Their sanatory ordinances, enforced as religious laws, deserve the highest praise. There be fastidious persons who affect to turn up unarched noses at the frowsiness of the gaberdine, which has survived the wear and tear of centuries, but the ancient pocket is lined with gold, and that smells sweet no matter where it comes from. The Roman satirist Juvenal said, long before the Wall Street operator afflicted the earth, *Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet.*

With which few judicious remarks, I leave the *jucundus homo* to mind his own business, take care of his own family, keep out of the alms-house, lend money to kings and potentates, and control the commerce of the world.

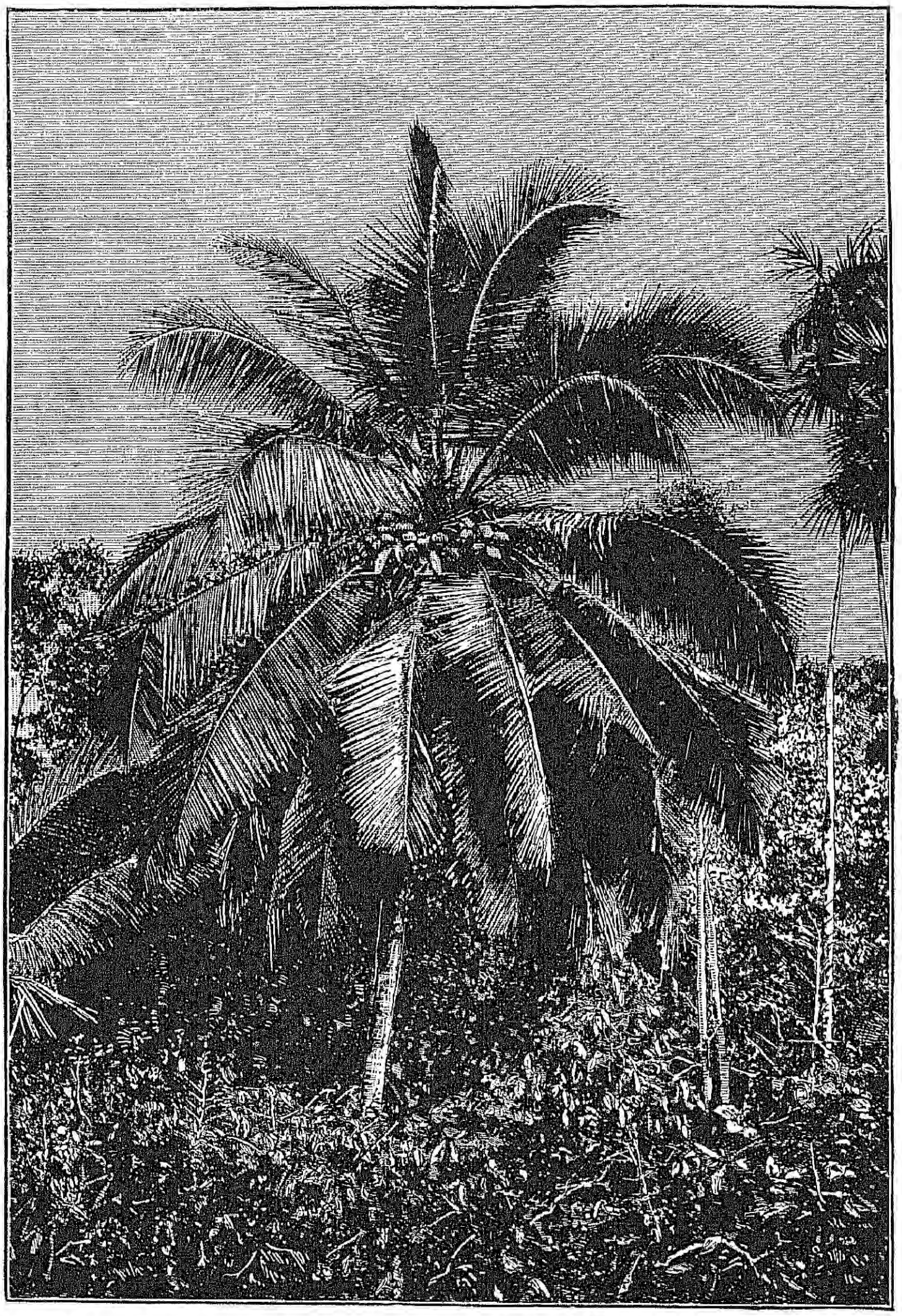
CHAPTER XXIII.

JAMAICA.

Historical—Buccaneers—Representative Government—Emancipation—Native Americans—The Suffrage—Educational and Property Qualifications — Humbug — Population — Productions—Coolies—Cemeterial—Religious Divisions—Imports and Exports—Luxurious Bosh.

KINGSTON, April 11, 1884.

JAMAICA (Indian name Yaymaca, signifying abundant rivers) is 144 miles long and 49 miles wide in its greatest extent. The island is mountainous, with ranges of considerable altitude, the highest peak of the Blue Mountains having an elevation of 7,360 feet. Columbus discovered Jamaica, during his second voyage, on May 3, 1494. It remained in Spanish possession until May 16, 1655, when it was captured by an English expedition commanded by Admiral Penn. Uncle John remarked, when the fact was stated, that the force of the English Penn was mightier than the Spanish horde, but I didn't think it was much of a joke, especially as the Commodore inquired if it was a pig-pen, in which case it would be properly styled stylographic. I hate puns, and if Uncle John doesn't stop making them I will quit the yacht as soon as we get to New York. The inveterate punster becomes a bore. True, Cicero was a great punster, and so was Shakespeare, but Sam Johnson detested these witticisms. I suppose my style is more like Johnson's than Shakespeare's. I never read much of Johnson, but I don't think there is a very strong resemblance between Shakespeare's writings and mine, ex-



COCOA-PALM.

cept in the bad Latin. But this episodical digression has nothing to do with the history of Jamaica.

The next year, there was a considerable English settlement, by emigrants from Bermuda, Barbados, and New England. Among the arrivals recorded this year, were one thousand girls and as many young men who had been "enlisted" in Ireland, and sent to the colony as good stock. Upon the restoration of Charles II., General D'Oyley was appointed Governor and empowered to elect a Council of twelve persons, who were authorized to pass acts for the government of the Colony. Children born in Jamaica, of natural born English subjects, were declared to be free denizens of England. A House of Assembly was constituted and a representative government thus established at an early day. Grants of lands were made to several Maroons (slaves left by the Spaniards in the interior), and privileges were accorded them with a view to their conciliation. These proved ineffectual. Juan De Bolas, one of this race who had been made colonel of a black regiment of militia, was killed by ambushed Maroons while on his way for their reduction. After their pacification, insurrection frequently broke out among them.

Grave dissensions prevailed in the Legislative Assembly during the administration of Sir Thomas Modyford, who was called to account for issuing on his own responsibility commissions to the privateers who swarmed in the Caribbean Sea. Among them was the famous Captain Morgan, whose buccaneering exploits formed the theme for horrible tales of rapine. He ravaged the Spanish possessions with fire and sword. He was knighted for his capture of Panama, and, some years afterward, succeeded Sir Thomas Lynch as Governor of Jamaica. Subsequently, he was sent to England for breaking the peace with the Spaniards, contrary to His Majesty's express orders, but was released after three years' im-

prisonment. Morgan cuts a great figure in the pirate story-books which used to be fashionable reading. I don't remember much about his piratical adventures which I read, but I have a vague idea about the connection of his name with Thurlow Weed's in some perilous enterprise. They may have raided together in Albany. One is liable to get these things mixed in the mind. But I believe Weed's Morgan was some other man.

A spirit of independence seemed to animate the Colonial Assembly from the outset, for when the Earl of Carlisle (under James II.) arrived as Governor, and announced that the mode of passing laws was to be changed to the system established in Ireland under the Poyning's act, the Assembly refused to accede to a curtailment of its liberties, and was dissolved. Another dissolution failed to accomplish the change. Colonel Samuel Long, the Chief Justice, was arrested and sent to England as a prisoner for advising the Assembly to resist, but he advocated the cause of the colonists so eloquently before the Court that the new order was revoked, and the Earl of Carlisle was superseded by Sir Thomas Lynch, who, upon his arrival, announced that "His Majesty, upon the Assembly's humble address, was pleased to restore us our beloved form of making laws, wherein we enjoy, beyond dispute, all deliberative powers in our Assembly that the House of Commons enjoy in the House."

In 1687, the Duke of Albemarle arrived as Governor, accompanied by Father Churchill, a Roman Catholic priest, to convert the inhabitants to Catholicity. His medical attendant was Dr. Hans Sloane, the celebrated naturalist. The Duke soon engaged in a contest with the Assembly, and imprisoned one of the members for quoting in debate the aphorism that the good of the people is the supreme law. He died shortly before the flight of James II. and the proclama-

tion of William and Mary. In 1690, occurred the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal, then the finest town in the West Indies. Whole streets were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which, as it closed again, squeezed the people to death, and in this manner several were left with their heads above ground. The harbor was covered with floating dead bodies, which engendered a plague by their putrefaction.

For the next twenty-five years, there was a succession of quarrels between the Council and the Assembly; the negroes were rebellious, and intestine brawls rendered the protection of the coast so inefficient that the Picaroons of Cuba were able to invade the territory with impunity. In 1726, the formidable Maroon insurrection, under the noted leader Cudjoe, broke out, and was suppressed with great difficulty. The result was a concession to the Maroons, who were granted freedom. The formidable insurgent Captain Cudjoe was appointed their chief commander. In 1762, an expedition sailed from Port Royal and captured Havana, with immense booty. The naval victory of Rodney over De Grasse, who was on his way to join the Spaniards in the invasion of Jamaica, occurred the year before the breaking out of our Revolutionary War. In 1785, occurred a tremendous hurricane, from the results of which (and the restriction of trade with the United States) it was estimated that fifteen thousand negroes perished by famine.

A stout resistance was offered by the Council and Assembly to the project of Mr. Wilberforce for the suppression of the slave trade. The value of the 250,000 slaves on the island was then estimated at $65,000,000. During the war in which England was involved with France and the United States, in 1812, the stoppage of exports created a financial depression, which compelled the Assembly to authorize the

cutting out from the centre of the current coin a piece equal to twelve and a half per cent., which was circulated under the denomination of a "bit." The term bit, applied to the Spanish coin, value twelve and a half cents, current in the United States twenty-five years ago, probably came from this clipped piece.

The island was greatly agitated, in 1823, by Mr. Canning's resolution calling for an amelioration of the condition of slaves in the British colonies. Included in his project were the abolition of Sunday markets, the use of the whip in the fields, and the exemption of women from corporal punishment under any circumstances. The recommendations were rejected by the Assembly, which declared that "the slave code was as complete in all its enactments as the nature of circumstances would permit." So intense was the hostility of the Assembly and slave-owners to the Imperial Government at this time, that a threat was made to "transfer their allegiance to the United States, or even to assert their independence after the manner of their continental neighbors." The excitement was so great that a slave insurrection broke out which caused some loss of life.

After a long struggle, emancipation triumphed, and the British Parliament passed an act declaring that, on and after August 1, 1834, all slaves should be free, subject to an intermediate apprenticeship of six years. At that time there were 300,000 slaves in Jamaica. The Government appropriated $100,000,000 to compensate the owners. The apprenticeship system was abolished on August 1, 1838, and absolute freedom established. The Jamaica Assembly protested "before God and man" against Imperial interference in their affairs. The body was very sulky for a year or two, but eventually became reconciled and proceeded to business. One of the first acts passed was to legalize marriages by Dissenting ministers.

Asiatic cholera appeared for the first time in 1850, and was exceedingly virulent all over the island, some thirty-two thousand persons dying from the plague. About the same time, another negro insurrection was rumored, based upon the belief of the peasantry that the United States was about to take possession of the island and reduce the negroes to slavery. This rumor originated in some articles from American newspapers which referred to the distressed condition of the island, and the benefit which would result from its annexation with Cuba to the United States. The last negro insurrection was in 1865, promoted by some agitators who took advantage of the scarcity of food, following a severe drought, to inflame the passions of the blacks and declare a war of color. Martial law was declared and the rebellion crushed in a few days. The ringleaders were hanged.

This year, the representative form of government, which had existed for two hundred years, was abolished and the existing system established—administration by a Council appointed by the Crown, eight members being officials holding certain colonial positions, and seven non-official. At present there are no non-official members. In November, 1882, the Governor, under instructions from the Imperial Government, asked the Council to pass a certain appropriation, which the official members voted for and the unofficial against. It was a vote of eight to seven, whereupon the unofficial members resigned, resenting the dictation of the office-holding power. Their places have not been filled. Jamaica yields to the progress of the age, and brings the eight to seven business into operation.

The abolished representative system established a property qualification for voters; a $30 per annum freehold, the receipt of an annual salary of $250 or over, the payment of a direct tax to the amount of $5, the payment or receipt of a

rental of $100 a year, or the possession of invested money to the extent of $500. At the last general election, held in 1863, 1,482 electors voted. The total registry of votes was 1,798, out of a population of 441,264. One person out of 245 was qualified, one out of 297 voted. In the same ratio of qualified electors to population, the voting body of New York City would consist of less than five thousand. What a field for the worker in politics if there was but that number! How the Halls would flourish! With what anxiety would the broker in votes watch the tape, for we would have a voting Exchange and make the quotations regularly. All business runs to exchanges lately. The man who could control his own vote would become a person of some consequence in the community. Now he is a nobody. To amount to anything politically, you must let somebody else control your vote. Then every voter could have an office, and the "big pipes" and the Police and Fire Departments would lose their importance as factors in politics. These employments would be relegated to the non-voters, the electors could do better. It would be a political millenium.

Chronic grumblers, who find fault with our system because it is liable to abuses, as all systems are, advocate the restriction of the elective franchise by the establishment of additional qualifications. Some favor a property endowment, some educational accomplishment. Others would restrict the franchise to the natural born citizen. The only genuine Americans, by the way, are the descendants of King Philip, Osceola, and Tecumseh, with those pleasant members of the industrial classes, opposed to the importation of foreign cheap labor, the Sioux, Comanches, and Modocs. Lafayette, Rochambeau, Steuben, Montgomery, Sullivan, Pulaski, and Barry were blarsted foreigners, who came over here and fought the native Americans, leagued with the British in trying to

prevent the colonists from achieving their independence. Down with the foreigners! put none but Americans on guard! was the cry of a Seneca Indian, with St. Leger at the battle of Oriskany, when he hurled a tomahawk and knocked a clay pipe from the teeth of Nick Herchheimer. Hurrah for Billy Bowlegs and Sitting Bull! What right has President Arthur, the son of an Irishman, to occupy the chair that belongs to Bear-face, Hole-in-the-snow, Skin-the-cat, or Old-man-afraid-of-his-mother-in-law? The President's father was a fine old Irish gentleman, a clergyman and a scholar, with the courteous manners of the obsolete school. I have in my library a book which he wrote on the derivation of family names, which evinces much erudition and genealogical research. But he was Irish and couldn't be President of the United States, so he left the office to his son. John Kelly, the chieftain of the Tammany tribe of Indians, is native and to his manners born, and is eligible to the Presidency. He will not get there however. There are too many smaller men entitled to the nomination; for mediocrity seems to be a qualification in these times.

There are some who insist that a foreigner ought to wait twenty-one years after his arrival before he is entitled to vote, because the native born has to remain disfranchised for that period. The theory is that the male infant is as capable of reading the Constitution of the United States when he enters the world, as the foreigner when he lands on our shores; that the two-day old baby of Dorothy Dobbins knows as much as Kossuth did when he reached Castle Garden. It is supposed, of course, that the probationary period is devoted to a perusal of the Constitution, which requires twenty-one years for its mastery. I know several good natives who have been here twice that length of time, who haven't it by heart yet. I fear that there is great laxity in the study of this

noble instrument. There are few, like my friend down the street (who has been mentioned for the Presidency, and I don't know any one who would make a more capable Chief Magistrate), who carry our Magna Charta around pasted in the crown of the hat, so that it will be always on the mind. My friend often changes hats, of his own—for he doesn't affect old styles—but for that Constitution, with the legally adopted amendments, from time to time, his motto is, *esto perpetua !*

The machine politicians sneered at him because he displayed this affection for the charter of our free government. We have not enough of respect for the fundamental law. There was some discussion about the Constitution when the hot-headed secessionists made judies of themselves in 1861, but its provisions were generally ignored. Respect for them now is contingent upon the interpretation of the personal interests of Courts, and the exigencies of partisanship. In our free land, laws are made to be broken, as witness the liquor laws and Sunday ordinances, and other rubbishy enactments that leer derisively from the pages of the statute-books. I except lynch-law, which is executed with neatness and dispatch, and is not amenable to the proverbial criticism on the law's delays.

The educational qualification implies that knowing how to read and write is education. The more one reads the newspapers, the less he knows about the definite issues of a political canvass. He learns a great deal about the *personnel* of politics, not entirely edifying. The Press is the great fog-compeller, although the merits of the Pulpit, as a popular mystifier, must not be overlooked in seeking for the sources of muddlement.

If we are to have an educational qualification, there ought to be some gauge of the relative value of knowledge. It

would be unjust to clothe the man who can barely spell through the record of hangings, suicides, embezzlements, divorces, and indecent assaults, which form the staple of useful information for our children, with as much influence as he who can read Euripides in the ancient Irish, or write a treatise on the Greek roots. By Greek roots, I do not intend to describe Irish potatoes, which, converted into bone and muscle, do a great deal of the voting, and become the objects of much tender solicitation at election time. Thus the voting should be cumulative, the learned professor having a vote for each language in which he is versed, the schoolmaster—selected by partisan Boards of Education—having a voice according to a sliding-scale; while the man who knows Webster's Dictionary by heart might be entitled to cast a certain specified number, as a reward of merit, say one hundred. As for grammar, that has been a matter of no consequence in public schools and Congress for a long time past, and the grammarian might as well be disfranchised.

So with the other qualification. If the franchise depends on the possession of property, some standard of value should be fixed so that there would be an equitable representation. The owner of one small dwelling-house ought not to have as much weight in elections as the possessor of lands, tenements, and hereditaments, stocks, bonds, and mortgages. This could be regulated by determining the minimum value of property entitling the owner to a vote. In view of the great wealth of our country, perhaps one hundred thousand dollars would not be out of the way, for, according to the franchise-reformers it is desirable to curtail the number of voters, universal suffrage being liable to abuse by putting the poor man on an equality with the rich. The voting standard ought to be relatively commensurate with the aggregate riches of the nation. It is a question whether any one worth less than a cool hundred

thousand should be allowed a voice in the government. We are such a rich people. I don't know why it is called cool, but that is the fashionable description. I know some chaps who would make it very hot with that sum; who, if they had it, would soon tinge the town with warm, crimson hue. I suggest this sum because I am losing my interest in politics, and really don't care whether I vote any more or not; I have passed the period of delusion, and unselfishly rule myself out in fixing the minimum voting property qualification. Votes might be cast as they are in the election of trustees of a corporation, by shareholders, one vote for each one hundred thousand dollars. In that case, Mr. Vanderbilt would be entitled to two thousand votes, if the popular estimate of his wealth be correct. I have some doubt on this point, arising from his assessment by the Tax Commissioners, which makes it one hundred and ninety-nine millions or so less. Perhaps in this age of sham Vanderbilt is merely keeping up appearances, making a show of wealth to get credit with his butcher.

But the question arises, Under a democratic form of government is the suffrage an inherent right of the citizen or a privilege? The theory under which we are acting is that it is inherent, that every man, howsoever humble, is entitled to a voice in the government by the people, of which he is an integrant. There should be no caste under our system. We read a great deal of nonsense about such and such a candidate being supported by the better classes. Who are the better classes in our country? Virtue is the true nobility, and it is questionable if the rich are much more virtuous than the poor. I know it isn't fashionable to say so, but in some things I display a bit of a crankiness—which consists in thinking for one's self instead of buying ideas ready-made in the newspapers. We are apt to regard the rich man as more in-

telligent than the poor; the lucky trader, speculator, or thimble-rigger, who does head-work, as endowed with more political discrimination than the artisan or laborer, who works with his hands. This is a fallacy. The shop-keepers are more liable to be deceived than the mechanics, though both are cheated by the lawyers. Engrossed in business, they haven't as much time to reflect, and let newspapers do their thinking for them. On the contrary, the laborers think for themselves. During the intervals of employment they discuss public affairs practically. There is a great deal of so-called horse-sense evolved around the tin-pails of the laboring men at their noonday meals. The operative, who lives on his daily wages, is better informed regarding the practical operation of the tariff and the natural laws that affect trade and commerce than the stock-broker, with eye fixed on the flying kites of Wall Street, brain busy inventing lies to affect the market, and fingers employed fumbling in the pockets of gullible dealers.

But I am not setting up for a philosopher, or an adept in the mysteries of political economy. No, indeed! I have no taste for humbug. By the way, the derivation of this word, so expressive in its description of a potent element in society, is curious. During the brief reign of James II., a base coin was issued from the Dublin Mint, of such low intrinsic value that the twenty-shilling piece was worth but two-pence. The valueless metal was known among the Irish as *Uim-bog*, pronounced humbug, *i.e.*, soft copper, or worthless money. When presented, it was customary for those to whom it was offered to say, "that's *uim-bog*, you can't pass your humbug on me." Hence the word, which Irishmen understand so fully. They are the great masters of blarney. I am often amused to see some callow statesman on the stump, who pronounces McMahon, McMayne, and O'Donoughue,

Dunnyoo, appealing to Irishmen as a class politically. How they laugh at him in their sleeves. *Uim-bog!*

The insignificant number of qualified voters during the period of representative government in Jamaica is accounted for by the great preponderance of poor negroes in the population. The census of 1881 gives the following classification:

Blacks	444,186
Colored	109,946
Coolies	11,016
Chinese	99
Unclassified	1,125
Whites	14,432
	580,804

—282,957 males and 297,847 females, only two and one-half per cent. white. The majority does not rule in Jamaica.

The island is divided into three counties and fourteen parishes, governed locally by Boards of Magistrates. There are enough whites to fill all the offices, with a small reserve in case of death. It is to be assumed that there are no resignations. The names of officials, published in the "Handbook," show that the girls and young men "listed" in Ireland, a couple of centuries ago, did their duty to the country. They read like a division-list in the New York Board of Aldermen, or the roll of delegates to a Republican City Convention.

Taxes are light. The property tax on farm lands, cultivated for sugar, coffee, grain, etc., is six cents an acre. For inferior lands, the tax is less. Taverns pay a license fee of $100 per annum in Kingston, and $50 elsewhere. Merchants pay a tax of $60, storekeepers $37.50, while newspaper proprietors are taxed but $7.50. Evidently journalism is not a

lucrative vocation, as it is in the rural districts of the United States. The customs tariff on importations is divided by the schedule into specific and ad valorem duties. Meats pay $3.75 per barrel, spirits $2.50 per gallon, horses $2.50 each. Asses come in free. We were not obliged to pay duty; we came in as Dogberry. Prohibitionists, greenbackers, and owners of mining-stocks could be imported free, but there is no demand for them. The unenumerated articles pay an ad valorem duty of twelve and a half per cent. There is a large free list, including ice, diamonds, dogs, sarsaparilla, and mess-plate for army and navy officers. Some of the stamp duties are heavy. Banking corporations issuing notes pay $325; a barrister on his admission $75, and a solicitor, for his certificate, $500. A heavy solicitor tax would operate as a great relief to our country, overcharged by lawyers. We need more farmers.

Postage on letters is four cents for a half-ounce, if prepaid, on newspapers, one cent; double rates if not prepaid. The Public General Hospitals contain beds for 1,100 patients. The schools are good, maintained by Government grants, according to the attendance. In 1882, there were 53,336 pupils enrolled, and the grants to schools amounted to something like $90,000. The census of 1881 showed an attendance of 67,408. Of the inhabitants, 115,418 can read and write, 115,750 can read only.

The constabulary consists of 695 men. The qualification for a constable is that he must not be less than five feet six inches high, and must measure thirty-two inches around the chest. He must be able to read and write. It is a semi-military police force, but the constables act as peace officers for the service of civil process as well. There is a reserve Rural Police force, to be used when called upon. The Headmen—one to every seven men—receive an annual salary of

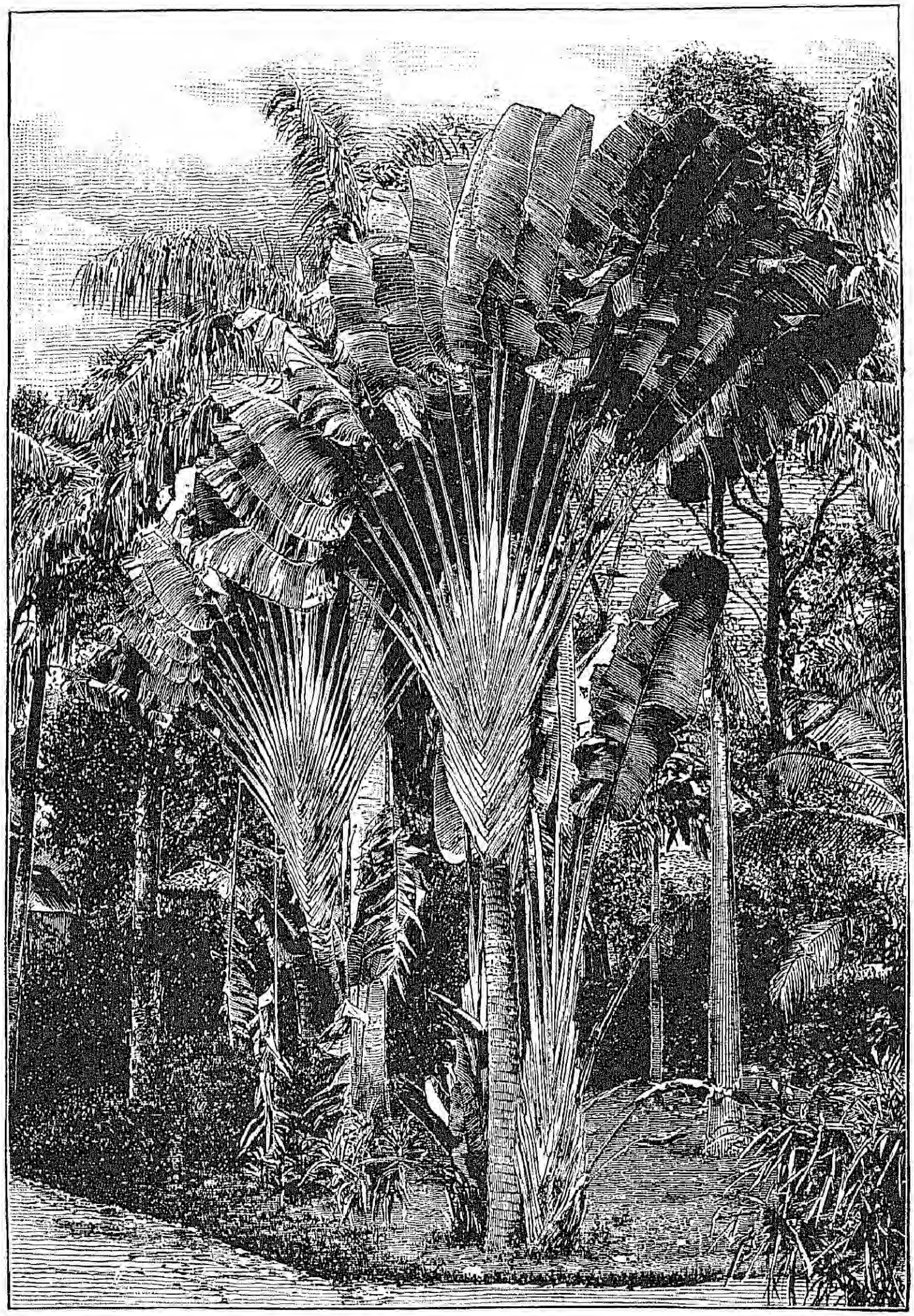
$60, and thirty-one cents a day when actually on duty. The regular constables are paid as follows: Privates, $250; Corporals, $275; Sergeants, $320; sub-Inspectors, $1,000; First-Class Inspectors, $2,000, and the Inspector-General, $4,000 per annum. There were 900 persons sentenced to the penitentiaries in 1882, one to ever 644 of the population.

The coolie system, which I described in a letter from Trinidad, is in operation here. Of the 13,823 coolies, 8,126 have completed the required ten years' residence and remain as colonists. The immigration has been dwindling for years and it is now practically ended.

Kingston has a population of 38,566. The city is lighted with gas, which costs $3.75 per M. Water is abundant. The taxable rate is regulated by the rental value of the property; the lowest charge being $7.50 per annum, for a $30 house, and the highest, $57 for a $750 house. The cheapest is allowed to use 100 gallons a day, the dearest, 1,000 gallons.

There is a large cemetery, containing forty-six acres, partitioned off for the use of the several denominations, the Episcopalians occupying twenty-four acres, the paupers six, the Roman Catholics five; the remaining eleven acres being assigned to the smaller denominations. The divergent religionists (except the paupers, who are unclassified latitudinarians) will start from different points in the cemetery, but it is probable they will all meet at the same gate in Heaven. It is probable, too, that he who left a towering monument, uprising from parterres of glowing flowers, in the graveyard will not get admission any quicker than the occupant of the unmarked, weed-covered, sinking mound.

The Church of England was formerly endowed in this island, but was disestablished in 1870, after the Irish and



FERN-PALM.

Canadian precedents. The sectarian division of the population is as follows:

Church of England	116,224
Baptists	82,403
Wesleyans and Methodists	56,201
Presbyterians	21,507
Moravians	16,277
Roman Catholics	11,139
Congregationalists	5,365
Christians	976
Jews	2,535
	312,627

It would seem, from the census returns, that there are 268,177 souls, not present or accounted for in any religious fold. No doubt the negro fetich flourishes amid the canefields and has many of these among its worshipers.

The Roman Catholic religion was not tolerated in Jamaica until the year 1792. I must make a note of this, and ask somebody, who knows, what became of the souls of those who died there before that year. This calls to mind the inscription on the gate of a town in Ireland, noticed by Mrs. Hall in her book:

> "May enter here the Atheist,
> Jew, or Turk, but no Papist."

Under which some wit added,

> "Whoever wrote these lines, writ them well,
> The same are written on the gates of h——l."

The addition has been ascribed to the caustic Dean Swift, who, as a clergyman of the Church of England, could afford this witticism in favor of Rome.

Persons may become naturalized subjects, under the act

of Charles II., by making application to the Governor, with certificates of two citizens that they intend to become *bona fide* residents.

The value of exports in the year 1882 was $7,745,285; of imports, $6,610,310; showing a balance of trade in favor of Jamaica of $1,134,975. Of the imports, $2,500,000 were food-stuffs, and $2,000,000 clothing. The value of sugar exported was $3,071,415, and rum, $1,478,225; coffee, pimento, dye-woods, and fruits, $2,500,000. The principal fruit cultivated is the banana, although the orange is produced in large quantity.

Labor is cheap. In Jamaica the ordinary wages for carpenters and bricklayers is eighty cents a day, laborers thirty-five cents, two mules and a driver, one dollar eighty-seven cents. Food costs about the same as with us, except beef, which is twelve cents a pound. Salted beef is twenty-one cents, salt pork sixteen, and fresh pork eighteen cents a pound. Clothing is cheap, a man's felt hat costing from sixty cents to a dollar and a half, ready-made shoes one to two dollars.

Freemasonry flourishes. There are three Grand Lodges: the District Grand Lodge of Eastern Jamaica, the Provincial Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the Provincial Grand Mark Master's Lodge of England. Odd-fellowship has been introduced recently but has a membership of but one hundred and fifty. The Good Templars have been in existence for ten years, and have thirteen lodges, with a membership of eight hundred. As the annual product of rum is 2,500,000 gallons, this allows 3,200 gallons for each Good Templar to do away with.

The currency is sound, but one bank, the Colonial, being allowed to issue paper money. The paper in circulation amounts to $750,000. There is one street railway, which pays dividends of twelve per cent. per annum. These statistics

are obtained mainly from the "Handbook of Jamaica," a valuable and exhaustive compilation of information, from official sources, by Messrs. Sinclair and Fyfe, published at the Government Printing Establishment.

We read in books of the luxury of the West Indies, forming an idea of a place where everything grows spontaneously, where the white inhabitants loll around, in cool linen suits, sucking mint-juleps through a straw, or swinging in hammocks fanned by attendant negroes. I have visited English, French, and Dutch islands, and nowhere have I seen the evidence of what we would call comfort, except in Curaçoa, where they don't pretend to be rich. The wealthy planters, who formerly went North with their families during the summer, and flashed through Saratoga, with blazing diamonds, in sumptuous attire and handsome equipages, spending money with lavish hand, are seen there no more. They are rich no longer. The low price of sugar at present has something to do with the prevalent impecuniosity, but I imagine that there has been a gradual decay since the abolition of slavery. The planters refer mournfully to the "before times," by which they describe the old slave days, and contrast them with the hard lines of the present. It is possible that the condition of the negroes has been improved by emancipation, but the state of the owners has greatly deteriorated. Still I believe we always had an exaggerated notion of West Indian wealth and magnificence. There were never fine habitations on the sugar estates. The dwellings are generally of wood, two stories high, the family apartments in the upper, and surrounded by bare, uninviting verandas. I fancy that all the glowing descriptions of luxury, even in the "before times," were largely composed of bosh.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO.

A Short Sail—Filibusters—Sirens—Sailor's Hornpipe—The Lone Fisherman—New Line to Havana—Easter Sunday—A Miracle—Gulf of Mexico—Gallic Downfall—Chin-music—Havana.

HAVANA, April 17, 1884.

ON the afternoon of April 12th, we prepared to set sail for Havana, but before departure took a short run around the harbor, accompanied by the U. S. Consul, Mr. Hoskinson, Mr. George Levy, editor of the *Colonial Standard*, and Mr. De Cordova, with their families. Mr. De Cordova, to whom we had letters from our jolly yachting and fishing companion, Mr. S. A. Henry, of New York, was a welcome visitor during many hours of our stay in Kingston. He is a native of Jamaica, a magistrate and capable man of affairs, who, through his New York relations, is closely identified with American interests. He gave interesting accounts of several insurrectionary movements in Cuba, regarding which he appeared to be peculiarly well informed from recondite sources. He was the consignee of the ill-fated Virginius, which cleared from Kingston for Hayti, where she touched, and then proceeded to Cuba. The expedition was frightened away from the coast, pursued by a Spanish gunboat, and the vessel captured on the high seas, in contravention of the naval comity of nations. The filibusters were all condemned to death at Havana, but Mr. De Cordova, in Kingston, was instrumental

in saving some sixty lives. Fifteen of the adventurers, including Colonel Ryan and, I believe, Goicuria, had been shot, and the others were under sentence of death, when Mr. De Cordova appealed to the Commodore commanding the British fleet to interfere. At his earnest solicitation, the Commodore telegraphed the Captain-General of Cuba, asking for a stay of execution, and then despatched a frigate to Havana. The result was that the American filibusters escaped through English intervention. They deserved some punishment for their intended insurgency, but the intervention of the British Commodore, at Mr. De Cordova's intercession, was a creditable, humane act. England shields her own subjects, and occasionally stretches a protecting arm over others; the United States is too busy concocting schemes for partisan ascendancy to protect our citizens abroad. In that regard, as well as some others, the British subject enjoys an advantage over the American citizen.

After the debarkation of our guests, we dropped down toward the sea, and cast anchor in Port Royal harbor, to remain through the night, ready to sail in the morning. I will say nothing about the moon. I have already advertised moonshine enough gratuitously. I venture to remark, however, that Madame Cynthia beamed as usual, calmly gracious and obliging. We heard the singing fish again, which caused Uncle John to remark that they must be drummers for a hardware house, selling saw-files by illustrative example. Fancy might have formed the submarine lullaby into the song the sirens sang, which was a puzzling question to the ancients, according to Dr. Sir Thomas Browne. I am not familiar with the siren voice, but if she was good-looking as represented, we would condone her musical offense in the charm of beauty, and attribute the grating hoarseness to a bad cold, caught by getting wet feet coming home from a

tennis party without water-proof overshoes. Or it might have been a melodious mermaid. They were not noted for their musical ability, though they did sing sitting on a rock. These fascinating denizens of the deep were made up principally of long hair and looking-glasses, if I remember aright. They were not represented as wearing hooped-skirts, yet "tilters" were in fashion about the time I read up on the seductive mermaid. I don't believe in mermaids any more, nor have I much faith in any other maids. Strange how we lose confidence as we grow old and, drifting by unnoticed, suffer the pangs of inappreciation.

They were having a jolly break-down in the forecastle of the man-of-war before tattoo sounded. A fiddle scraped out lilting jig tunes, and we could hear the heel-and-toe and double-shuffle of the sailor's hornpipe lashing the deck, attended by ringing peals of laughter and obstreporous shouts of applause as some notable exhibition of skill excited enthusiasm. The exuberant merriment of the hilarious blue-jackets sounded pleasantly, skimming over the water, and the lively melodies still jingled in the ear as we turned in for the night.

We had intended to sail at sunrise the next morning, *mais l'homme propose*, and proposals are not always accepted. Our excuse for failing to carry out the intention was that we were out of wind. It didn't occur to the sailing-master to have me write a letter. I tried to raise the wind by getting Uncle John to endorse my note, but he declined, saying that I couldn't get it discounted in the fishing banks of Port Royal; adding sardonically that ordinary banks of commerce were institutions intended to accommodate when you didn't need help, and to shut down when you were hard up. We had just breeze enough to crawl out of the harbor, and then we lay becalmed for some time, drifting back with the tide

until we feared we would have to drop anchor or go ashore. The popular alternative proposition, Which would you rather, or go a-fishing? was answered by our going a-fishing. A black fisherman was in his boat hard by, and Uncle John, to have some sport, trolled out at him, in his gay and debonair manner, as if he were really enjoying the situation, the barcarolle,

Oh pescator dell onda,
Fidelin,
Vieni pescar in quà
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va,
Fidelin, lin, là.

To which the stolid pescator answered gruffly, "I don't want none of your fiddlin': Cheese it!" Then when Uncle John rejoined, in the playful Italian manner of Plunger Walton's street-uncleaning *sbirri*, "Parmesan is just the cheese," the stultified angler rowed to within a short distance of the yacht and, producing an accordeon, commenced playing "Sweet Violets." "Get out of that! or I'll shoot you!" shouted the outraged Commodore, whereupon the truculent fish-fiend deliberately changed the tune, and started in on "See that my Grave's kept Green." We fled from the deck precipitately, plunged below, and stopped our mouths to deafen sound.

After the departure of the lone fisherman, we embarked on our own little piscatorial venture and met with unbounded unsuccess. We had made great preparation for this amusement, and had shipped as much tackle as would have equipped an expedition searching for the needle pointing at the North Pole. In the outfit, was a new line of extraordinary merit, from which great things were expected, like the member of Congress serving his first term. It was supposed to be as tough as the conscience of a custom-house broker, but,

launched for the first time in these waters, it was carried off entire, tackled by some big fish with a fine taste for superior new lines. Uncle John suggested that it may have been taken by the sea-serpent to run a new line between Kingston and Havana. We caught no fish, but the one that carried off our line was a big one, you may be sure. One remarkable thing about fishing is, that, like financial criminals, the big ones always get off. At last a fine breeze sprang up, and we started westward to make a peaceful descent on Cuba.

Easter Sunday opened clear and bright. We were not up early enough to see the sun dance, besides, out of respect for Uncle John's religious prejudices, we wouldn't like to countenance dancing on the Sabbath. That superstition of the sun's dancing for joy Easter morning is very beautiful. I wish I could believe it now, as I did in childhood, when, at the instance of my warm-hearted father (who freshly preserved his youthful traditions, beautifying the dullness and smoothing the asperities of life, tinging his long course with fanciful, softening embellishment), I used to get up at sunrise, and, gazing intently at the wavering atmospheric refraction, imagine that I could see the sun dance. But it wasn't a puritanical sun he showed me. He had no connection with that concern. That sober, steady-going, practical, unsentimental luminary wouldn't indulge in festal prancing around the horizon on the Lord's Day.

We had an Easter miracle of our own for home consumption. The large chicken-coop on deck that carried a full assortment of fowls when we left New York, showed a gradual diminution as we proceeded, until now there was left but one hen and a venerable old cock. Looking into the coop when we came on deck, we espied an egg, the first one laid during the whole voyage. It was a strange coincidence that the only egg laid was on Easter day. I have indulged

some fancies in these letters, which must not be accepted literally, but the facts stated are strictly accurate, and I state as a fact now that the hen actually laid that egg Easter Sunday morning. It formed part of the breakfast dish of ham and eggs appropriate to the day. It was a fresh egg, too, although laid on salt ocean brine. Nor was the miracle manufactured to order, like some marvels, such as the sacred exhalations from the cave at Delphi—which I believe were produced by moonshiners distilling whisky illicitly under ground to evade the internal revenue tax—but a genuine manifestation, produced without human agency. Yet, like all truths impugned by imitative falsehood, a heretical forgery made its appearance to throw discredit on the veritable miracle. After breakfast, an egg was found in the cage of one of Uncle John's troopials, nearly as large as the bird himself, with a cochineal-colored shell and, *mirabile dictu!* hard-boiled. The Commodore accounted for this last peculiarity by saying that, as it was hot weather, it might be the habit of tropical birds to lay boiled eggs. It was undoubtedly a simulated miracle. When I was a boy, engaged in the trade of butting eggs at Paas, I often saw invincible butters of porcelain and glazed chalk cause havoc among honest, thin-shelled adversaries. I suppose the porcelains came from Shanghai, or were Cochin-China's perhaps.

No Easter lilies were aboard with which to garnish the table, but the lily of memory decked our backward glance with pure white petals. We made many surmises as to the state of the weather in New York, kindly hoping that the sun beamed propitiously on Fifth Avenue, to enable the ladies to wear their Spring bonnets, for which devout reward and culmination of Lenten self-denial the festival of Easter was instituted. In honor of the holiday of new clothing, Uncle John appeared in a virgin cravat of immaculate

white silk, quaintly embroidered with delicate flowers of spring time. The more prosaic Commodore ordered for dinner *potage à la printanière.* I read the Bible.

Being of an argumentative habit on board the Montauk, and harboring antagonistic views on nearly every topic advanced, except on the question of frequent eating and drinking, we engage in prolonged discussions during the long hours of sailing, particularly on Sundays, when games are intermitted. One prolific theme, upon which there is an irreconcilable difference of opinion, is the question of Sunday observance; regarding which I hold the views that prevail in continental Europe, while Uncle John steadfastly adheres to the traditional puritanical idea which obtains in America. Some pungent criticism of our vicious conduct in attending the Opera, Sunday night at Martinique, opened up a wide field of debate, which we planted thickly with words, until I flattered myself I sowed up Uncle John. He said it was because my lack of veneration was harrowing to him, but I knew it was because I raked up too many authorities. But what we said will fill a letter, and I shall issue an extra containing our arguments, which I will forward when I find time.

About midnight of April 16th, we made the light of Cape Antonio, and, after keeping on our course with it in view for some hours, jibed and entered the Gulf of Mexico. We had sailed the entire length and breadth of the Caribbean Sea, and fine water it is to sail in, with the trade-winds to keep along gently, but it is said to be nasty in a storm. We had no curiosity about that, however, being satisfied with our tempestuous experience in the Gulf Stream. If I were a betting man, I would back the Gulf against the Sea for any amount within my means, a couple of millions in mining stocks, or the equivalent in cash, say a dollar and a half, if that would suit. Here we bade adieu to the sedate trade-

winds, entertaining a very high opinion of them, which had improved on acquaintance, for our first interview was unsatisfactory and turbulent, through the interference of meddlesome mountain breezes, which made irruptions from the pugnacious Carib islands.

We expected to reach Havana by daybreak, but soon after entering the Gulf the wind died out, like an asthmatic breath, and we lay becalmed all night. Nor was it any better in the morning; there was hardly air enough to ripple the surface of the water, and when the land breeze did come, in intermittent puffs, it was dead ahead, and we were compelled to beat about in desultory, futile wanderings. Superstition might have attributed the thwarting winds to the vengeful deities, who resented the sacrifice, to ignoble chicken-soup, of the brave old cock, whose clarion notes had defied the shrieking winds clamoring for our destruction during the gale-y days (forgive me; it is Uncle John's) of our first week of the cruise. Among the Symbols of Pythagoras, was one that advised the breeding of a cock but forbade its sacrifice, for it was sacred to the sun and moon. But our steward is not a disciple of Pythagoras, although, in conjunction with the cook, he devotes himself to much close contemplation of the demands of our esoteric philosophy.

This mature bird was the last occupant of the coop, that had left New York with a large and highly respectable family, all related by marriage, but had gradually fallen into a decline before the consumption of the saloon, until at last this tough old cock trode alone the banquet coop deserted. It was too bad to slay the gallant trumpeter. Through all the roarings of the gale, while we lay imprisoned below, his voice was heard every morning on deck, boldly proclaiming his contempt of danger, confidently expressing his opinion that it wasn't much of a blow, and singing hearty canticles,

cheerful and reassuring amid the din of elemental battle. But the corn gave out and the poor cock lost his corn crop. There was plenty of corn-juice aboard, but he was a practical teetotaler and drank nothing but cold water, and so fell a victim to unreasonable prejudice. He died a game cock, his last crow was delivered in the face of the steward, a moment before the wringing of his defiant neck. Uncle John said the sound would haunt us as we sipped the soup into which the cock would be resolved at dinner—in fact, we would be eating crow. The Commodore commented philosophically that it might be a useful tentative exercise of our palates for the approaching Presidential election. Uncle John unfeelingly perpetrated a number of bad puns on this bird. The worst, by all odds, was the query, whether cock-crows by any other name would sound as sweet? The invincible Major Domino is becoming unendurable. Fortunately we shall be in New York ere long. I only give this specimen of verbal atrocity to show the depth of depravity one may reach by unrestrained indulgence in the punning propensity.

It was tedious drifting along the coast waiting for the land breeze, but at last it came out, with a favoring slant, and shortly after noon we entered the sluggish harbor of Havana. No salute was fired as we passed surly Morro Castle. If the ignorant commandant of that fortress had known that the Montauk was bearing proudly on her deck the *fru* Foreman of 29 Hose, he would have refused to salute just the same. Notwithstanding their vaunted punctilio, these overbearing Spanish soldiers are strangely unobservant in the payment of honors to the manes of the old Volunteer Fire Department of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

SUNDAY *vs.* SABBATH.

Exordium—The Decalogue—The Sabbath—Douay *vs.* King James—The Gospels—Sunday—Constantine—The Reformation—Luther, Calvin, Melancthon—Augsburg Confession—Queen Elizabeth—Old Puritans—New England—Modern Puritans—The Legal Sabbath—Rest and Recreation—Faith—Peroration.

AT SEA.

"WHAT is your proposition regarding our visit to the Opera at Martinique, Sunday evening?" I asked Uncle John.

"I say," he replied, "that it was a desecration of the Sabbath day, which we are commanded to keep holy, and there is no holiness about a negro theatre."

"But I deny your premise," I rejoined, "how do you prove that Sunday is the Sabbath?" Here my interlocutor took down the Bible, which is conveniently at hand (indeed it was the first book brought aboard the yacht, and is not the least read of the numerous volumes in the library), and recited, with solemn emphasis, from Exodus xx., 8–11.

8. Remember the sabbath day; to keep it holy.
9. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:
10. But the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the Lord thy God: *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:
11. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

"There," said the Sabbath advocate, "can anything be clearer or more explicit? We are commanded to remember and keep holy the Sabbath day, and to do no work on the day hallowed by the Lord. Perhaps, though, you will reject the authority of the Protestant version of the Holy Scriptures from which I quote."

"Oh, no," said I, "I will consent to your putting in evidence the King James' translation, although, since its first publication, in 1611, it has been altered and amended several times in numerous conflicting editions; while the authentic Douay version, issued by the English College at Rheims (the New Testament in 1582, and the Old in 1610) has not been changed, save in adopting the modernizations of language, conforming to current etymology without altering the sense, or necessitating revised interpretation. They are so nearly alike, however, that I am not biblical reader enough to distinguish between them, and only see the differences when they are pointed out by some one with more scriptural information. I prefer the Douay, which I regard as more accurate, to the King James', which is spurious to some extent, for frequent emendation has been required to correct its errors. As a matter of taste, too, I like a bible in which the Almighty is addressed as Our Father 'who' art in Heaven to one that says 'which;' to say nothing of the ascription, 'For thine is the kingdom,' etc., in the Lord's Prayer, which is surplusage, an interpolation, and has no right there. I think the Douay is written in better English. The King James' translators seemed to aim at making their version different from the older one, even at the sacrifice of diction. They sometimes employed metonymy to avoid tautology, as in the substitution of 'Grave' for 'Death'—'O Grave! where is thy victory?' I think the word Death, used in the Douay version, preferable. Still,

if I don't like it, perhaps I had better get up a bible of my own.

"Argumentatively, then, I will employ the King James' version, and quote from it in turn.

"The day of the week designated in the Decalogue is the seventh, commonly known as Saturday, and observed by the Jews as the Sabbath, according to the Old Dispensation. The Lord's Day of Christians, established to commemorate the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, is the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, adopting heathen nomenclature. Now, waiving, for the time being, the point that the Sabbath was abrogated by the New Dispensation, I claim that the day of rest mentioned in the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Day of the Church, are two separate and distinct divisions of time, one occurring on Saturday the other on Sunday. Let me read from the Bible (and don't get off the old joke about the devil quoting scripture); I cite the four evangelists to prove the exact concurrence of language in describing the day of resurrection which Christians keep as the Lord's Day.

S. Matthew, chapter xxviii. 1: In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first *day* of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre.

S. Mark, chapter xvi. 1: And when the sabbath was passed Mary Magdalene, and Mary the *mother* of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

2. And very early in the morning, the first *day* of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

S. Luke, chapter xxiv. 1: Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

S. John, chapter xx. 1: The first *day* of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

"You will not dispute that Christ rose from the dead on the *first* day of the week; and that it was not the Sabbath day is demonstrated by the text of Matthew, 'In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn;' and in Mark, 'And when the sabbath day was passed.' It is clear, then, that the day of resurrection was the one following the Sabbath, and it must not be confounded with the Sabbath itself. If we commemorate the resurrection, we keep Sunday, the first day of the week; if we observe the Sabbath, according to the mandate of the Old Dispensation, we keep Saturday, the seventh day, with the Jews. We cannot mix them, unless it is possible to be Christian and Jew at the same time, which is the inconsistent attempt of the Puritan."

"But," said Uncle John, "the Sabbath has been changed by Christians from the seventh day to the first, and we are bound to the same observance though a different day is designated; it is the Christian Sabbath."

"Who changed it?" I inquired. "Show me the authority! I challenge you to point out a line in the New Testament that authorizes the substitution, or makes provision for any particular day to be observed. If the Sabbath was done away with, no other day was substituted in Holy Writ. If it was not abolished, then we are bound to observe the seventh day, or Saturday, in order to obey literally the command given to Moses. If the Lord set apart the seventh day, what human power can change a Divine ordinance? But even in the manner of recognition, it is recorded that our Saviour rebuked the pharisaical strictness that obtained among the Jews, which was probably a perversion, by sectaries, of the original ordinance establishing a day of rest

from labor; which is a natural requirement for the preservation of health and maintenance of the well-being of mankind."

"Ah, there's where I have you," said Uncle John; "you argue against a sabbath day, and yet you acknowledge the necessity for setting apart every seventh day for rest from work."

"Certainly I do," said I; "I believe in it as a sanatory measure, for in no other way can salutary regulations of this nature be enforced so efficaciously as by making them matters of religion. I repeat, however, that the Sabbath as a religious enactment was repealed by implication in the New Dispensation, and that there is no analogous character to it in the festival of the Lord's Day, established for the first time in the fourth century. There is no Christian Sabbath, but there is a Christian Lord's Day. A Christian Sabbath is a Jewish Sunday—white blackbird."

"The gravamen of your argument is that Christians are obliged to recognize Sunday as the Sabbath Day of the Old Testament. This I deny. You cannot produce one jot or one tittle of evidence to substantiate the claim, unless it be some unauthentic human invention. The point is, whether Christians are bound to observe Sunday after the morose manner of the Sabbath of the Scribes and Pharisees, or whether it should be regarded, as was the original intention, simply as a day of religious worship and abstention from labor, of rest, recreation, and innocent enjoyment. The puritanical Sunday (misnamed the Sabbath) is an attempt to judaize Christianity.

"It is supposed that for the first three centuries after the death of our Saviour, Christians were in the habit of assembling for worship on the first day of the week, in the catacombs of Rome and elsewhere; but it was not a regular custom, nor was there any formulated ordinance enjoining it.

Indeed, so far from its assuming the Jewish features, the Lord's Day was established for the purpose of preventing Christians from observing the Sabbath, for, through the lack of a day to replace it, they were relapsing into Judaism and kept the Sabbath with the Jews. In order to check this retrocession, the Emperor Constantine, in the year 321, issued an edict in which he enjoined rest from labor on the first day of the week. It will be observed, by the text of his edict, that he does not style it the Lord's Day, but *Dies solis*, the heathen designation, prefixing *venerabilis*, calling it the venerable day of the sun; which gave rise to the suspicion that he had not entirely abandoned the heathenish ideas entertained before his miraculous conversion to Christianity, but that the recognition involved in the name showed a lingering affection for the rites performed on that day in honor of Apollo. The title Lord's Day was given afterward by the Church. Here is the text:

Imperator Constantius Aug. Helpidio.

Omnes judices urbanæque plebes et cunctarum artium officia venerabili die Solis quiescant.

"'On the venerable day of the Sun let the magistrates and people residing in cities rest, and let all workshops be closed.'

"It will be seen that the absolute obligation was imposed only on residents of cities. He then adds the qualification, which constitutes the residue of the document:

"'In the country, however, persons engaged in the work of cultivation may freely and lawfully continue their pursuits, because it often happens that another day is not so suitable for grain-sowing or for vine-planting; lest by neglecting the proper moment for such operations the bounty of Heaven should be lost. Given the second day of March. Crispus and Constantius being Consuls each of them for the second time.'

"Some Christians resented this prohibition of work as a yielding to Jewish sabbatarianism, and lamented the innovation, which they regarded as a concession prejudicial to Christianity, as opening the door to further innovations. As there was no Sabbath before Moses, there was no Lord's Day before Constantine. The writings of the early Fathers of the Church abound in warnings to Christians against sabbatizing the Lord's Day. The Sabbath, perverted by the Pharisees and fanciful Rabbins, was a sombre fast, the Sunday of the Christians, a cheerful feast or holy-day. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, says, 'Turn thou not out of the way unto Samaritanism or Judaism. For Jesus Christ hath redeemed thee henceforth. Reject all observance of Sabbath.'

"After the Protestant Reformation, the early reformers did not adopt the sabbatical view. Luther kicked a foot-ball in front of the church after service, and John Knox, visiting Calvin, at Geneva, on the Lord's Day, found him playing at bowls on the village green. The Augsburg Confession, framed by Melancthon, with Luther's assistance, which promulgated the Protestant rule of faith, said, 'Those who judge that in the place of the Sabbath the Lord's Day was instituted as a day to be necessarily observed, are greatly mistaken. Scripture abrogated the Sabbath and teaches that all the Mosaic ceremonies may be omitted now that the Gospel is revealed. And yet, forasmuch as it was needful to appoint a certain day that the people might know when to assemble together, it appears that the Church destined the Lord's Day for that purpose. The day seems to have rather pleased them, in order that men might have thereby a proof of Christian liberty, and know that the observance, whether of the Sabbath or of the other day, was not a matter of necessity.'

"What does the modern Sabbatarian say to this authentic exposition of faith?

"In one of the Queen's Injunctions, during the reign of Good Queen Elizabeth, who was a most godly exterminator of popery, Sunday is classed with other holidays, and it is stated that 'if for any scrupulosity or grudge of conscience some should superstitiously abstain from working on those days; they shall grievously offend.' She granted a license to one John Seconton to use certain plays and games on nine several Sundays.

"Fifty years afterward, King James, who gave his name to the version of the Bible accepted by Protestants, issued the 'Book of Sports,' by which persons were allowed after church time on Sundays to cultivate athletic games and pursue such pastimes as were not in themselves unlawful.

"This 'Book of Sports' was one of the causes that impelled the brave, austere, hard-headed, narrow-minded, strong-willed puritans, who were attempting to permeate Christianity with Judaism (going far beyond what the first reformers contemplated in their secession from the Church of Rome), to the exodus from England, that has made such a prominent mark on the history of the world, and fashioned materially the manners and customs of the American people. The strength of harsh, vigorous, uncompromising puritanism is found in the sabbatical influence that pervades all creeds in Great Britain and America, even the Roman Catholic yielding to it somewhat in the outward Sunday aspect.

"Sabbatarianism was first firmly founded by the puritans of Scotland, but the English who came over in the Mayflower were quite as fully imbued with fanaticism as that gloomy sect. The Blue Laws of the New England colonies, which forbade one to travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave, to run or walk in his garden on the Sabbath day (*i.e.*, Sunday) are familiar to the general reader."

"This is quite a fine lecture," said Uncle John, as I stopped

for breath, "and shows that you have been reading up on the subject."

"Yes," I rejoined, "I believe in reading up on every subject, and there is nothing more interesting and profitable than pursuing the subject of religious divisions, for the history of peoples and governments hinges upon them. And there is nothing about which the public knows so little. If there is any one thing more than another in which ignorance is displayed it is on this question of Sunday *vs.* Sabbath. There is such a confounding of the diverse institutions, the antagonistic cheerful feast and groaning fast, the sunshine of Christianity and the shadow of Judaism, that it is hard to make those who have not studied the matter understand the difference between them. It is not to be wondered at, however, when we consider that a great majority of our churchgoers in cities are utterly uninformed upon the tenets of the particular church they attend, and are quite indifferent to them, changing from church to church, according to the dictates of fashion, or the attractions of eloquent pulpit oratory and fine music.

"Dr. Hussey, a learned divine of the Church of England, delivered a series of lectures in the Brampton course, twenty-five years ago, in which he took the view herein advanced, treating the subject exhaustively, fortifying his position with an impregnable array of extracts from Holy Writ and the writings of the Fathers of the Church, sustained irrefutably by history, sacred and profane."

"Admitting all you have said to be true," said Uncle John, "and I do not question the credibility of the authorities you cite, which are apparently authentic, what would you have? Would you exchange our quiet, orderly, decorous, American Sabbath (a misnomer, it may be) for the European Sunday, with its unrestrained license?"

"I shall not answer that question categorically," I replied. "I desire to make an explanation, in which I confess that I prefer our method, with some relaxations and unloosing of unreasonable and inoperative restrictions. I have always been used to it, and will admit that the prejudices of my early quasi-puritanical training were shocked by what I saw on Sundays in both Catholic and Protestant Europe. As I have before observed, the strength of puritanism is manifested by the sabbatical tinge it has imparted to the numerous ramifications of religious sects in the United States; as the Frenchman described it, a country with a hundred religions and only one sauce. Even non-religionists are affected by it. The man who professes no creed, who sympathizes with the wide-spread infidelity which prevails among the people, rejecting not only sects and denominations, but the authority of revelation, is scrupulous in observing Sunday as the Sabbath. He denies the divinity of Christ, but will not play billiards on Sunday; he says there is no revealed religion, but he shrinks from base-ball on the American Sabbath. I answered just now, that I preferred the sober, devout appearance of the American Sunday; but, in a religious point of view, I fear it is dangerous to Christianity, because illogical. There is no logic in appealing to Jewish authority to enforce a Christian regulation. Faith shaken in one thing becomes weak in another. *Falsus in uno.* There is a certain amount of common sense in faith, and it is not common sense to quote what the Lord commanded to Moses, about one day, to compel obedience to an edict of Constantine regarding another. This stubborn ramming down the throat a mere assertion without proof is calculated to promote unbelief, and its effect is visible in the growing skepticism of the American people. Our Sunday is the shadow without the substance; it is the hypocritical semblance of lost faith; the lingering odor of de-

parted sanctity. The old puritan believed what he preached, the modern preaches what he doesn't believe. The old bigot had faith, the modern pretender has unbelief.

"Our Sunday observance is a remnant of the theocratic system, the jumbling of spiritual and temporal, the civil and religious, which marked the semi-patriarchal government of small communes in colonial days; a republican despotism. The clergyman denounces from the pulpit desecrations of the Sabbath, upon which he invokes Divine wrath, and then calls on the constable with a warrant from the justice of the peace to enforce the Decalogue. It is a curious mingling of the heavenly and the earthly.

"The particular object of modern ecclesiastical, denunciatory fulmination seems to be the vendor of beverages. The clergyman will preach his Sunday sermon with the clatter of railroad-building, of shovel and pickaxe, filling the church unnoticed, but if somebody, a mile away, gently fills a glass of beer for a thirsty traveler, his offense is rank and smells to heaven for vengeance. It ought to, if he sells beer made of glucose and aloes, instead of malt and hops. Six days shalt thou labor in selling lager, but thou shalt cut off the tap on the first day of the week. We may peddle milk, sell cigars, chop meat, or dish out ice-cream on Sunday, but the cool and foaming lager, so refreshing on a hot day, let it be anathema! It is no sin to have a steam-engine puffing all day long, and a swarm of laborers working on a building, within a block of Trinity Church, but spies are hired to peep through key-holes to detect Fritz Casevorus in unholy devotions to King Gambrinus, away up in Avenue A, and bring him to punishment for his malefactions. It makes a difference.

> 'He hides behind a magisterial air
> His own offences, and strips others bare.'

When the offender urges in extenuation that he doesn't believe Sunday is the Sabbath Day, and he has, therefore, committed no offense against Divine law, he is answered that he has been guilty of an infraction of the law of the land. Admitted: but I am not looking at the question in a civil, but purely in its religious, aspect, as presented by those who quote, 'Remember the Sabbath day; to keep it holy.' I don't mix the Bible with the Revised Statutes.

"The law recognizes no religion, except in the case of Jews, who have certain privileges accorded, because their faith teaches them to observe the genuine Sabbath. Why should the law discriminate against Christians in matters of conscience? They ought to be entitled to the same privileges of belief or unbelief as the Jews. You may argue that because civil law ordains that the first day of the week is the Sabbath, we are bound to obey it, and regard the day as such. The obligation of obedience to law I acknowledge, but I reject the religious corollary. Statute law cannot control the conscience. That is what clergymen claimed when the Fugitive Slave law was in force, or rather was not enforced. The Penal Code of the State of New York has the power of punitive enforcement, but David Dudley Field did not frame the Ten Commandments. He could find a flaw in them if liberally retained on the other side. The Legislature of the State of New York could not—by Divine inspiration, through the votes of the Honorable Mr. Simpkins or the Honorable Mr. Tweed—convert the first day of the week into the seventh; and their enactments do not make me believe that the Jewish Sabbath of the Pharisees is identical with the Christian Sunday of Constantine and the Fathers of the Church."

"Yet," said Uncle John, "while entitled to your opinion, you must yield to the views of the majority. Public opinion

adopts the dictum of the Churches, and the civil law upholds it, that Sunday is the Sabbath Day."

"There I join issue with you," I replied. "The majority does not adopt this view. To say nothing of the free-thinkers, there are the Roman Catholics, who do not accept the sabbatical construction, and statistics show that there are more Catholics than Protestants in the world. Nor do all Protestants coincide in the interpretation. The Lutherans, for example, who hold the faith of the pioneer great Protestant reformer, entertain the same view as the Catholics. So do other sects. In Protestant Germany, as well as Catholic France, the worshipers engage in games and pastimes after attendance at divine service on Sunday. But we hear a great deal said about our American ! Sabbath. Bear in mind that I am not looking at this matter in a restricted territorial view, but generally, applied to the whole world, for I take it the Law was meant for all mankind, and if there was any special application it was intended for the Jews, the chosen people. Is it reasonable to suppose that the Almighty enacted a special ordinance for our great Republic ? France and Germany observed the Lord's Day centuries before America was discovered by Christians. If there is an especial American Sabbath, the tablets delivered amid the awful thunders of Sinai, should read, Remember the Sabbath day ; to keep it holy—in the United States of America. Where is the authority for our American Sabbath ? a mere clap-trap phrase.

"Even in observance there has been a wonderful change in the habits of the people. I can remember when it was regarded as wrong for a man to take his family out for a drive on Sunday afternoon. Walking for recreation was condemned, and the person in need of exercise sought the obscurity of back streets, to avoid the masked batteries of frowning eyes, peeping through the pious embrasures of holy

closed blinds. As for music, the piano-forte was locked Saturday evening and opened Monday morning. Some bold innovators would shock their neighbors by playing what is loosely defined as sacred music, but they were possessed of extraordinary courage in braving public opinion. What is sacred music? All good music is sacred; the bad, an abomination. If one can play the 'Old Hundredth' without offense, why not 'Schubert's Serenade?' and surely the soulful strains of the 'Last Rose of Summer' could not offend the ear of Deity more than the crepitating 'Hold the Fort,' and such rattle-de-bang compositions. Who has the authority to make music sacred, and who profane? It is the intrinsic character that stamps it. There is wicked music. It is the sensuous and entrancing strain which the Devil employs to seduce the imagination and corrupt the heart. Good, pure music refines and elevates.

"What authorized modification of the sacred obligation makes innocent to-day what was wicked twenty-five years ago? The puritans, who attempted to engraft the Old Dispensation on the New, and regarded the fortuitous historical writings of the Old Testament as entitled to equal reverence with the inspired gospels of the New, made the Sabbath begin at sundown Saturday, and end at sundown Sunday. Then, the pious farmer took his jug of New England rum to the field, and commenced cutting grass, and his industrious helpmate attacked the week's washing. Who has promulgated the change in this regard? If it was right to sow barley after sundown on Sunday, 1834, who has made it wrong on Sunday, 1884?

"The Church of Rome, which, with the Greek Church, invented Sunday as a religious holiday, describes the days of the week in her rubrics as follows: Sunday, the first day of the week, is the Lord's Day, then follow the second, third,

fourth, fifth, and sixth days, but Saturday, the seventh, has a distinctive name—it is called the Sabbath Day. This is the official designation of the Mother Church. Pope and Patriarch agree, and I suppose they ought to know something about Christianity."

"This one-sided discussion is becoming very tedious," yawned Uncle John, "cut it off; let me ask you what is your idea of Sunday, stated without so much circumlocution?"

"My idea," I said, "is this: Sunday, as I have heretofore tried to explain (nebulously, perhaps, for I am not a theologian) is the Lord's Day, and not the Sabbath. It is a day for which there is no authority in revelation, but it was founded three hundred years after the death of Our Saviour. The injunction was, cessation from unnecessary and servile work, and, by implication, commemorative attendance at divine worship. The Church knew what it meant by the institution at the time, and doesn't require the after-century elucidation of those who don't believe in the Church. It is a day of rest, and recreation is often restful. The man confined at a desk, or sitting at his bench, all the week, may find rest and relaxation of cramped limbs in a game of cricket. Another may seek it in the contemplative man's recreation and, rod in hand, follow old Izaak Walton along the grass-covered banks of some quiet stream, with the innocent birds singing psalms, and sweet waters murmuring litanies over the beaded pebbles; while bending willows dip sprinkling fingers in the limpid font, niched in sequestered nook; and congregated stalks of yellow grain bow their heads before winds that breathe benedictions from on high. But the bigot, who sits in a cushioned pew, and drowses through a soporific homily, is afraid lest the profane swish of the angler's fly-cast will disturb his pious meditations. So he sends a policeman after the criminal Sabbath-breaker.

"The professional, or business man, whose mind is engrossed in wearing mental strain on secular days, might find relief from exciting care in a game of whist. If there is nothing wrong *per se* in cricket, angling, or whist, one has as much right to engage in them on Sunday as any other day, for there is no prohibition of recreation on Sunday or Sabbath in either Old or New Testament. It is not the day, but the act, that constitutes wrong-doing. What is innocent on Saturday cannot be wrong on Sunday; that is, unless it is some infraction of a regulation by constituted authority. All the Church interdictions are to be classed in the category of the *malum prohibitum* and not the *malum in se*. They are matters of discipline, not creed. The Church of Rome says I may indulge in innocent amusement on Sunday; the Church of Scotland says I may not. If I believe in Rome, I repudiate the authority of Scotland to control my observance of the Lord's Day; the more confidently as Sunday was in charge of the Church of Rome a thousand years before Scotland invented a Church of her own. And I say, too, that Scotland has no more right to make religious laws for America than Rome has. If either, Roman Catholics, being the majority, ought to have the arrangement of these affairs, for the majority is supposed to rule."

"Playing whist is innocent in itself," said Uncle John, "but it isn't keeping the Sabbath day holy."

"Ah! there is the whole argument in a nutshell," I rejoined. "Even if the Sabbath were not abrogated by the Christian Gospel, as the Reformers said it was, in the Augsburg Confession, the seventh day of the week is not the first. But you may quote from Ecclesiastes, and say, 'To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven—time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance.' It may occur to you that Sun-

day is not the time to play whist, and that dancing would be rather out of place at church. Yet the Jews, to whom the Sabbath was commanded, danced in their service——"

"Look here," interrupted Uncle John, "I won't stand this much longer; tell us briefly what kind of a Sunday you would have."

"I would have," said I, "religious worship, as commanded by the Church; innocent amusements; athletic games and sports; base-ball for the boys after Sunday-school; driving in the country for those who could afford it; picture galleries open; concerts and music in the public parks——"

"Hold on," interposed my interlocutor, "you needn't go through the whole catalogue of diversions. You seem to want to do away with our old traditions. You are an iconoclast!"

"No," I responded, "I am no iconoclast, except in the sense of a destroyer of false idols. I do not wish to do away with the Lord's Day; on the contrary, I would restore it to its original status. We read that the Puritan iconoclasts destroyed rare works of art and disfigured beautiful temples of Catholic worship during the reign of blind, vindictive fanaticism in England. Where they did not shatter they sometimes bedaubed statues, and covered over with whitewash choice pictures of the Virgin and the Saints, which, to their perverted gaze, appeared idolatrous. They pasted over the Christian Sunday a covering of Jewish Sabbath. Let us scrape off the disfiguring layer, and restore the pristine beauties of the Lord's Day!"

"But," said Uncle John, "you satirize everything; you seem to believe in nothing."

"On the contrary," I remonstrated, "I do believe. I do not intend to be satirical, except against what I regard as shams and false pretenses, and I do not wish to treat this

topic irreverently or flippantly. I simply desire to bring out the truth. I ridicule no faith. I respect every man's honest convictions, if he arrives at them by the process of ratiocination, and not through stupid, unreasoning bigotry. I believe, however, that every one ought to have an intelligent belief, if the means of information are accessible. It isn't right for one to shut his eyes when the sun shines and persist in saying it is cloudy, because it so appears through his closed eyelids. The intelligent man ought to have a reason for the faith that is in him. I have the most profound respect for sincere faith, and wish I had more of it myself. I would be glad if I could believe that if I lost anything and prayed to St. Anthony I would recover it. I would put some Rock Island to the Saint at 150. I am no religious skeptic, however. I believe."

"In heaven's name, what do you believe?" asked Uncle John, impatiently.

"*Credo in unum Deum*," I answered; "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen. I do not believe that Sunday is the Sabbath."

"Well, I don't care," finally said Uncle John; "that's the way I was brought up, and I'll stick to it."

"Right you are," I concluded; "stick to anything you believe. Your argument, though, is a *non sequitur*."

So there was no game of dominos Sunday evening. It cannot be played *solitaire*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAVANA.

The Streets—Soldiers—Policemen—Yellow Fever—The Foul Harbor—Volunteers—A Minder—Aguero—Political—Morro Castle—Jelly-fish—A Night Scene—Domestic Cigars—Whistling—Milk—Oxen—The Spanish Yoke.

HAVANA, April 18, 1884.

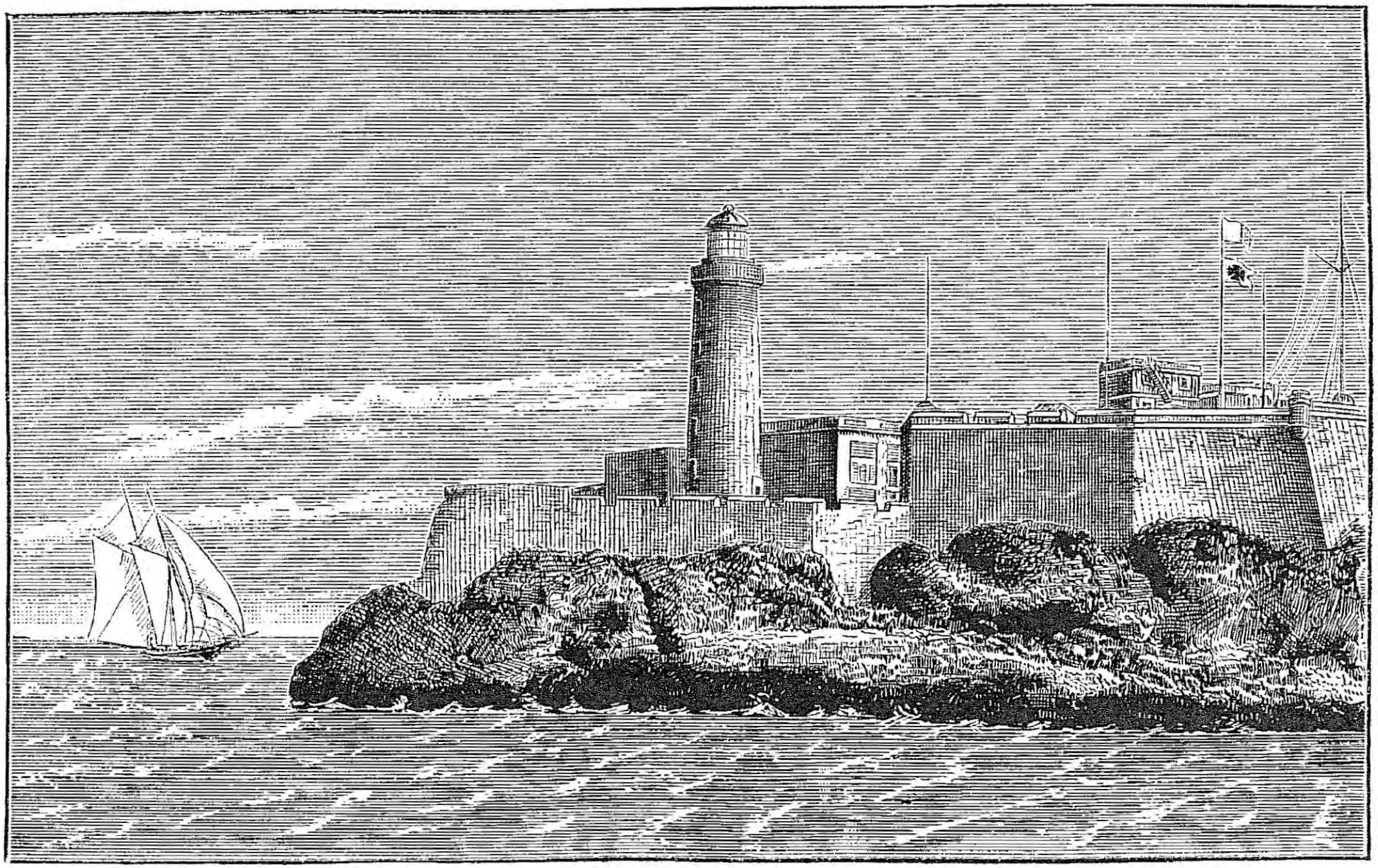
HAVANA is so familiar to Americans, through the facility of quick intercommunication, that a description of it would be "a thrice-told tale." I failed to observe any material change in its appearance since I was here five years ago, with the exception of some new buildings erected near the Prado. I think I saw more ladies, attended by black *dueñas*, walking in the streets to do their shopping, but the impoverished condition of the island may necessitate economical pedestrianism, though it is probable that American intercourse is modifying manners and customs. Formerly it was rare to see ladies afoot. Now, though carriages were still to be seen before the shops, containing ladies with heads covered by the Spanish vail, there were many walking in the streets.

Soldiers and policemen abound, the former puny, slouching, unhealthy-looking and ill-clad, while the latter are well uniformed and equipped, evidently picked men, of a superior grade to the military. The enlisted men sent from Spain seem to be of an inferior class of the population, but the officers are handsome, well set-up, and of soldierly bearing. The

common soldiers soon fall sick. During the last insurrectionary war, fifty-five per cent. of the fresh levies from Spain died of disease.

Our first call was upon my old friend, Dr. D. M. Burgess, from Richfield Springs, New York, a physician in large practice, who has resided here for fifteen years, and is now United States Sanitary Inspector. Another old-time American resident is Mr. W. B. Redding, a native of New York City, who has lived here thirty years, and during his residence has made eighty voyages between Havana and his home. Probably no one on the island has a greater number of acquaintances. He knows everybody, as the saying goes. He furnishes all the fine horses in Cuba, which he imports from the United States. The native horses are poor. The duty on imported horses is $132.40 a head. During the war there was an additional duty of twenty per cent., and this, added to an entry fee of $10, and $17 for veterinary examination, made a good horse a costly luxury. Then there is an internal revenue tax of $50 per annum.

We are under great obligation to Mr. Redding. He accompanies us everywhere and affords facilities for obtaining information not ordinarily within easy reach of travelers. We were gratified to have him dine with us aboard the yacht, with his friend Mr. T. B. Crowe, the British Vice-Consul, Dr. Burgess, and Mr. C. C. Fort, Acting United States Consul, succeeding General Badeau, who vanished from the Consulate the day we arrived. In the Consul's office was a young Cuban clerk, to whom I gave a half eagle to pay some postage on letters to the United States. I had hard work to get the change. In fact I didn't get it from him. Happening to mention it to Dr. Burgess, he advanced the amount to me, saying he was connected with the Consulate and would collect from the slow payer. Perhaps he did.



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

But he must have employed a dentist. According to the slang in vogue, they are all "on the make" in Havana.

The Prado shows some improvement since I was last here. Then, the convicts, in chain-gangs, under the surveillance of overseers armed with rifles, were at work on it, but the extension is now completed, and it is a handsome, broad avenue, with interior spaces for trees, plants, flowers, and fountains, flanked with wide, smooth coachways. The streets are kept reasonably well-sprinkled, for water is plenty, but there is no drainage, and to this cause may be attributed the constant presence of yellow fever. With accumulation of filthy deposits, unmoved by purifying currents, the harbor is a fruitful generator of disease. If a channel could be cut, to promote the flow of water and move the festering detritus which coagulates in poisonous exhalement, and carry it out to sea, one great source of pestilential germination would be removed. But this would require the expenditure of a great deal of money, and there is but little cash here. As Uncle John remarked, Cuba has no money, and less credit. I believe that this purification would make Havana one of the healthiest cities in the world. The climate is of unexcelled salubrity, and disease is not violent, apart from the noxious yellow fever, which is virulent because of inefficient provision for expulsion of the seething feculence that defiles the harbor waters.

But it is useless to hope for this improvement under Spanish rule, which is a vampire sucking the life blood of the commonalty. With Cuba free, or annexed to the United States, there might be a change for the better, but so long as the island is at the mercy of rapacious Spanish officials, who plunder it for their own enrichment, there is little hope of its amelioration. Loyalty is rampant in Cuba. That attribute (the masquerading costume of knaves in every

country) is expensive to the people anywhere, but it is particularly extravagant here. The bitter hatred between Cuban and Castilian, though not so intense superficially as during the period of insurrection, still smolders hotly, and is liable to break out at any time, in open revolt, fanned by fierce resentment of unprosperity. The Spanish Club, the Casino, is the focus of loyalty, and here none but the Castilian may enter. It is the headquarters of the blood-thirsty Volunteers, who maintained a reign of terror during the existence of the rebellion. They were bold and brutal, ruling with truculent disregard of every law except their own savage will; an intensely loyal mob on the side of the Government.

Mr. Redding, who was an eye-witness of the occurrence, related to us an instance of the ferocity of these Volunteers during the excitement of the disturbed period. He was seated in the *café* of the Louvre, in company with a gentleman in the diplomatic service, whose carriage stood outside the door. Their attention having been attracted to a commotion in Isabella Park, near by, the gentlemen went out and saw a man running from a Volunteer, who fired, and the pursued fell dead. Mr. Redding asked the Volunteer, whom he knew, why he shot the man, and was answered that the villain wore a blue cravat and refused to reply when questioned as to wearing it, but started to run. Mr. Redding went to the unfortunate victim of Volunteer loyalty and recognized in him a young American, who had been in Havana but a few weeks, as agent for the sale of perfumery made in New York. Wanting to send his likeness home to his wife, he put on this blue cravat, without knowing the significance of its revolutionary color, to sit for a photograph. He was returning from the sitting when he encountered the rancorous Volunteer, who addressed him in a menacing manner, when the poor fellow, not understanding Spanish, started to

run and was murdered, as related. The coachman of the diplomat, who witnessed the whole affair, was threatened with vengeance if he testified against the murderer, who, after some mockery of justice, was released from arrest. They were "hanging men and women for the wearing of the green" in Ireland; in Cuba they were shooting men for wearing the blue.

It was unfortunate for that victim of the blue that there was no Fort Lafayette handy in Havana, or his life might have been spared from the revolver, and his disloyal body consigned to the dungeon of the suspect by a tinkle of the little bell. As it was, he was tried summarily by a drumhead court-martial, of one member, self-appointed, and—by bullet instead of rope—met the mob-appeasing fate of Mrs. Surratt.

During his long residence in Havana, Mr. Redding has seen many strange things. He witnessed the shooting of the Virginius party, heretofore mentioned in one of these letters from Kingston, and pointed out to us the wall near the prison where they were ranged for execution. Garroting on the Prado he saw quite often; indeed he has been treated to an extensive variety of cheerful and amusing sights.

Apropos of the intense loyalty of the Volunteers, we have just learned that Aguero landed a few days ago, from a Key West schooner, on the coast, two hundred and twenty-five miles from Havana, with an overwhelming force of twenty-five men. Five thousand soldiers have been sent in pursuit of his army, two hundred soldiers to a filibuster. As he is in a forest one hundred and twenty miles long, it is possible that he may be able to lead the opposition a long chase before he is captured. No doubt he will get accessions from the sympathizing inhabitants of the rebellious districts, and may be able to make a formidable demonstration. Na-

poleon had quite a small army when he landed from Elba, but Aguero may not be a Napoleon.

There is a favorable revolutionary condition in the all-pervading stagnation of trade and financial distress. Hunger is a powerful stimulant to patriotism. Poverty clamors for a change, while wealth lies inert, careless of the rights of the people, deaf to the voice of independence. There was a great deal of philosophy in the remark of the French communistic editor, who advocated the equal distribution of property until he became the unexpected possessor of fifty thousand francs as a legatee. When asked if he were still in favor of equal distribution, he answered that he was for all sums over fifty thousand francs. The full belly is a great clog to the independent heart. It sluggishly retards the circulation of the liberty-loving blood.

There is a shrewd suspicion that Spain winks at these *émeutes*, which form a pretext for an enormous increase in the budget for military purposes, besides quickening the loyal feeling to influence the elections for the Cortes, now progressing. Nothing is so useful in the bamboozling line as loyalty, except it be reform ; which has now first choice in the election pools by which people are sold in the United States. Both cries are used to great advantage by the demagogue. It is the old expedient of despotism, to encourage latent discontent, to foment disaffection and bring it to a head prematurely, and then crush it with a loyal blow at the opportune moment. This has been the course pursued by England to keep Ireland under, through bribery, spies, informers, and provocation to overt acts, which were made the justification for harsh and cruel repressive measures. It is no new thing to get up outrages to order. We know something about it at home. It is not many years since Eliza Pinkston, an influential politician in Louisiana, created a

great sensation by appearing as an election outragee, and, in the Capitol at New Orleans, showed "of wounds two dozen odd," which she did "for your voices bear"—citizens Wells and Anderson, Kenner and Casanave!

The Government ships malefactors to the United States, and they return filibusters. Aguero was hired to leave Cuba some time ago; his return now as an insurgent about election time has a suspicious look. Still he may be an honest reformer: he is not an American.

A visit to Morro Castle was interesting. The necessary permit was obtained from the Captain of the Port without difficulty. This formidable fortification was once an effectual barrier to hostile entrance to the harbor, but it would be of little service against the improved naval armament of the period. The Morro is kept in good condition and is strongly fortified, but the white-walled Cabáñas fort seems to be falling into decay. We were courteously received at the sally-port by a dignified Spanish officer, who detailed a subaltern to accompany us through the works. Whether this was a delicate attention, or a precaution against our making sketches of the fortifications for General Don Mateo McMahon and other Cubans, engaged in profound revolutionary projects for *Cuba Libre*, at Cruquinassius', Park Row, I am unable to say; but the officer was agreeable in his manners, and we considerately avoided any heated discussion with him, as he couldn't understand what we said. He was neat and soldierlike in his dress, as are all the officers. The soldiers are shabby fellows, clothed in flimsy, striped-cotton uniforms, unkempt, and apparently undisciplined. The officer who accompanied us, being a first lieutenant, must get as much as forty of fifty dollars a year pay. The common soldiers get nothing but their cheap clothing and poor rations. I believe they are promised some trifling pay, but they never get it.

The high officials of Cuba gobble up all the money and there is none left for the poor old soldier. I suppose that the Government supplies him with a grave, as a necessity, but a coffin is a luxury.

The Morro is a solid mass of masonry, but stone is good for little as a resistant to the powerful projectiles of recent improved construction. Masonry crumbles before the irresistible missiles which science, with progressive destructiveness, invents. How much easier to destroy than to build; a platitude introduced for the purpose of firing a shot at purblind agitators, who can pull down in an hour what it took years of wise foresight and patient experience to build up. The piles of rusty round shot lining the parapets, and the general appearance, are emblematic of the Spanish government in Cuba; corroding, decaying, effete, with obsolete methods and inefficient, ancient forms; feeble in attack, powerless for defense.

The barracks, partially bomb-proof, are dull and cavernous, but comfortable enough for the occupants, who would be satisfied with less inviting quarters. It would hardly do them any good to be dissatisfied.

The light-house on Morro Castle has inscribed on it, in bold letters, O'Donnell, 1844, in honor of the Captain General at the time of its erection, who is still held in grateful regard, as an exceptional governor, whose administration was characterized by firmness, liberality, intelligence, and the absence of the usual peculation. Standing on the Custom House wharf in Havana, in the year 1878, I saw spray from the waves, blown in by a violent "norther," dash over the lantern of this pharos, one hundred and forty feet high. This is quite a story to tell about a wave, but I saw it with my own eyes, and I am near-sighted. Had I been far-sighted, the light-house tower would have been considerably higher, of

course. These storms from the north are quite violent. The view from the observatory and signal-station is fine, through the powerful glasses, furnished by considerate officials, who did not refuse the acknowledging *honorarium.*

There is a fortification in the city of Havana proper, on the other side of the harbor, which has never been taken. It is called the virgin fortress. A silk flag flies from it every day in the year. Flags are displayed elsewhere only on Sundays, holidays, and special occasions.

Sitting on the deck of the yacht at night, the water—perfectly tranquil, reflecting long lines of glittering lights ashore, which marked the surface into the appearance of illuminated columns, extending from vessel to dock—presented a beautiful appearance. It was finer than any harbor scene I have witnessed, save the view, from Staten Island, of the Brooklyn Bridge, with its row of electric sparkles, a veritable carcanet of lustrous gems. I saw, for the first time in placid water, the intermittent lambent gleams from jelly-fish, swimming around the yacht, having a little torchlight procession of their own with flash lights. I had often witnessed phosphorescent trails in the wake, and alongside, of vessels sailing (more vivid in the northerly latitudes than here), but I had never before seen the luminous emission from the gelatinous mass, in perfectly still water, without the attrition of the keel. I had supposed that contact with some object was required to evoke the spark, and was not aware before that it is a spontaneous effusion. The jelly-fish is the glow-worm of the deep.

The Havana of daylight and the city by gaslight are different places to the view. One is dull and dingy, with no symmetrical architecture, and with but few broad streets, stately churches, and magnificent buildings, such as one sees in Europe or America; the other is a magnificent metropolis,

which myriad lights transform into a splendid panorama. We went to hear the Marine Band play in the Park Isabella the Second (where there is a monument to the former Queen of Spain), and the scene brought to mind the Champs Elysées in Paris, with the *cafés-chantants*, puppet-shows, and naughty, but fascinating, fairy-like Mabille. I plead guilty to Mabille. It was delightful; but some Americans I met there were disappointed; they saw nothing improper; they could do better in New York. I believe it has been abolished. It was a mistake; where will the Brooklyn deacons go now when they visit Paris?

But to come back from Paris to Havana. The Park was filled with handsomely-dressed ladies, many of them wearing bonnets, but the majority appearing in the more tasteful and piquant vail. The bonnet, however, is gradually becoming fashionable. I saw none worn except by travelers when here before, but now the hat is making vigorous inroads on the vail. In this I see evidence of Spanish decadence. The innovation cannot fail to have its effect. Patriotism is sapped by millinery. The *bonnet rouge* was the French revolutionary symbol; who knows but that the American bonnet may become the liberty-cap to emblematize Cuban independence?

We sauntered amid the throng—promenading the walks or gathered in groups on the bordering seats—listening to the excellent music, and admiring the beauties (for the Havanese women are very handsome, with fine features, raven hair, dark eyes, flashing beneath strongly-marked eyebrows, and clear, olive complexions), until, tired, we went across the street to the Louvre, where we took a table and remained some time watching the uninterrupted stream of incoming and outgoing visitors. This is the fashionable *café*, and it was filled with men, women, and children, eating, drinking,

and smoking. At one table, was a party of gentlemen drinking cognac and smoking cigarettes, at another, some ladies and children eating ices, but all exhibiting an un-American nonchalance and unconcern as to the movements of their neighbors. A favorite beverage here is the *panale*, a sweetened compound which takes the place of the French *eau sucrée*. It is a mixture of egg and sugar, something like a *méringue*, and is served with a large glass of water, into which the wafer is broken and dissolved and then drunk. It would look effeminate for a man to go into Delmonico's and drink a *panale*, but it is common here. Gin is a favorite beverage, but American lager-beer is slowly coming into favor. There is a great deal of mind-your-own business in Havana. The puritan has not yet obtained a foothold. Looking out upon this night exhibition of glare and glitter, I could not but think that it was something like the scenery of a theatre, dusty and unattractive until lighted up. And there is an unreality about the splendor, too, for this gay and festive crowd is the population of an island hopelessly insolvent, on the verge of general bankruptcy and universal poverty.

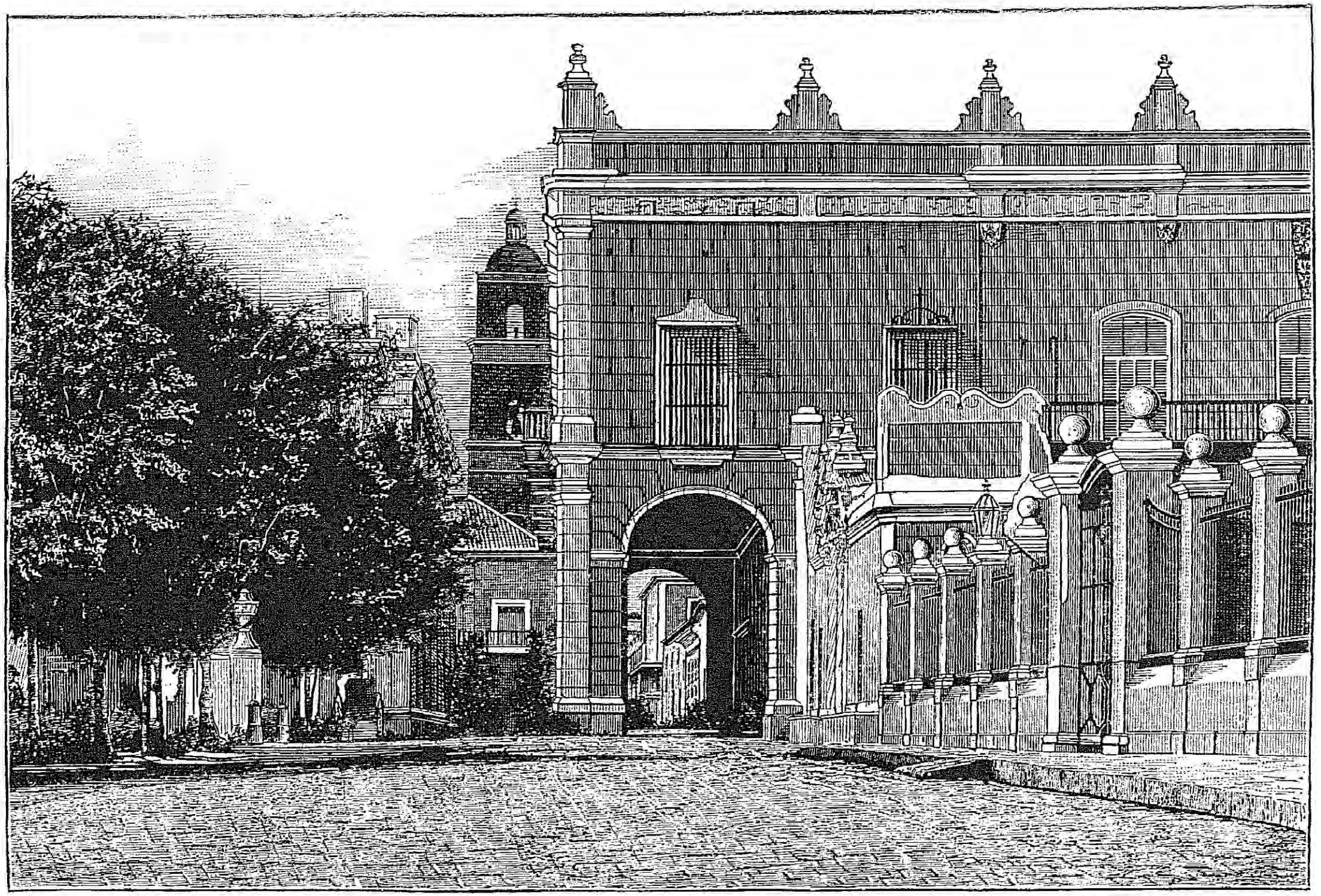
At the Louvre we met Mr. Alvarez, the famous cigar manufacturer, who invited us to visit his factory, the next day, and kindly offered to have some cigars made for us while we were on the premises. We did not take advantage of his offer. When we returned to New York it would be too much trouble to enter and clear the cigars at the Custom House, and we would scorn to smuggle them. No loyal American ever smuggles anything for his personal use. We have too much respect for law; implicit obedience to which is a national characteristic. As for ladies returning from Europe, who ever heard of one of the dear creatures omitting to declare every dutiable article in her trunks. *A propos des bottes*, Uncle John has a story about a Chicagoan in Havana,

who went to Upmann's factory to buy some cigars. He asked if those offered were of fine quality. "Certainly," said the salesman, "they are of choice Vuelta Abajo tobacco, made this week in our own factory." "What! made here?" said the traveler, "you must have a cheek to offer them to me. Do I look like a man who smokes domestic cigars? I use none but imported."

I don't believe this story. It is a satire on the foreign affectation so popular with our rising generation, the imitative Anglification of our *jeunesse dorée*, the drawl, the coachman costume, the *blasé* air, everything but the virility. The English dandy has an outward lackadaisical superciliousness, but is hearty and manly under the surface; our American dude is a contemptible bit of jejune effeminacy, a flaccid, mean-spirited, vapid, sneering, inane creature, lacking the indispensable attribute of the true gentleman—chivalrous respect for women.

That indefatigable and incorrigible punster, Uncle John, couldn't resist the temptation to get off a joke when he came out of Honradez'. "What have you been having in there?" inquired Mr. Redding. "Havana cigar," promptly replied the Domino King. The Commodore threatens to put him in irons if he persists in these transgressions, after we get on the high seas, three miles from land, where the master of a ship may exercise despotic authority.

Returning to the yacht about midnight, we embarked from the Marine wharf. We had no difficulty in passing the gate, Mr. Redding explaining to the sentinel who we were, but we had a sample of the jealous vigilance exercised when the Commodore blew a whistle to summon his gig. A cepevorist approached and said the officer of the guard desired to know what that whistle meant, and when it was explained, warned us not to blow again without permission. Whereupon



VIEW OF THE TREASURY BUILDING, HAVANA.

we prudently restrained the great Yankee propensity to do a good deal of blowing.

A curious sight in Havana is the milk-peddling. Cows are driven through the streets and milked before the doors of customers, as demands are made. They want no middlemen, no intermediate, adulterating brokers, but get their milk at first hands. Probably the service is not erratic, and that there is an allotted *via lactea* for each dealer, but there is an advantage in this method, for if the regular milkman doesn't come, any udder man can fill the vessel; with but small chance for deception, as the milking is done under the eye of the purchaser. You can't deceive the cunning Havanese. They are up to all the tricks of adulteration. They have their milk teeth cut and you can't fool them: not by a long chalk. They know what watered stock is. No big cans for them; no chalk and water in their dish. A sleight-of-hand performer might have water concealed somewhere about his person, like Hermann, who produces a brimming vase filled with gold-fish from the tight sleeve of his dress-coat, but it isn't probable that these peddlers are up to such tricks of legerdemain. Yet I shouldn't wonder if the milkmen, who are astute chaps, get the best of their patrons after all. They generally do. They may water the cows before driving them into town to be milked.

If there were any distillers in Havana, they might feed their cows on grains and go around the streets drawing milk-punch. This would obviate to some extent the use of the bottle. One of these days some genius may invent a refrigerator attachment (a sort of a Charles Francis Adams touch) which would enable the vender to milk ice-cream.

This peripatetic lactarium has its merits. It may be called a *bos* system. The milk is better than when churned over the pavements for hours in heated cans, sending the

cream to the top, to be scooped off for the first customers served, while the last get the lees and impurities at the bottom; like those in the middle of the table at a French *table d'hôte*, who, in the distribution of effects, become residuary legatees and receive all the drumsticks of the chickens.

Then when baby was sick, the anxious mother would be sure of getting the milk of "one cow." Uncle John, who is always raising hair-splitting quibbles, suggested that this wouldn't always be certain; the cow milked might be a twin. This is one of his bulls. I often lose patience with him; he is so hard to steer.

Oxen are still largely employed in the agricultural districts, and are often to be seen even in the streets of Havana. They wear no yokes, but draw by the head, after the old Egyptian manner. The strong forehead of the ox is capable of great resistance, but whether this is preferable to the neck method I am unable to say. I have never had any experience driving oxen, although I have had fruitless years of contact with asses in politics, who could neither be led nor driven. I suppose the forehead would not be so apt to get galled as the neck—but I had better not discuss a question about which I know nothing. Ordinarily that would not be a bar to argument, for the less one knows the more apt he is to assert a confident opinion; but I will put on the muzzle and not tread on the farmer's corns. A few years ago some enterprising American imported a quantity of ox-yokes, but he couldn't sell them. The Cubans stuck to their old methods. Perhaps the Spanish yoke is as much as they can bear at one time. Ox-yokes may come in with independence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CUBAN CUSTOMS.

Slavery—Shopkeepers—Convicts—Cigars — Lotteries — Sunday — The Cathedral—A Full Day's Work—Bull-fights—The Pilgrimage—Succotash—Echoes of Travel—Beautiful Faith—The Germans—Emblems—Catalans—Exit Romeria.

HAVANA, April 21, 1884.

ONE-THIRD of the population of Havana (208,000) is black, and about forty-five per cent. of the blacks are slaves. In three years all the slaves will be free, and the near approach of their enfranchisement renders them of little value. The price of the cheapest grade is down to twenty dollars. I had a notion to buy one at that figure, merely for the purpose of having the pleasure of manumitting him. In 1862, I did a bit of manumission on my own account, freeing forty slaves who had been working for "Massa" Branch at Hanover Court House. But I didn't take that liberty with them without asking their consent. I obtained permission to issue an emancipation proclamation, and when they were paraded, I waved my sword over their heads, and said in my most impressive *ex cathedra* manner, "Niggers be free!" And they were. My proclamation was effective. I had the slaves in hand. The paper one wasn't good for much, on the principle of Mrs. Glass' famous recipe, "First catch your hare." The Union rifle and sabre were the great emancipators. That manumission, however, didn't cost me a cent. I was operating with other people's money, like a Railroad President.

I have no doubt, however, that it cost the people of the United States several millions of dollars to free those forty slaves, the greater portion of which went to loyal army contractors. The creoles are a weak, lazy, diseased race, but the negro blood in Cuba is healthy and strong.

Convicts are let out by the Captain General, in chain-gangs, on plantations, and to various manufactories, principally of tobacco. There are not many negroes sent to the plantations. It is said that the farming out of convicts is no inconsiderable source of revenue to the Captain-General.

Driving out the Paseo to a shabby and little frequented, sea-side resort, near the city, we were enabled to judge of the extent of financial distress by learning the enormous depreciation in the value of real estate. Beautiful villas and handsome residences would hardly bring one-third of their original cost, even if they could be sold at all. They might be sold on time, but there is no money to pay. The country is in the condition of the waggish druggist, who said that he could meet his paper but couldn't pay it. We had a good luncheon at a roadside restaurant, white bread, good cheese, and a bottle of fair claret, at a reasonable rate. Liquors are cheap in Havana, except champagne, which is dear, owing to the duty. All other commodities, but cigars and matches, are dear. It is strange that, with money so scarce, everything should be high. Cab-hire is an exception, the price for a "course," in the shaky victoria, drawn by a dilapidated horse, being but twenty-five cents in paper, or nine cents in gold. We bought some superior matches, called the *cerilla grande*, long wax tapers, inodorous, in safety-boxes, for six dollars a gross in Spanish paper, or two dollars and forty cents in gold; thirty for a cent. Cigars are cheap, of course, but one is liable to be cheated in buying the higher-priced cigars, for which inferior grades are often palmed off. For

that matter, the Havanese are great swindlers in trade. I have seen a good deal of the world, and nowhere have I found shopkeepers and traders so honest as in the United States. In the details of business we are reliable, in the great operations we are the most unscrupulous nation in the world. In politics and large business enterprises we are deluding and hypocritical, but the American shopkeeper will give the right change. Yet I don't know that we are much worse than other nations in floating pretentious, high-sounding schemes to gull the public. England, however, has dropped many pounds grabbing at the bait we offered of enormous profits. Cautious Holland bought our bonds, worth par, at fifty cents on the dollar.

Drinking-places are thick as hops, an appropriate simile, for hops have a close connection with drinking. The saloons all appear to be well-filled, the space in front of many of them having an array of small tables, around which the thirsty congregate, drinking gin, coffee or *panales*, according to taste. Drunkenness is not seen, except occasionally among sailors and Americans. As I said of Curaçoa, everybody drinks, nobody gets drunk. This is the rule. Of course there are exceptions.

Swarming around the doors are sellers of lottery tickets, black, white, and brown, old and young, men and women, boys and girls, in great numbers, persistent in solicitation, undeterred by repeated refusal to purchase. One is importuned at every step to buy a lottery ticket, and everybody buys. The full tickets for the capital prize of $200,000 cost $20, and they are divided into twentieths, so as to be within the reach of all, like a judiciously-circulated contribution-plate in the well-disciplined church. Naturally, with a constantly-turning lottery-wheel, people become great believers in luck and chance, and are very superstitious in

auguries, signs, and omens. While sitting in the Pasaje, a ragged boy, nine or ten years old, came in and asked us to buy a ticket. I paid no attention to him, but Mr. Redding said, "There's the boy who wanted us to buy in O'Reilly Street. Meeting him here is luck." He regarded him as a harbinger of good fortune and bought a half-ticket. I, not having so much confidence in luck, and doubtful if Dame Fortune lurked in the tattered folds of his unwashed *integumenta*, ventured on a tenth, which, with the ten per cent. seller's commission, cost $2.20, paper, or eighty-eight cents in gold. If my number draws the capital prize, I stand to win $20,000, or $8,000 in gold. The number is 17,361. If I win my $20,000, I shall not begrudge the other $180,000 to the lucky holders, nor tear my hair (figuratively) because I did not buy the whole ticket. There is nothing small about me but my feet, as poor Abiel Heywood used to say. I intend to devote my winnings to the poor. I do so now. I hereby sell, assign, transfer, set over, and demise to the poor, all my right, title, and interest, absolute and contingent, in and to ticket No. 17,361, and constitute and appoint the philanthropist Russell Sage my attorney, to straddle the chance, and, for me and in my name, to call the dividends or profits thereon and put them to the poor. Remember the number! 17,361. No connection with any other.

This motley crowd of acolytes in the temple of Fortune affords an example of apparent honesty, hardly credible to the New Yorker, who would hesitate to trust a bootblack or newsboy with a half-dollar to be changed. Here are thousands of persons in abject poverty who are intrusted with the sale of tickets representing considerable values. A poor negro, not worth a dollar in the world, has in his hands tickets worth hundreds; a barefooted boy, with seventy-five cents worth of clothing on, will hand you tickets and take

his twenty dollars as if there was nothing remarkable in the transaction. There must be some system of distribution among the large ticket-brokers, with surveillance over these impecunious peddlers, but it is not evident. On the surface it looks as if the peddlers were given the tickets to sell, and returned the unsold with the money for those disposed of. Undoubtedly the subagents know well those whom they employ, for it is not possible they could trust with considerable amounts the swarm of ragamuffins who hawk the tickets through the streets; particularly when there is added to the liability of peculation the chance of robbery, by snatching tickets at night, or dropping them in the crowded assemblages which the peddlers infest.

Unquestionably the lottery is honest, if that term can be applied to gambling of any kind, about which there is much difference of opinion practically. True, the Apostles cast lots, and Mathias won the prize, but that was holy gambling, like raffling or voting for canes at church festivals. The drawing is public and attracts a large crowd. It seems to be conducted with perfect fairness and without any opportunity for collusion. It is about the honestest business in Havana. As I understand it, the Government, which has a certain percentage of profit, sells the lottery to a Company, which takes all the tickets and disposes of them at an increase of ten per cent. on the face value, through various subagencies, extending, by successive ramifications, down to the *gamins* of the streets. Perhaps Dean Swift's parasitical simile may apply to illustrate the mode of disposal:

> "So, naturalists observe, a flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
> And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

I have said that everybody buys lottery tickets; that is, everybody who has any money. Some merchants regularly invest a certain amount in every drawing, just as they engage in any other business of a speculative character, carrying the result to debit or credit of Profit and Loss account as it results. The element of luck, which enters into all commercial dealings, is here, pure and simple. There are no droughts, floods, or tempests to affect crops, upon which the prices of railroad stocks depend, no pools or cutting rates, no conflagrations in great cities to disturb the finances, no failures of banks, embezzlements, or defalcations to frighten timid capital into shrinkage of values—it all depends on the turn of the wheel. If you hold the lucky number, you get a prize; if it isn't drawn, you lose the cost of the ticket. Among the fortunate, some years ago, was our friend, Mr. Redding, who held the ticket that won the capital prize. I hope the poor will be benefited by one-tenth of ticket No. 17,361. No thanks! from the poor capitalists who swear off their taxes.

A considerable portion of the time of the Havanese is devoted to drinking in *cafés*, smoking cigarettes, and buying and selling lottery tickets, but the principal occupation seems to be—scratching wax matches.

Yesterday was Sunday, and the Commodore and I, like good Christians, attended divine service in the Cathedral (so called, though I believe it is a parish church), a venerable gray pile, which contains the ashes of Columbus, brought here from St. Domingo. It is claimed by some that the real ashes are not here, but in Genoa, although for all practical purposes this is immaterial. The only way to settle the dispute would be to refer the question of genuineness to Columbus himself, as he might be able to identify his own remains, by the smell, or some peculiarity known to himself; but there

is no medium of communication with him here, as there are no professional Spiritualists in Havana.

The Cathedral is rather gloomy inside with the obscurity conducive to a proper devotional spirit. Like all church edifices in Catholic countries, it has no pews, but benches are ranged along the pillars for such as choose to occupy them. Many ladies came in attended by servants carrying kneeling stools and carpets. We expected to hear fine music from the grand organ, but, after waiting a long time, a priest appeared and said a Low Mass at one of the side altars. I joined in the service ; and after its conclusion we waited for the grand altar to be lighted up for High Mass, but as there was no evidence of preparation, the Commodore suggested that we retire, to find a man he knew in the neighborhood, named *Dos Ginébras*, and we could return in time for the service. As this was a custom not unhonored in the vicinity of John Street, in heretical Utica, I acquiesced. The Commodore, however, whose devotions have manifestly been more in the way of theatres than churches, stated the proposition rather irreverently, whispering to me, "Hadn't we better go out between the acts?" On our return, we were subjected to a still further delay, and then another priest appeared and said another Low Mass, to a congregation that had assembled in the meantime. It was then noon, and we knew there could be no High Mass celebrated that day, so we retired without hearing the music, though we had the benefit of two services. The Commodore, who, like the average American, is ignorant in religious matters, asked me if, having been present at two services, one could not be put to our credit for the next Sunday in case we failed to attend. I said no ; in our Church we don't play "laps and slams."

The last Sunday I spent in Havana before this, in company with *Señor Gerónimo Verde*, celebrated lupulist, was a

busier day. It happened to be a Feast, which was observed with much pomp and ceremony. Salutes were fired from the forts and war-vessels in the harbor, at sunrise, noon, and sunset; flags were displayed in profusion, and the usual holiday look of Sunday was greatly augmented by the importance of the high festival. We attended Mass at the Cathedral in the morning, went to a cock-fight in the afternoon, paid a flying visit to the circus, and in the evening heard "La Favorita" at the Opera House, excellently rendered by a fine company. We put in a full day.

But this was the Havana of other days. Its glory has departed. The Opera House is in a dilapidated condition, the roof sunk in from a torrent of water precipitated by a defect in the pipes (they have plumbers in Havana), and there is no prospect of its reparation unless they levy a special tax for plumbing. No opera is heard in Havana now, not even a theatrical company is playing; there is no circus (the American was in full blast when I was here before), and the immense Tacon Theatre is devoted to the manifestations of a professor of legerdemain, Don Patricio, an Italian count of eminent mystic expertness. The stringency of the times chokes amusement.

We had hoped to attend a bull-fight at Regla, but there was none, on account of the Romeria, or fair, literally pilgrimage, at Almendares, for the benefit of the hospitals. As we couldn't see a bull-fight, we resolved to take in the pilgrimage. We found consolation for our disappointment in being told that bull-fights are tame affairs latterly; the animals lack ferocity and it is seldom that a *picador* is killed. Such listless tauronaments would have little attraction for us. We want danger for our money. We don't care to see a spindle-shanked Spaniard, in shabby velveteen jacket, rusty russet-leather leggings, and red cotton sash, prodding a lot of lazy

old bulls around the arena, like Daniel Drew of yore steering a drove of steers to the Bull's Head yards. No, Señor! We want gore, we do. Give us blood! as the Members of Congress shouted when the war broke out, and then valiantly plunged into the thickest of remoteness from the fray.

I suppose a major portion of the interest in a trapeze exhibition is the chance that the performer may fall and break his neck. What an advantage the fortunate spectator of one of these accidents has over the attendant at a common, humdrum performance, where nothing extraordinary or thrilling happens. He has something to talk about. He who has been an eye-witness of a fatal trapeze accident is quite a hero in a small town; he becomes a village oracle, like the man who crossed Brooklyn Bridge the day it was opened to the public.

We made the pilgrimage to Almendares in carriages. This is a much more comfortable way than the *via dolorosa* of the ancient pilgrims, who went afoot, with staff and scrip, wearing penitential pease in their sandals. I always regarded the story that some of them boiled the pease before starting as a slander. It is more probable that they used green pease. Corns grew apace with their long journeys, and these, mixed with the pease, may have made the original succotash. Here is a suggestion for *Notes and Queries* regarding the origin of that never-to-be-too-highly-commended dish. Perhaps it was not an Indian invention after all, but a pious bequest of the Crusades.

The road to Almendares was thronged with vehicles, regulated by mounted policemen, fully armed with sabre, carbine, and pistol. This force is an exceptionally fine body of men. Being Sunday, all the world was out. Every variety of equipage was to be seen, from the handsome carriage, with liveried servants, to the costermonger's donkey-

cart. The Captain-General's coach and the cheap cab were cheek by jowl. It was something like the road to Epsom Downs on Derby day, except that there was good order and decorum, and none of the rude bumptiousness and insolence that mark the English racing holiday. The vulgar English crowd is offensively coarse and boorish. Indeed the clownish, low Englishman is, in uncouth grossness, a peg beneath the vulgarian of any other civilized people. What a contrast between the Derby and the great French race, the *Grand Prix de Paris!* Longchamps, with the approaching road through the Bois de Boulogne, presents a view of splendor, in dress and equipage, that can be equaled nowhere else. Havana has been called the western Paris, but there is a great difference between the gorgeousness of the rich cosmopolis, and the cheap imitation of poor Cuba. New York is the most luxurious city in the world, and is fast becoming the most depraved. Sodom must be playing the rôle of Arethusa and is oozing up between the pavements of our Western Babylon. Some clergyman will point to the church-going throng on Fifth Avenue—when the Sundays are fine—and get angry at this paragraph. Let him. It is true, notwithstanding his ignorance. The police know more than the clergy, that is unless they hear confessions, when they may learn a thing or two.

But a truce to digression; let us continue our pilgrimage! I simply rested by the wayside for a moment. I don't pretend to stick closely to the path in these rambling letters. I diverge, to jot down observations as they occur to me; just as the school-boy, out for a holiday, makes short runs on one side or the other, to chase a butterfly, pluck some pretty flower, stone a toad, or crush the head of a snake.

The Romeria is a large fair. On either hand are booths, gayly decorated, dancing platforms, restaurants, and drink-

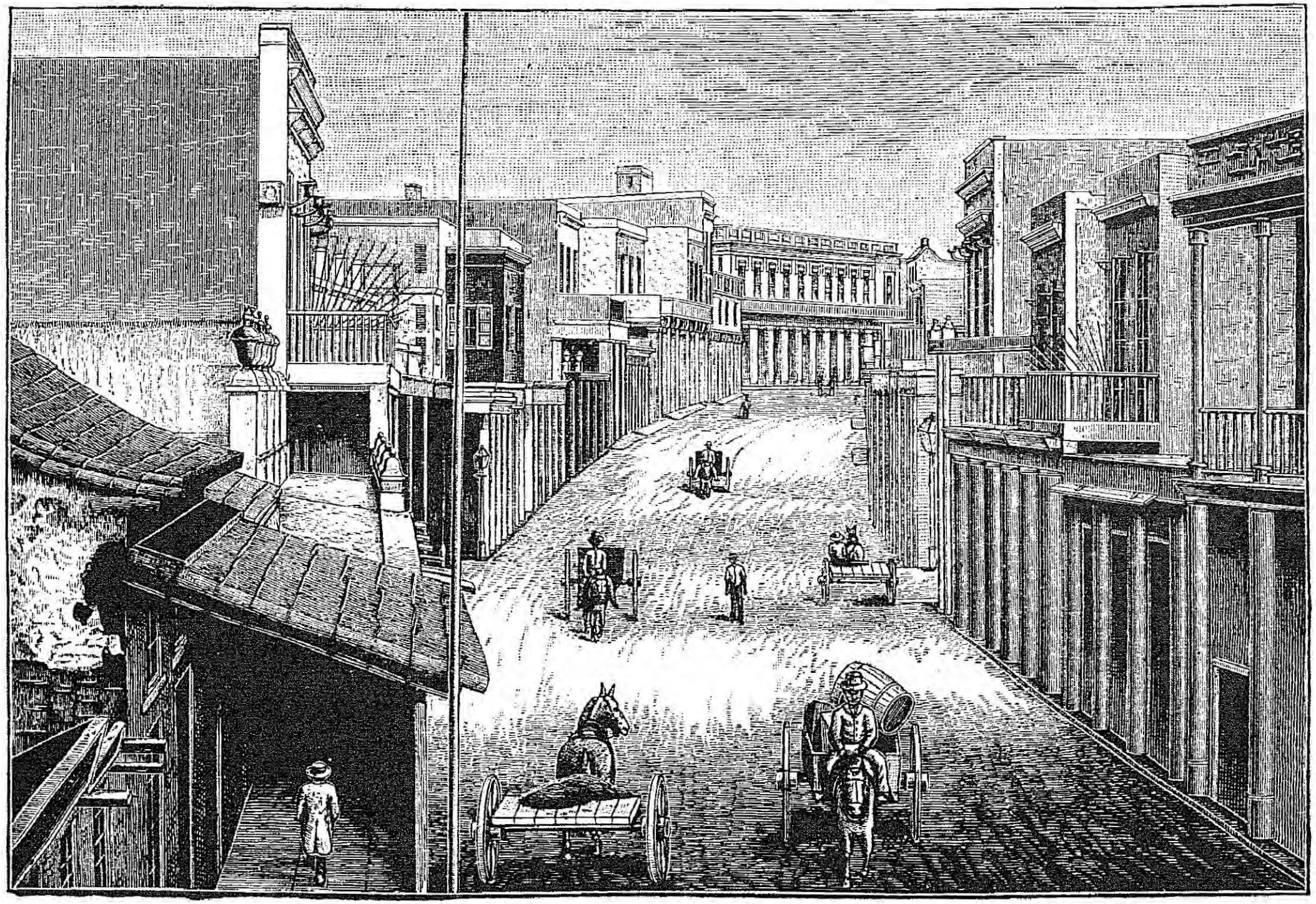
ing-shops. A long line of carriages made the circuit of the grounds, and numerous horsemen pranced around, riding full tilt without regard to those on foot, kicking up a dust, and making nuisances of themselves generally. Why are horsemen so anxious to show off? In no other position is vanity so demonstrative as on horseback. It is one of the weaknesses of human nature. Every man thinks he looks better on a horse than his neighbor, just as one can poke the fire better than any other man. I speak now of the civilian equestrian; in the army, the weak point is acting as adjutant on dress parade. I never saw an officer who didn't think that he excelled in the undulating grace and impressive dignity with which the adjutant marches forward, and announces —as if the ears of expectant nations were strained to catch the portentous words—"Sir! the parade's formed!" The renowned soldier, the most successful commander of armies, is not superior to this weakness.

The displayed pretext for naming this festal gathering a pilgrimage was a figure of the Blessed Virgin, in an artificial grotto, clothed in gaudy robes, profusely decked with tinsel, and the object perhaps of some devotion, though we failed to observe any manifestation of piety in the sacred precinct. The Commodore, commenting on the dusky color of the face, said he never knew before that the Virgin Mary was a mulatto, but I remarked that every eye had its own idea of beauty, and to the devout the symbolized conception of sanctity was ever charming. Besides, the Jews were brunettes. The Madonnas seen in the galleries of Europe are generally fair, but they were idealizations of the painter. The olive skin and black hair may be historically accurate. The photographer was not abroad at Jerusalem. The head of John the Baptist was taken, but it was taken off before it was taken on a charger.

The portrait by Carlo Dolce is usually adopted as the likeness of our Lord and Saviour, but there is no conventional limning of His Holy Mother, generally accepted, for the faces are as diverse as the types of womanly beauty, although the middle-age pictures have established a prevailing individuality from which there is no wide departure. Several of the faces of Madonnas by the old masters are said to be portraits of their mistresses. Therefore there was nothing incongruous in the dark complexion of this figure. To the eye of faith, it was pure as the orient pearl.

We saw some quaint costumes, which are rare sights to the traveler in these days of conglomeration. What with steam, electricity, the facilities of travel, and a general rushing about and mixing up in the world; the obliteration of race prejudices, the blending of languages, and breaking down of characteristic barriers that divided peoples, there is little to be observed in traveling, except natural scenery. The American has an opportunity to grumble at the stupidity of the Englishman, who, in his insular and obstinate self-sufficient knowledge of how-not-to-do-it, refuses to adopt our perfect system of checking luggage, which adds so much to the comfort of traveling: but the Yankee is accustomed to voyaging comforts which are luxuries in other parts of the world.

Travel has become uninteresting and commonplace. True, we can taste the cold spring in the Giant's Causeway; feel the spray of the water-fall at Inversnaid; see Holyrood, Abbotsford, Windermere, and Nelson's Pillar, in broad Sackville Street; the Tower of London; the *Parc aux cerfs* and little Trianon: we can stumble over the *tapis vert* at Versailles; and rumble through the tunnel at Mont Cenis, or take the breezy diligence over ice-crowned Alpine peaks: we can see the Leaning Tower at Pisa, and the Campanile of



THE CALZÁDA DEL MONTE, HAVANA.

Florence: we can laugh at the tiers of brown faces on the crowded *vettura* at Naples; ascend Vesuvius, if we are foolish enough; and see the bright green lizards darting from crevices in exhumed walls at Herculaneum: we can stroll *Unter den Linden;* or hear Strauss lead his orchestra, making the beer-glasses waltz on sloppy tables at Vienna: we can marvel at the perfect harmony of the ceiled mosaics in St. Peter's, and gaze with wonder on the gigantic pen, which from the church floor looks like one of ordinary size: we can get sprinkled at the tricksy concealed fountains at the *Villa Pallavicini;* or drink Mountain Dew and goat's milk from the flask of Kate Kearney's white-haired granddaughter; or glide with Giovanni McPherson in his noiseless gondola, by the Lion of St. Mark's, and under the Bridge of Sighs; or get carved rulers, boxes, and paper-knives from Claude Melnotte at Bellaggio: we can see stolid boors in the streets of droning Amsterdam; and watch the jabbering crowd of sailors at Marseilles, and think of Monte Cristo, Danglars, and the Château d'If: we can be shocked by drunkenness reeling hideously through the streets of Glasgow, and look at the grotesqueries of the *can-can* in the *Closerie des Lilas:* we can buy watches at Geneva; filigree-work at Genoa; meerschaum-pipes at Trieste; dainty egg-shell porcelain on Lough Erne; and genuine Farina cologne-water under the shadow of the cathedral of lingering completion: we can look at the outside of harems at Stamboul; and be interviewed by fleas in Cairo—which, it may be remarked, in passing, though Mussulmen, are no worse than their Christian cousins in Turin, which make no pretense of observing fast days, but gorge themselves on American fresh meat even on Fridays: we can stroll on bustling Monte Pincio, and view the surly Castle of San Angelo, and the dome of St. Peter's gleaming in the moonlight, taking lessons meanwhile in Italian, with

the Tuscan accent—*bella luna* and *cielo*, *Orvieto*, et cetera—if there should happen to be a noble young Roman matron present as teacher: we can see all these things, but alas! from Omaha to Alexandria, all dress alike. The shears of the same schneider pervade all traveled routes. The variety of costume, that once gave interest, is gone, save in out-of-the-way places. Picturesque costumes still nestle in unfrequented passes of the Tyrol; at Killarney one sees the corduroys, gray stockings, knee-breeches, extensive white linen shirt-collar, high hat, and *cota more* of the Irish peasant; and sometimes in Rome a *contadina*, in bright costume, scarlet and black and yellow, like an oriole, kneels before the bronze statue of Jupiter, which now serves for St. Peter, and kisses the well-worn Pope's toe, with becoming reverence, first wiping off, with handkerchief or cuff, the trace of precedent lips. What a chance to watch some pretty girl and follow her in the salute, although brass is a non-conductor. I wonder if anybody ever thought of that on the spot. The osculated toe won't last much longer. It is pretty far gone already and will soon be a total wreck; obliterated, wiped out *in toto*. If Uncle John were writing this he would make a pun about that toe; he'll make fun of anything; he has no regard for propriety. I don't know whether it would answer just as well to kiss any other toe, but they might have an artificial one made. Artificial arms and legs are fabricated, which answer the purpose, why not artificial toes! They would be just as good to kiss; although I don't go much on artificial kissing; I want it natural. There are artificial eyes, but I never heard that anybody could see out of them, not even the "bully boy with a glass eye," known to fame for something or other; possibly as the man who struck Billy Patterson; eminent citizen, who has occupied a large share of interrogative public attention. The eyes of the patroness of

the Romeria were glass, and while there was no speculation in those eyes, there was much in the views of the Managers, for the fair brought in a handsome sum to praiseworthy charities, for which all honor to the projectors of the pilgrimage! with some merit to contributing patrons.

While I assume a light tone and careless manner in treating these things, I must not be understood as speaking jestingly of religion. I despise cant, hypocrisy, and bigotry, but I honor sincere faith of any kind. One may laugh at deforming excrescences on a branch, and yet entertain strong admiration for the tree itself. There are some things that deserve to be satirized and condemned; but I see nothing ridiculous in these religious representations, although unaccustomed to them at home, where comparative simplicity of worship prevails. I portray them, therefore, as they strike one accustomed to less ostentatious ceremonies, in a country not yet wholly within the fold—notwithstanding the efforts of Monsignor Capel. In the United States, the devotional accessories are more in keeping with puritanical forms, for, deny it as we may, virile puritanism has tinged all creeds, as I have heretofore asserted in the matter of Sunday observance, the only race contingent unaffected in our vast combined force being the German. The sturdy Germans adhere stubbornly to the habits of fatherland, uninfluenced by their surroundings. Some years ago, I had occasion to draw an illustration from this people, and I used the following language, which I have seen no reason to modify:

"They are the best citizens we have in America; better than any other nationality of foreign birth, better than the average of native born. They are industrious, frugal, temperate, intelligent, truthful, self-reliant, manly, and independent. The German drinks his lager, pays his debts, lives with his own family, has no dyspepsia, keeps out of the poor-house

and jail, and, most commendable trait of all, minds his own business.

"The German is no hypocrite. If a Catholic, he hears Mass, if a Lutheran, he attends divine worship, on Sunday morning, if a Free Thinker, he stays at home and smokes his pipe. He doesn't go to church because his neighbor does, nor profess to believe what he disbelieves; he makes no insincere demonstration by attending a church to be seen, and using a mantle of fashionable religion as a convenient cloak in secular affairs. Sunday afternoon, the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Free Thinker meet amicably, in beer-gardens and other decent places of resort, and enjoy, innocently, with their wives and families, the blessings which have been accorded them."

In the German Catholic churches of America, will be seen figures, emblems, and representations, which appear tawdry and out-of-taste to the English-speaking religionists, unused to the display. Thus we see in German churches the toy cradle and the stable of Bethlehem at Christmas, which is becoming adopted by degrees in the American places of worship.

But let us respect faith wherever we find it! This is the age of skepticism, of doubt and infidelity, the era of sneers, of disbelief in religion and virtue; a mean, hard, sordid, unchivalrous epoch, and withal a hypocritical period; which demonstrates La Rochefoucauld's apophthegm: "Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue."

The greater proportion of those who attend the Romeria are actuated by the motive that prompted us—curiosity, and a desire for amusement; but if there are those who find in the gaudily-attired figure of the Virgin, with gilt-spangled robes, an object of veneration—let us respect the feeling that inspires devotion! The wayfarer, kneeling at the roadside

cross in Brittany; the devotee before the village shrine in Italy; the hooded old woman, telling her beads with toil-seamed hands, before she goes out to earn her daily bread by weary toil, in the gray winter's morning, during the Lenten season, within the chilly walls of a New York church, represent faith. Let us pay it homage, Messieurs the sneerers and scoffers at religion, the doubters of honesty in men and virtue in women! There is such a thing as religion; there are honest men; there are virtuous women. True there are hypocrites as well, and there always will be. The devil lurks behind the cross.

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found, upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation."

It is fashionable to ridicule crosses, pictures, images, and the symbolical adornments of Christian temples of worship. This is wrong. They stimulate devotion. What influence so purifying and elevating as good music! Yet the Puritan, who carries detestation of forms to excess, would banish the best, and worship with only the poorest, music. The Marseillaise fired the heart of the French people; *Die Wacht am Rhein* is an inspiring strain to the Germans; and the Wearing of the Green stirs the Irish-American blood into a patriotic desire to vote the Democratic ticket, nominated by the Know Nothings. Why not grand music to inspire devotional thought? What are the colors of his regiment to the soldier, for which he fights and dies? He sees the flag of his country; his standard; it represents patriotism, fidelity, courage, loyalty. It is the embodiment of noble and lofty ideas. I see that there is a movement on foot to do away with the

colors in the English army. How sentiment is sacrificed to utilitarianism and economy !

The cross is the standard of the Christian army. It is a great consolation to the devout Catholic to make the sign of the cross when in peril. The next time you see Booth in "Hamlet," observe, when the Ghost appears, how *Hamlet* holds his sword between himself and the shape, hilt uppermost. The hilt is the form of a cross, and *Hamlet* interposes the sacred sign before the spectre, as a safeguard and protection against an evil spirit. It is faith ; it is superstition ; it is beautiful. And yet the cross was a sacred symbol with some heathen peoples before the coming of Christ.

I have heard men denounce pictures and lights and flowers in churches, who had choice paintings in their own dwellings, who lighted their tables with gleaming wax candles, in silver candelabra, and filled gold and crystal epergnes with fragrant flowers. Is not the sanctuary of the Most High as worthy of adornment as the residence of the usurer, built of flinty-hearted oppression, cemented with tear-mixed, selfish cruelty? We object to a painting of the Crucifixion in a church, we consider it idolatrous to have Rubens' Descent from the Cross, or Murillo's Immaculate Conception, before us when we kneel to pray, while we place the portraits of father and mother on the library wall, and invest them with reverential regard. He would be a depraved man who could do any wicked deed with the reproachful eyes of a dead mother looking at him from the frame of her portrait. Ah ! the iconoclastic puritan has much to answer for in depriving religion of its sentimentality. He stripped off the covering, even to the bare bones of faith, and now the unprotected dry bones are crumbling. Soon practical unfaith will rule supreme with the multitude. Let the simple peasants of Cuba, then, do homage to the figure of the copper-colored

Blessed Virgin at the Romeria! the emblem of womanly purity; the incarnation of Chastity; Star of the Sea; *Mater Admirabilis!*

An attractive feature of the fair was the congregation of Catalans, in their native costume; knee-breeches and toques, of green and red, prettily arranged in tasteful variety, and presenting, as they moved in groups, a fanciful, kaleidoscopic effect.

We left before sundown, and met a long line of carriages in the road. It seems that the greatest crowd is in the evening, when the grounds are lighted up and there is a display of fireworks. The fair continues all night, and, although the hilarity is more demonstrative and crescendo as the hours go by, I am informed that there is but little intoxication, no fighting and disorder, and, while disreputable characters come out from their retreats in greater numbers under the shade of night, there is no indecorum. We certainly could not say as much for a New York Romeria.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. POYNINGS ROGGSTER.

IN THE GULF STREAM, April 22, 1884.

ACCOMPANYING us on the carnival pilgrimage to Almendares, was an English gentleman, traveling in the West Indies, and intending eventually to visit the United States, to see the country and enjoy a few days buffalo-hunting. Evidently he was not well informed regarding the westward stride of civilization, for he expected to hunt the buffalo on the banks of the Ohio, or somewhere in Michigan. The Commodore told him that buffaloes were getting scarce in the region of Detroit, but there was a place on Lake Erie, named Buffalo on account of its gamy savor, where he might find some sport with bears if he could strike a good guide. I said that I had myself seen the noble buffalo hunted on the banks of the Mohawk, but the animals came once a year, driven in by a famous hunter and army-scout, the Honorable Mr. Cody, Member of Parliament from a Rocky Mountain borough, who, because the bison is his business, has been nicknamed Buffalo Bill. Mr. Roggster asked about antelopes, which he had heard were numerous on the banks of the Susquehanna, familiar to him through Cooper's novels and Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, but we told him that they had been killed off during the war to feed our army, jerked venison and dried antelope-meat being part of the soldier's daily ration, except on Friday, when, out of compliment to the Sixty-ninth, smoked salmon was substituted.

Elks were sometimes found drinking at a Dam near a forest in the centre of Manhattan Island, but it was against the law to shoot them without procuring a permit from the Head Rangers, Colonel Sellers, the military Chief Forester, and Bardwell Slote, a civil Member of Congress. Lambs are very good game when wild, but the boars were making away with them, although a hunting association, known as the "Lambs Club," has been organized for their protection. They occasionally find an American tiger to fight in Chicago.

We imparted to our interested guest (with much reluctance, for we hated to decry our own country and hold up its foibles to foreign censure) a variety of vastly entertaining information not found in encyclopædias and gazetteers. He marveled greatly at our political methods; and was especially surprised to learn that New York aldermen were selected in Ireland, by agents sent out for the purpose, and were imported, and had their steerage-passage paid by the Government, just as the Mormon ranks are recruited in England and Wales, Ireland being poor missionary ground for the Mormons, owing to some peculiar scrupulous characteristics of the Irish women. He disapproved of the method of electing members of Western Legislatures, as Buffalo Bill was chosen, by shooting at a mark and seating the successful marksman; for, as he justly observed, a man might be a capital shot without possessing the necessary qualifications for a capital legislator. I said it would be a good thing if the members would only shoot the Lobby, but they don't; they only make it come down. Uncle John claimed to be so impressed by Mr. Roggster's forcible and earnest argument on this question of representation, that he promised to prepare an article on the subject and have it published in the *Police Gazette*, a newspaper largely devoted to the illustration of governmental problems, and the enforcement of puni-

tory enactments, particularly the game laws regulating sporting. He had a misgiving, though, about his personal safety, as some sitting member, elected by the target companies, might resent his radical interference with the established order of things and shoot him for meddling; but Mr. Roggster suggested that he might do it impersonally, just as the irresponsible editor slanders public men, whereupon Uncle John's mind seemed to be relieved of a great anxiety and he expressed himself reassured.

Mr. Roggster was a furious free-trader and attacked the tariff with much spirit. He commented severely upon the terrorism of public opinion which compelled candidates for office to burn large quantities of oil for the purpose of encouraging home production of naphtha. I remarked that these students, not only wasted the midnight oil of kerosene, but also consumed large quantities of fusel-oil, in their marching through the paths of knowledge, guided by the subsidized torch which threw light upon debatable questions of political economy. Ours is a free government; we bring up the youth of America in the intelligent knowledge of politics; we drill it into them—fours left, column forward, march! Boom! Ah!

We disabused Mr. Roggster's mind of the impression he had received, from reading the newspapers, that Garfield was assassinated during an insurrection, organized by the Arthur revolutionists to get possession of the administration, after the manner of South American Republicans; and explained that John Kelly was not an outlaw, the head of a band of desperadoes, like the Irish rapparees, but a reputable citizen, highly esteemed for the purity of his private life, and respected for his powerful influence—by those with whom he sided. We explained to him the workings of our judiciary system, which, framed by the learned jurisconsult, Lynch, Chief Justice of the United States, is the most expeditious

and efficient administration of law to be found in the world. It is superior to the Justinian Code, the foundation of our lazy, inadequate common law, or the Code Napoleon. We are a progressive people, scorning the trammels of dilatory red-tape, and the celerity of this code is well adapted to our express use: it is C. O. D. Its judgment, once entered up, operates as an estoppel to further proceedings. There is no appeal for the defendant to a higher court; the lynch is the conclusive higher law in itself.

The freshness of that young man was tempered with an astonishing infusion of useful knowledge that would be looked for without success in the Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. When he inquired if the Irish did not rule America, I was forced to acknowledge that they did. Nearly all the policemen are Irish, so are the firemen, actors, pugilists, pedestrians, plumbers, porters, cabmen, and base-ball players. An Irishman was once Mayor of New York, but fortunately the Constitution, framed before the Hibernian invasion, rendered any but a natural born citizen ineligible to the office of President; otherwise Parnell would be chosen, if the "Faradowns" and "bloody Tips" could be induced to agree. Mr. Roggster said we had reason to be thankful for that, as the election of Parnell would precipitate a war with England, which would raise the price of American oysters and canvas-back ducks in the London market.

Although grossly deficient in American geographical knowledge, and laughably gullible in his ready swallowing of our quizzes (we could hardly keep our faces straight while cramming him with absurdities), Mr. Roggster was evidently an old traveler, quite up to snuff, and, it may be said, to cigars also, for he smoked a quantity of the Commodore's Henry Clay *exquisitos*, with a relish that evinced a critical taste in tobacco, rarely found in an Englishman, used to the

Regent Street "Londres" brand. He dropped his h's occasionally, but it was not an habitual elision, and we attributed his vocal lapses to contact with grooms and others where one insensibly absorbs imperfections of speech by defiling verbal association. We had some idea of English capacity for drinking, but his success in this line was a revelation of enormous reserve force. From the *ante* of Lauds, and the Nones' libation, even to the Compline *pileolum*, he was punctual in his devotions. As for eating, his exploits were simply Gargantuan. To see him get away with (I believe that is the way to describe it, according to the Vassar College vocabulary) a porter-house steak, incidentally at breakfast, would excite the envy of a Chautauqua granger at a donation-party. He played euchre excellently, which was remarkable, as the game is comparatively unknown in England. Uncle John thought he could apply to him the common remark that he played too well for a gentleman. Through the astute diplomacy of Minister Schenck, the great American game of draw-poker has become a naturalized subject in Great Britain, and is now entitled to the protection of the American citizen. It is said to be a prime favorite at Windsor Castle, the Judge and Jury, and other haunts of the English world of fashion. If Schenck had but represented our nation (small a) when Almack's flourished, and in the palmy days of Crockford's, there might be no necessity now for Fenian invasions of Canada. He would have skinned the British lion alive, and long ere this, Sheffield and Birmingham would have been bid in by the O'Merhiadchaboo, on defaulted "coups," and the gaugers would have been banished, like snakes from the ould sod, and sent to the State of Maine. I never heard that the game was introduced at Evans' cider-cellar. That old-time, just-before-midnight resort is closed. We shall never again drop in from Covent Garden Theatre

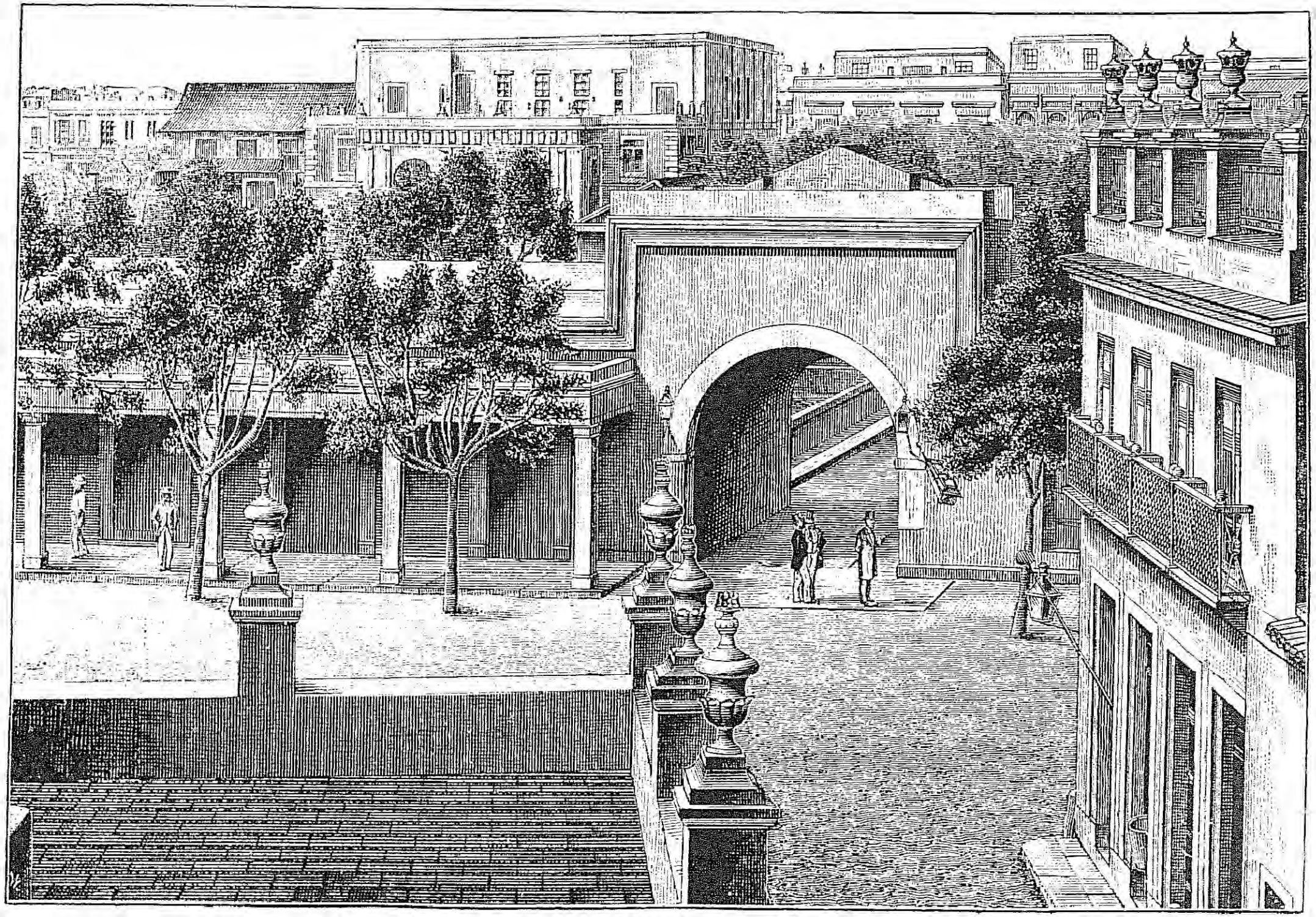
to taste the deviled-kidney, the broiled bone or Welsh rarebit; never more quaff the foaming ale, or thrip'ny-worth of "cold without," to the music of trained voices of the boy-choir; never again tell the doorkeeper, as we pass out, what we have had and pay him therefor, he taking our word without question, greatly to the surprise of American distrustfulness. I don't think Schenck introduced poker at the cider-cellar; the only poker used there was in mulling wine.

Our meeting with "Mr. Poynings Roggster, the Larches, Devon Hill"—for so his card read—was accidental, on the surface. He came alongside and inquired if we knew where the yacht Fortuna was, as he had letters for the owner. The Commodore invited him to come aboard, when he showed us the envelopes of his letters addressed to Commodore Hovey, some of them having the stamp of the United Service Club, London. With customary hospitality, the Commodore invited the English gentleman to dine with us, as dinner was on the point of being served. He accepted, after some hesitation, and had transferred from the waiting hack-boat his satchel; an immense gray canvas traveling-bag, with the initials P. R. embroidered in monogram, surmounted by his crest, a boar's head erased, out of a ducal coronet. He said he had just arrived by the English steamer, was going to the Hotel Telegrafo, and stopped on his way to inquire for the Fortuna. We sat on deck, smoking the after-dinner cigar, when the Commodore suggested that it was hardly worth while for him to go ashore that night, and invited him to occupy one of the vacant state-rooms. To this the Englishman demurred at first, saying something about his traps at the Custom House, but when it was urged that the office was closed and he could pass no luggage that night, he consented.

The next morning he went ashore to look after his property,

leaving that canvas receptacle, big enough for a hospital-tent, in care of the steward. When he returned at dinner-time, he said that his luggage was passed, but he had determined to leave it in the Custom House until he sailed for New York, as he had a few little toilet articles in his hand-bag that would answer his requirements. He made no motion to leave, but took to the state-room with as much nonchalance as if he were the Commissioner, its rightful occupant. When the Commodore and I returned from Mass, about noon the next day, he said that he had some curiosity to witness the Romeria and would accompany us. About this time there became visible, near the horizon of our contemplation, a dawning idea of English sang-froid, which we observed, but did not comment upon audibly, taking our revenge on the guest who made himself so much at home by filling him with bams about the United States, regarding which foreigners are know-nothings.

It would be impossible to find one more at ease in the Romeria than was this English gentleman, so green about shooting and politics in America. Through the introduction of Mr. Redding, we made some acquaintances among the ladies and gentlemen in the carriages, but the inch of presentation became an ell of familiarity with Mr. Roggster. While chatting with some newly-formed acquaintances, Mr. Redding, placing his hand on my arm, exclaimed, "See there; see where Johnny Bull is!" and turning my eyes in the direction indicated, I saw the man with a good appetite and chronic thirst seated in a carriage, opposite a most beautiful girl, conversing with as much ease and *aplomb* as if he were an old friend. "How the deuce did that duffer get there?" said Mr. Redding (who has inherited from Phenician ancestry a dislike for the Briton); "she's the prettiest and richest girl in Havana, and there that cheeky fellow sits talking to her as



PUÉRTA DE MONSERRATE, HAVANA.

familiarly as if he had known her a dozen years. She was a most charming creature, with a warm-tinted, fair complexion, light brown hair, and large purple eyes, glimmering with the velvety pansy look. We didn't approach while the son of Albion sat there, perched like a human Gibraltar to keep out other powers, but we vowed that another sun should not set with that audacious Anglo-Saxon as our guest. On our way back, while taking a glass of Manzanilla (a light, dry sherry, something like Rhine wine, very generally drunk here) at a wayside *bibularium*, he remarked, with a complacent drawl, that Señorita Torini was quite a swell girl, much to his taste, and that he would cultivate the old man if he were not going to New York so soon. We glared at him, but he was as unmoved as a fly in a railroad eating-house milk-jug.

After dinner, Mr. Poynings Roggster asked permission to write a few lines "'ome," occupying the saloon while we sat on deck smoking. He must have appreciated that he had become *de trop*, for when he joined us he expressed regret at being forced to go away that night; and so took his leave, first filling his pockets with some especially choice regalia Britannica cigars, which he said coolly would keep him going until he could order some made according to his taste at the Carolina factory. We were glad to get rid of him on any terms, and our response to his acknowledgment of hospitality was a fervent, heartfelt speeding of our slowly-parting guest. The Commodore grumbled, "When you catch me again doing the polite thing to a strange gentleman with letters to another yacht, you may get me to buy a gold mine, go to the Legislature, or become keeper in a lunatic asylum."

The next day one of the coracle-like boats that ply in the harbor came out to the yacht, and a tall, white-haired, dig-

nified gentleman stepped on deck, and handed a card to the quartermaster, on which was engraved Sr. José Patrício Torini. He was accompanied by an interpreter who explained what he had to say, but this did not convey the manifest agitation which he endeavored ineffectually to suppress. The gentleman placed in the Commodore's hand a sheet of paper, with the Montauk heading, the private and Club signals crossed, in colors, which contained these lines :

TO SEROLENA.

COMPOSED AT THE ROMERIA, BY HER FERVENT ADMIRER,

POYNINGS ROGGSTER.

A dainty form, with supple grace
That sets one longing to embrace ;
A lily hand, with tender clasp
To nestle in responsive grasp ;
A foot of faultless flexile mould
For fairy slipper to enfold ;
Eyes, lustrous, almond-shaped, benign
(Which in my heart deep-mirrored shine),
Pure blanchéd teeth, whose dazzling white
Fills raptured vision with delight ;
Brown hair, with sunbeams glancing through
To light the charms which thick bestrew ;
Red rose-leaf lips of kisses made—
For him to pluck who's not afraid ;
A downy cheek, that conscious blood
Suffuses with rich, crimson flood,
Then ebbs, in ling'ring lambent flow,
To quench the tell-tale blushes' glow ;
A head firm-poised on pliant neck,
To mark the beauties which bedeck
A face of chiseled classic cast—
In memory shrined while life shall last.

The honey which the tongue distills,
In laughing, sparkling, rippling rills,
Might bring my bruis'd soul healing balm;
With soft assuagement, sweetly calm.
Would she but deign to smile on me,
From grief's enslavement set me free,
I'd love her till eternity.

The stately gentleman flew into a violent rage as the interpreter read off these lines in Spanish. It seems that her *dueña* had been bribed to hand the verses to his daughter, who, educated at a New York convent, spoke English perfectly. Another billet, dated from the San Carlos hotel, was intercepted, asking her to make an appointment to meet the writer that afternoon in the Paseo. Señor Torini went to the San Carlos to find Mr. Roggster, but no such person had been there, and then he came aboard the yacht for an explanation of the letter heading. His daughter's name, he observed, was not Serolena, but Serafina. "Confound his impudence," said Uncle John, "why, he copied the verses out of my scrap-book while pretending to be writing a letter 'ome, last evening. I wrote those lines, on the fly-leaf of a Cobb's spelling-book, or Daboll's arithmetic, when I was at Sanderson's school." I knew this was an unfounded claim of the gallant champion, for I had seen the verses in a newspaper myself; and anybody can use them, for every girl will recognize her own portrait in the lines, were she as ugly as Maritornes, as dark as a mulatto, and with the black horsehair of a Iroquois squaw.

The Commodore explained how the pretender had come in possession of the yacht note-paper, and after a time appeased the wrath of the irate father; who took occasion to say, however, that Americans must be very free and easy in their manners if they could take in a stranger in that way;

whereupon Uncle John remarked that he began to smell a mystification, and, instead of taking the stranger in, he had a suspicion that the stranger had taken us in. The bouquet of the already-renowned new brand of dry champagne, the "Montauk," which is one of the yacht specialties, mollified Señor José Patrício to such a degree that (first eyeing closely Uncle John's gray whiskers and my threadbare pate) he invited us to call at his house and be presented to his daughter. We made our excuses, pleading a prior engagement, or something of that sort. In Havana they keep the girls cooped up behind grated windows, and, as Uncle John sagely remarked, there is little fun in that on either side.

We saw no more of Mr. Poynings Roggster, but just as we were about to set sail yesterday a boatman came out and handed the Commodore this letter:

"CALLE OBISPO (Roggster *Evasit*).

"MY DEAR COMMODORE: A hundred thousand thanks for your bountiful entertainment. The prog and lush were prime, and the cigars—ah! yum—yum! I am about to start for Santiago de Cuba; but one kind word before we part; my boat is on the sea and I am on the shore, and here's a health to thee, my gallant Commodore, *et cetera*. Let me advise you to give up buffalo-hunting in Michigan, nobody but a Sucker after Wolverines would go there. The Mohawk River buffaloes are all calves, a cross between a Utica second-growth Irishman and a bundling Spraker's Basin Dutchman. If Uncle John will send me his article for Dick Fox, on shooting Niagara to get into the Legislature, I will correct the spelling for him. He is apt to overshoot the mark by putting in too heavy a charge of letters. I agree with you about John Kelly. I have known him well for many years. He's a good deal of a man. I don't know that he was born great,

but it may be said of him truthfully that in early life he has borne grate. He isn't a rapparee; he's game to the backbone; he's a grate-setter—an Irish setter. Besides, he is a self-taught scholar and untaught upright man.

"Your Montauk champagne is superb. I can taste it yet ('the scent of the roses;' *vide* Moore). If it has a fault, it is too dry. I am not affected by the popular craze for extra-dry wine, which will have its run, like typhoid fever and roller-skating. All in good time, the taste will come back to the *juste milieu*, good old *Veuve Clicquot*, for example, though if the Widow has a fault, she is a trifle sweet. All widows are sweet, if young enough.

'Elderly ladies are apt to be tough,
But when they've money they're tender enough.'

"One of you may put this in the letters you write home as original, but it isn't. There's nothing original, except the charge that fellows are paid two dollars a night for carrying torches in political parades, which was first invented, to belittle the show, while the Israelites were having a procession through the Red Sea.

"By the way, the redundant learning that lay around loose in your saloon, like the velvet sofa-cushions, cured me of dropping my h's. I can say humbug now as well as George William Curtis, or the big Injin who shoots antelope at the Madison Square Garden with the Elks Ball. There Gertrude of Wyoming waltzes with O'Conor's child. Thank the General for boring me about orthoëpy. If he should start a hobby-riding school to correct vicious American pronunciation (and it is abominable) he may put me down for one seat, with somebody else to occupy it, and pay for it, too. I left an old dictionary in the *Irish World* office, which he can

have when he returns to New York. No thanks; I can a Ford it. It is one of Johnson's and would suit him, as there is nothing modern in the volume. I don't care whether you say 'knewspaper' or 'noospaper,' so long as the Montilla holds out to burn, with gentle and seductive heart-swelling warmth. That Montilla, like the Montauk, is incomparable. I wish you would send some of it to the blockheads of the Union League Club ('Greeley') and let them taste good sherry once. Their Amontillado—pooh—pooh!

"I hear that old Paddy *Torini* cut up rough because I sent his pretty daughter some verses I found aboard the yacht. The lines are good enough, to the namby-pamby taste of the girls, but I could write better if I were not so lazy. To copy them I used the yacht paper; it is the swell thing. But for an unpardonable piece of stupidity in the daughter of Ethiop who is her *dueña*, I would have had a shy at the girl. You know I am a shy fellow (fire that at Uncle John; it will give him an idea for a new pun; he's running dry). Confound all thick-skulled-niggers, say I. Henceforth I am in favor of slavery.

"Should I come across you hereafter, I shall be glad to acknowledge personally my obligation for your graceful hospitality; which it will afford me great pleasure to accept again.

"With kind remembrance of the cook (not in a pecuniary way) who contributed so materially to my enjoyment, I have the honor to extend to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY,

Formerly evict of Trinity College, Dublin; more recently fortuitous contributor to, and irregular stipendiary of, the New York evening Press, and of any newspapers that paid.

"P.S.—I stop the press to state that the cards of Mr. Poynings Roggster, left in my state-room, need not be pre-

served. They are trumps no longer. Roggster *fuit*, O'Flaherty *est*. I can't say now what my name will be *in futuro*. It may be Fippence the Tailor, when I get to South America where they wear no clothes, or William M. Evarts should I attend a palaver, or possibly Spinola, when I go down to my countrymen the Patagonians, who are said to be a choleric people.

"Ta-ta, Sam!

"C. O'F."

I don't know that it is safe for me to relate this episode. The Commodore will never forgive me, but the truth of history must be vindicated at all hazards, as the scurvy Mulligan said when he sneakthieved Blaine's letters. Ice is cheap in Havana, only twenty dollars a ton; though we were advised to lay in a full stock at Curaçoa, where it costs forty dollars, in order to escape extortion. It is artificial, made in fine, large, clear blocks. But what is all the ice in Havana to the coolness of the knight errant Cornelius O'Flaherty, *alias*—"Mr. Poynings Roggster, the Larches, Devon Hill!" Good gracious! how he played it on us.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FLORIDA.

Departure from Havana—Cuba Pobre—Rotten Currency—Fishing—Mourning Pharos—St. Augustine—Jacksonville—Palatka—A Gentle Swear—A Cow Railroad—Minorcans—Fruitful Florida.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., April 26, 1884.

WE sailed from Havana on the morning of the 21st, stopping to be boarded by the guard-boat from Morro Castle; and then out into the Gulf, homeward bound! As you may imagine, we were not in good humor. There was Roggster in the air, conducive to the gloomy view we took of Cuba; which is in a deplorable condition. Business is depressed to an alarming extent. Trade doesn't seem to be flourishing in any part of the world just now, but it is worse in Cuba than in any other country. Prices of agricultural products are low everywhere, but sugar, which is the staple article of Cuban export, is cheaper than ever before in the history of the island. The cost of production is about four and a half cents a pound, the price received by the planter is three and three-quarters, with a prospect of still further reduction. A hogshead of sugar is worth $24 less than it was last year. When we multiply the number of hogsheads by this figure of depreciation the shrinkage is enormous; enabling us to appreciate the commercial suffering which exists. When I was here before, I visited the famous Toledo plantation at Mariana, one of the largest in Cuba, producing then 250,000 boxes of

sugar; the day before we sailed, I learned that the estate was hopelessly bankrupt. But Cuba might recover from this unprosperous condition, which the whole world feels to some extent at present, were it not for the excessive taxation, which drains the life-blood of the island to support the army and enrich the officials. Corruption is universal, and public officers hardly take the trouble to hide their bribe-taking. Peculation confronts Cuba boldly; grinding oppression stares her in the face, and bankruptcy is peering over her shoulder. I do not speak to disparage the commercial integrity of the merchants of Havana, but none but the very strongest houses of approved standing have much credit in the world. Business men desire to pay, but they lack the ability.

The finances are wofully disordered. The Bank of Barcelona had a charge on the customs receipts of $33,000 a day, which has been increased $15,000 by a new loan, recently placed, making $48,000 a day lien on the imports. With trade falling off as the present rate, the revenue will soon be insufficient to meet the fixed charges, and the government will be bankrupt as well as the people. The Municipality of Havana owes the Bank $180,000 and contractors $60,000, which it is unable to pay. Indeed, it is a sort of bankrupt dance all hands around.

The Spanish Bank has a nominal capital of $8,000,000 and an apparent surplus of $109,465.77. It has a circulation of paper, according to the last report, of $41,827,464.75, while the specie against which the paper is issued amounts to but $4,364,949.70. But the universal distrust is shown by the generally-accepted opinion among the people that these figures represent neither the actual emission of paper nor the accumulation of gold. It is a matter of common rumor that the circulation of paper is twice as large as represented, and that the specie is not in the bank vaults. Some estimate the

paper money in circulation as high as $100,000,000. It is publicly charged that when notes come back to the Bank they are not destroyed, but are reissued, together with the new notes intended to take their place, so that there is in fact a repeated double issue. There is no confidence in anything. Gold is 250—a dollar in gold bringing $2.50 in paper. This rag currency passes because it is for the interest of everybody to keep it in circulation for self-protection. So long as it is accepted, business can be carried on, but if any considerable number of persons should refuse, the most calamitous consequences would ensue. The paper wouldn't be worth much more than Confederate currency during our war, when it took a bushel of paper to buy a peck of corn. The size of the bank-note is regulated by its face value; the smaller notes are of the ordinary dimensions, and increase in size with the denomination, a fifty-dollar bill being as large as a pocket handkerchief—not as voluminous as Senator Thurman's red oriflamme, but of the usual size. When the crash comes, a man with a big note will not lose as much as the small holder. He will have more paper on hand to light the fire with.

There can be no improvement under Spanish rule, and no change in the administration of affairs by Spain can be hoped for. The country is ripe for insurrection, and Free Cuba may be within the range of possibilities. But it seems to me that the only hope for unhappy Cuba is in annexation to the United States. The island is mortgaged for all it is worth, and Spain might be willing to sell for the mortgage. The United States had better buy. There is a large surplus in the treasury, which is likely to remain there, unless it should be resolved to repair a war vessel, which would not only exhaust all the funds, but would necessitate the placing of a new loan. Emulating the patriotic example of the generous Jewish bankers of Amsterdam, who bought our bonds at forty

cents on the dollar and sold them above par, I will contribute something if the country is hard up. I will revoke my gift to the poor, and donate to the Government, to be used in the acquisition of Cuba, the proceeds of lottery ticket No. 17,361.

The Gulf of Florida was entered on the 22d, and we had smooth seas, similar to the gentle waves of the Caribbean Sea, but no constant trade-winds, to blow with unvarying moderation. Here we began to look out for squalls. The boats that had hung from the davits all the way from Trinidad were taken on deck and securely lashed. The clouds were different from the fluffy round balls of the trade-wind regions and gave promise of the fitful cold breath that comes out of the north. We passed the light-house on Alligator Reefs, and soon were running along the Florida coast in view of the Everglades. We had fine success fishing off Cape Carnaval, catching plenty of Spanish mackerel, larger than any I had ever seen in northern waters, bonitos, mullet and red-snappers, with the inevitable devil-fish to intrude unwelcome presence. Unfortunately Lent was over and we could claim no merit for joining the tribe of *Piscivori* and eating fish at every meal. It was quite exciting when all hands were on deck with lines out. The white planks were slippery with blood, as if we had been engaged repelling boarders from some ruthless pirate of the Gulf. The sailing-master manifested much concern about the blood-stains until Uncle John assured him that a sprinkle of detergent would take out any spot, however deep. He said that if Macbeth had had a little detergent with him he wouldn't have been compelled to rave profanely about a little spot. "Why," said he, "a man with a package of that wonderful erasive in his pocket went into Chris. O'Connor's rooms one evening, and before he left he couldn't see a spot on the billiard-table." I am afraid Uncle

John has lost his head by success as a punster. He has become an inventor. We may hear of him next summer employed by a National Committee to get up facts for election purposes. No, he'll never get down to that. But he may try his hand at revising the Lives of the Saints, or Fox's Book of Martyrs.

We saw several whales or black-fish such as congregate in the vicinity of Cape Cod. No effort was made to strike the big fish; the harpoons aboard were not large enough. Uncle John said he had a plan to capture one if he wanted to. He would throw the queen of hearts overboard and, when the black-fish swallowed the pasteboard, he would play and take it with the king. "That's the kind of harpoon I am," said he. We fled in dismay. The *jeu de mot* is becoming a monomania. One of the queer fish caught was the sucker, which adheres so tenaciously to an object with the back of its head that it is difficult to pull it off. Uncle John said it reminded him of my head on a pillow in the morning. I asked him indignantly if he intended to class me as a sucker, and he answered, somewhat dubiously, n-no. I'll get even with that reckless old joker. Wait till I meet him at the Yacht Club, on Madison Avenue, when I will get comrade Lawrence to join me and we'll pepper him mercilessly with quotations from Horace. Thus will we cover him with confusion. A turtle floated by with broad back bespread with barnacles. A quartermaster struck at it with a harpoon, but the point glanced off and it dove beneath the water with the barnacles clinging, like clerks in the departments at Washington. Uncle John whispered, "Nice bird; turtle dove." How we long to be back in New York to escape the epidemic of puns! An ugly-looking shark played around but didn't come within harpooning distance, and refused to be tempted with a luscious bait of delicious fat pork. It may have been a Jew

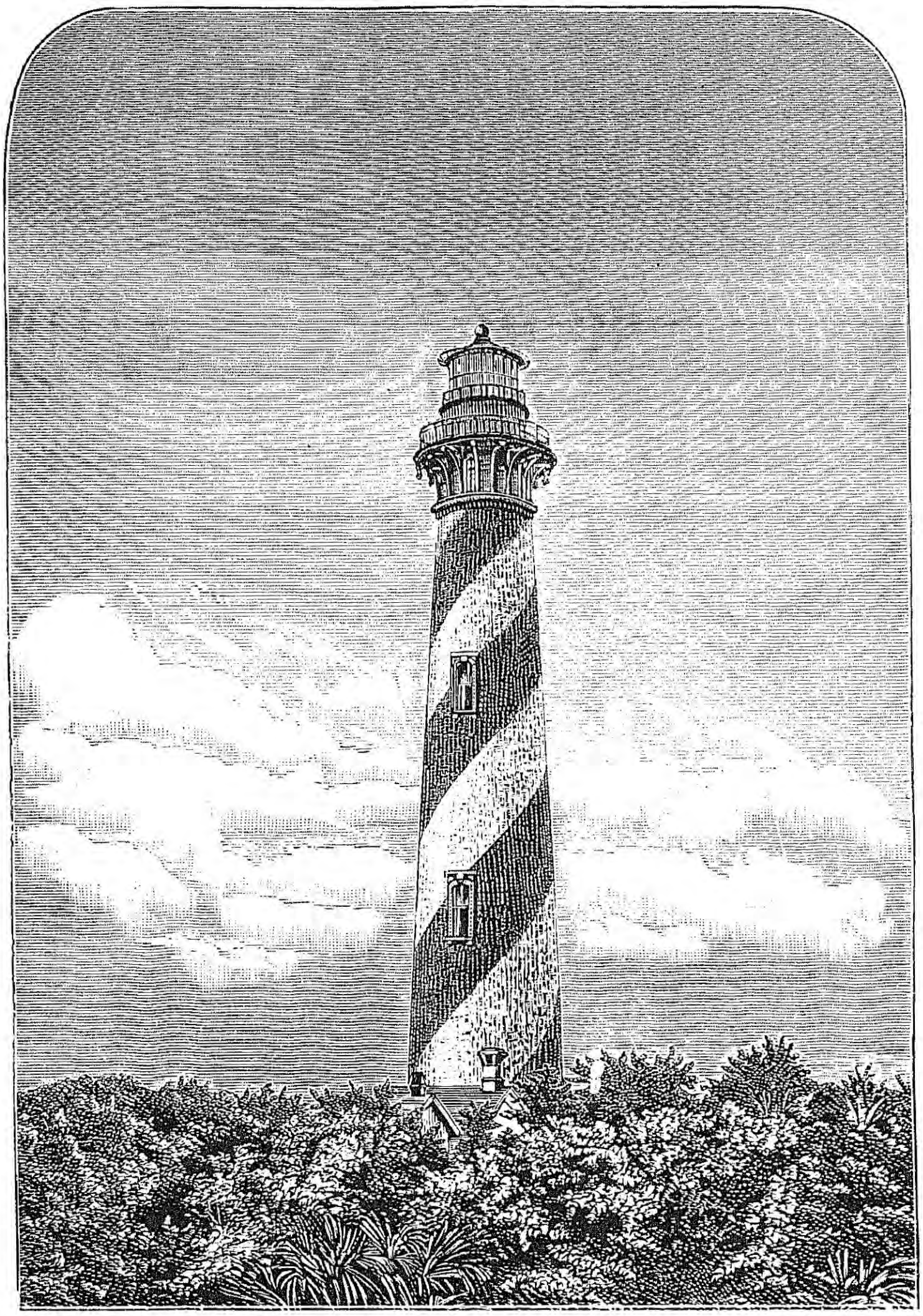
shark. A little tired bird flew on deck, one of the sandpiper family, so exhausted by a long flight that it ran around the deck and railing, feebly fluttering from point to point. Wilhelm, our Dutch blackamoor boy, shipped at Curaçoa, made several ineffectual attempts to capture it, until at length one of the sailors told him to put some salt on its tail. He procured the salt and then crept around cautiously to apply it. We had a great laugh at his expense, until he turned the tables on us by appearing triumphantly with bird in the hand. Nothing is impossible to industry and perseverance. A silk purse has been made out of a sow's ear. Yet there may be impossibilities—to beat Uncle John at dominos, for example, or make a country minister talk common sense. Fatigue had more to do with catching the sandpiper than salt. I compared the capture of that bird to the collapse of the Southern Confederacy.

We had thunder storms on every quarter during the night but ran into none of them. It is strange that during all our absence we have never encountered a thunder storm. It is not the season of storms, but with all the hot weather experienced in the low latitudes we might have reasonably expected some electrical effects. Good fortune has attended us throughout. Lucky Montauk!

It was cold in the night, from the northerly wind, but the morning broke bright and fair with a coolish breeze, as we lay off the harbor of St. Augustine. A pilot came aboard, and as the wind was unfavorable we took a tow from the tugboat Seth Low, which was employed in unloading a schooner with a cargo of ice, which had gone ashore. When the Commodore came to pay the pilotage, he surmised that the schooner went on the beach as a matter of economy, as it was cheaper to be wrecked than pay a pilot the regular rate. On the other hand, the hire of a tow-boat would be

nearly as bad. It would be a sort of financial Scylla and Charybdis.

The light-house, at the entrance to the narrow channel over the bar leading to the harbor, is painted with alternate broad stripes of white and black, resembling a large column draped in mourning. I said that it was in mourning for the fraud by which Tilden was cheated out of the vote of Florida in 1876. This provoked a political discussion, which was tolerated, now that we had returned to the United States, where talking politics is one of the ordinary pursuits of the people, though it was subjected to an inexorable interdict in the heated tropics. The Commodore joined issue with me and fell back on the Electoral Commission, which had settled a vexed question and averted threatened public disturbance growing out of a disputed succession. I said that that was a case of biter bit, the projectors of the Commission thought it would result in giving Tilden the Presidency. The other side captured it and then the inventors grumbled about being cheated. I am not one of those, however, who run around sniveling about fraud. If the advice that a few of us gave had been taken, there would have been no necessity for whining. I was one of the Presidential Electors from the State of New York, and the day after election I tried to strengthen Mr. Tilden's backbone and bring him up to the scratch. All that he required was a stiff upper lip. That is where he is deficient. He has plenty of brains but is shaky in the lip. In answer to my suggestion that it was necessary to put on a bold front, Tilden spat a mysterious mumble in my ear, and then sent the robust Ottendorfer down to overawe the bulldozers of Louisiana, and Smith Weed to outwit the astute carpet-baggers, spawn of knavish Reconstruction. No, I don't whine. If I detect a man putting his hand in my pocket I knock him down, and if I fail to do so, I won't offer



LIGHT-HOUSE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

as an excuse that there is a law against assault and battery. Tilden was elected, and if he had stood up boldly the other side would have backed down. He held a good hand and the Hayes party bluffed him off with a bobtail. They raised him out on the blind.

This is not the biased view of a partisan. The thing is over now and must be regarded as a matter of history. The Democrats were cheated, and deserved to be for their timidity. The Republicans had the audacity to perpetrate a wrong, the Democrats lacked the courage to maintain a right. It is well to remember these things. The trouble is that we only denounce fraud when it is against us. We can swallow any amount of cheating in politics on our own side, but we are very squeamish when it comes to the rascalities of others.

"You are right," said Uncle John, "unscrupulous partisanship is the reproach of our country. The accepted motto seems to be that the end justifies the means."

"Let the light-house remain in mourning, then," said I, "as a monument of disregard of justice and fair-play in politics. Yet I suppose when the Democrats get in they'll want to 'paint her red.'"

No doubt I am a bit of a scold. I have a way of talking out in meeting, even when the meeting is against me. Everything ought to be discussed freely and fairly. Sparks of truth fly from the collision of antagonistic opinions. The truth-teller is apt to be set down as an oddity by one side or the other. The mob is unable to discriminate between the bigot and the thinker who has the courage to avow his belief. The mob called Wendell Phillips a crank. The mob is an unreasoning animal. The populace of London mobbed John of Gaunt for upholding Wycliffe, when arraigned for heresy in attacking the temporalities of the Church of Rome;

the populace of London destroyed life and property in the No-Popery riots of Lord George Gordon. It was of the same popular composition; in one case, the whim was for the Pope, in the other, it was against him. Abolitionists were mobbed in our country for opposing slavery, by the same multitude that afterward mobbed copperheads for favoring it. The mob is an unreasoning mass of vindictiveness, thoughtlessness, and clamor. In our own land it is often composed of highly-respectable citizens who read the newspapers.

There was a dress parade of pelicans on the beach as we were towed in, possibly a little reception organized on account of the Montauk, but we didn't go ashore to ascertain. We had a mission in visiting Florida. Before sailing from New York, the President of the Jacksonville and St. Augustine railroad gave me an annual pass over his road. It was to use this that we put into St. Augustine, and submitted to extortionate pilotage. I wasn't going to miss a chance to use a pass and get the best of a bloated corporate monopoly. It was an expensive free ride—that is to the Commodore, but I could stand that. We submit very gracefully to the extravagance of others for our benefit. A trip to Jacksonville gave us a delightful evening at the Club, with my old army friend Major J. H. Durkee, U. S. Marshal, whose level head equalizes a little lopsidedness in the matter of shoulders, caused by losing an arm at Chancellorsville. The next day we went up to Palatka, a thriving village, with two railroads leading to it, the central point of upper and lower river navigation. Some of the most extensive orange groves in Florida are near here, one of the finest being owned by Mr. J. P. Brown, of Utica, in conjunction with his brother. The shade trees in Palatka are of bitter orange, interspersed with date palms. It presents the features of rapid growth, the old and new being

jumbled together, as happens where progress is rapid. Strolling around the town, we dropped into an extensive billiard-room and were pleased to see a scripture lesson on the wall, which ought to be displayed in other places as a reminder of the sin of profanity. It was in the Chesterfieldian vein, mingling a lesson of politeness with the inculcation of a prohibition contained in the decalogue. The text, hung up in a frame like the legend "God bless our home," read as follows:

"Etiquette of Mr. Cunneely's billiard-parlor.

"Swearing over the billiard-table is as ungentlemanly as in the box at the opera or lady's parlor. Although a gentle swear may sometimes ease the troubled mind of a nervous player"—etc., etc., closing with a deprecation of profanity and obscenity as regular "Parts of Speech." The gentle swear is a most convenient easement to the conscience.

Returning from Palatka, we crossed the St. John's River at West Tocoi to take the railroad to St. Augustine. Here we heard the mocking-bird singing in the tree. What a favored land! with mocking-birds singing wild in the forests, and oranges so plenty that they lie rotting on the ground. It recalled the admission of the famous auctioneer Robins, that there were some drawbacks to the property he was canting; he had to own up to the noise of the nightingales and the litter of rose-bushes. The railroad to St. Augustine is a rickety affair; evidently built for the purpose of affording employment to brakemen to drive cows off the track. It doesn't compare with the road on which I had a pass. The country is not thickly settled along the line of this superior road, although there is a place of nominal prominence, about half-way to Jacksonville. It is called Greenville, and consists at the present writing of a piece of pine board nailed to a palmetto tree. Greenville has a future.

The soil all through this part of Florida is poor, fine white sand covered with scrub palmetto. This vegetation is of no value, although I learn that some process has been invented by which it may be converted into a tough and useful fabric. The St. John's is a noble river, majestic in appearance but shallow, like some United States Senators. At this point it is three miles wide ; the water is dark-colored from the drainage of swamps which it intersects. The ferry-boat Louise conveyed us across in a highly becoming and deliberate manner. The vessel is not magnificent in proportion, but was able to accommodate the passengers quite comfortably. There were as many as five, all told. I do not feel it my duty to speak commendingly of the St. John's railroad. I had no pass over it. If I had been taken for a clergyman, I might have been offered a ticket for half fare, but, strange to say, nobody ever takes me for a minister.

Jacksonville is a well-built, thriving city, giving every indication of business prosperity. The city proper is bounded by creeks, named respectively McCoy and Hogan, after two Spanish adventurers who came over with Ponce de Leon. The Fountain of Youth he sought is supposed to be the sulphur spring in St. Augustine. Some of Leon's party must have been buried under it. They were eaters of garlic.

The weather is remarkably cool in St. Augustine. Fires were burning in the reading-rooms of the hotels. It is a sleepy old place, dull and inanimate. Nobody speaks above his breath except the negro, and he has a brake on his tongue ; he speaks broken English. The Cathedral is a venerable pile, of semi-Moorish architecture, erected during the last century. It contains a large painting representing the first Mass celebrated at the landing of the Spaniards under Pedro Menendez. It explains that "with religion came to our shores civilization, arts, sciences, and industry." I don't

think the intelligent members of the Free Church of Squash Hollow will believe that of familiars of the Inquisition and Mariolators.

The public square or Plaza is a pretty little park, with a fountain, and a monument erected to commemorate the promulgation of the liberal constitution by Spain, October 17, 1812. The inscription in Spanish reads that it was erected in eternal remembrance of that event, the Governor then being Brigadier Don Sebastian Kindalem, Knight of the Order of San Diego. This enclosure is called Plaza de la Constitucion. At one end stands a small stone building formerly used as a slave market. In appropriate proximity (bane and antidote, for the men for whom it was erected were part of the rash and misguided army whose hands, lifted against the sacred temple of the Union, only succeeded in pulling down the disfiguring entablature of Slavery) is a monument, erected in 1880 by the Ladies' Memorial Association of St. Augustine, Florida. It is inscribed:

IN MEMORIAM.

"Our loved ones, who gave their lives in the service of the Confederate States. They died far from the home that gave them birth, by comrades honored, and by comrades mourned. They have crossed the river and rest under the shade of the trees." The names of the dead are on the sides. There is no monument to the Union soldiers. I presume there were no Union soldiers from Florida—until after the war.

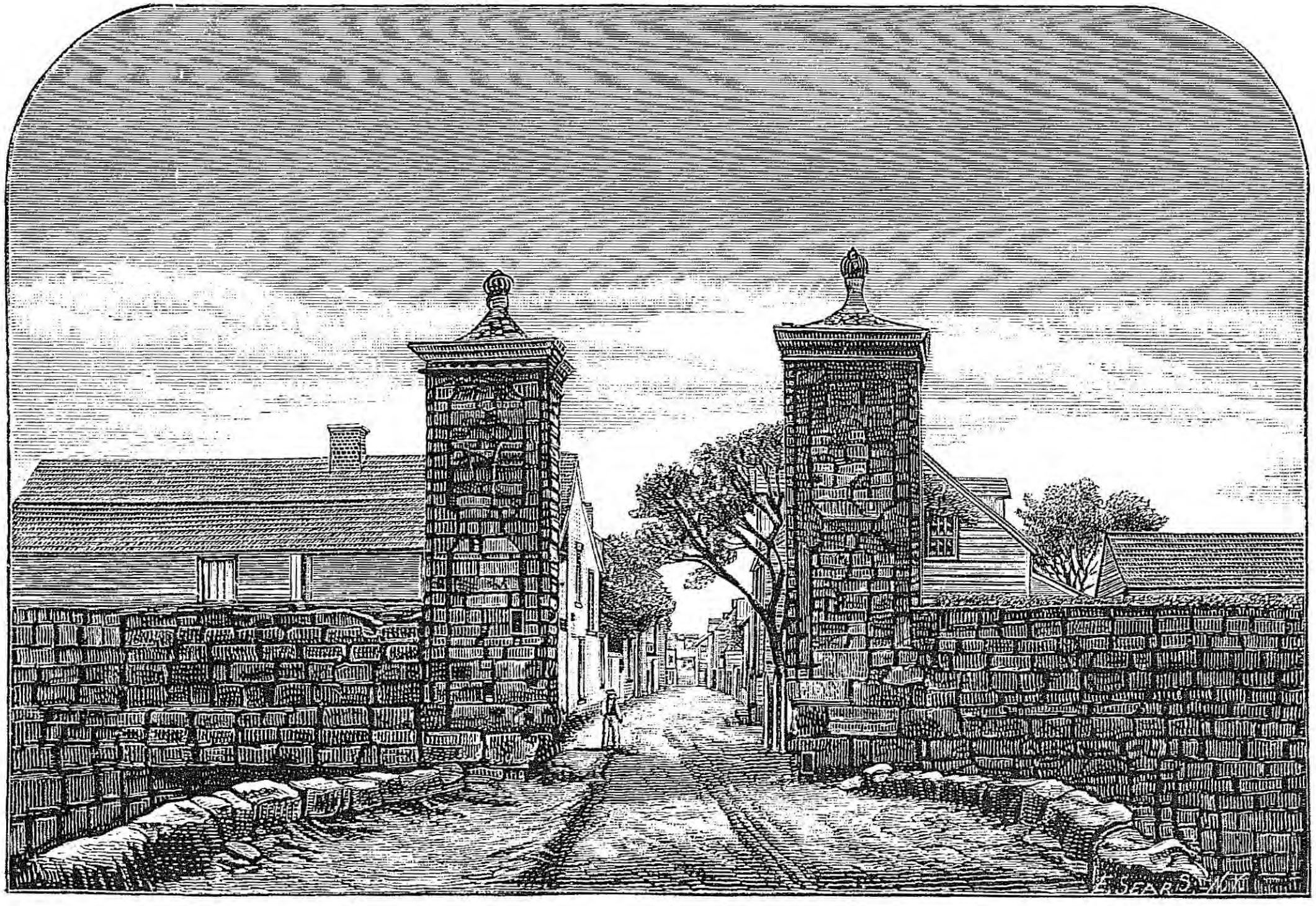
Magnolia and orange trees abound. The streets are narrow, and the original Spanish buildings, with overhanging balconies, of quaint construction. A picturesque ruin is the old city gate, the flanking square columns of which remain standing, with a small portion of crumbling wall adjoining. It is doubtful if St. Augustine was ever a walled town, as there

are no continuous vestiges of ruins. Fort Marion (Spanish name San Marco) is a fine work, constructed according to the most approved rules of defensive fortification, commenced over two hundred years ago. It is the oldest fort in the United States; built of *coquina*, a solidified mass of small shells, of which a great quantity is mined near the sea-shore. This material is superior to ordinary masonry as a resistant to shot and shell, which will bury in the *coquina* instead of rending and splitting as in stone. There is no garrison kept in the fort, only a guard. The troops (four batteries of the Third Artillery) are quartered in handsome barracks on the shore of the harbor.

The favorite promenade, extending from the fort to the barracks, is the sea-wall, built originally by the Spaniards and rebuilt, at large expense, fifty years ago.

A considerable proportion of the inhabitants of St. Augustine are the descendants of immigrants from the island of Minorca, who came hither over a century ago. Many of them still speak the language of their ancestors, although they are gradually becoming merged as a contingent of the varied population. To some extent, however, they are distinctive in appearance and manners, industrious and frugal, their conduct characterized by purity of life and honest simplicity of character.

I had heard unfavorable accounts of Florida; as a vast hospital; a place where invalids went to die; where accommodations were wretched, and a general system of imposition practiced on travelers. We arrived after the winter tourists had left, and there were but few strangers remaining; but I am satisfied, from observation, that these stories (like the mosquitoes and malaria in the next village, but none in ours) are unfounded. Florida is a fine State, with a healthful climate, and will in time take an important position, under the impetus



OLD CITY GATES, ST. AUGUSTINE.

of northern capital which is flowing in and readily finds safe and remunerative employment. The hotel accommodations are unexceptionable. There are no hotels in northern cities of the same size that excel those of St. Augustine, Jacksonville, and Palatka. Florida oranges are the best in the world, and the railroad facilities are bringing into market strawberries, small fruits and vegetables, to the culture of which the soil is exceedingly favorable. If I could forgive Major Durkee for unheeding General Barlow in 1876, I would extend to Florida the assurance of my profound consideration.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOME AGAIN.

A Red-letter Day—Song of the Legion—Homeward Bound—The May-pole — Drunkenness—Temperance *vs.* Teetotalism — The Bible—False Prophets — Mohammedanism — The Bishop's Temperance Sermon—Puns—Erasmus in Praise of Folly—The Montauk Song—Finis.

NEW YORK, May 4, 1884.

SUNDAY, April 27th, is a day marked with a highly-illuminated letter in our tablets. Early in the morning we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Major Durkee, Captain Buckman, and Messrs. Jones and Driggs, who had come all the way from Jacksonville to pay us a friendly visit and participate in our devotional exercises. The hours sped by delightfully, and there was a larcenous lengthening of the day, according to the festive method recommended by Moore in the "Young May Moon." After breakfast we sat on deck and watched the guard-mounting, and Sunday morning inspection, on the Barrack parade-ground. The band played appropriate music with much effect, the Prayer from Moses being notably well rendered. In the afternoon we attended the dress parade of the garrison, and I was pleased to find in command my old comrade General H. G. Gibson, wearing the shining eagles of the Colonel, which he has earned by long and faithful service in the Regular Army. Among the spectators was the Postmaster General. I wondered what he

could be doing down here after the "season." Looking after the mails, I suppose. It is hardly possible that his visit had anything to do with the Republican National Convention next month; yet I am prepared for anything in politics, and wouldn't be astonished to find the delegation from Florida (chosen the next day) turn up for Arthur at Chicago. Such strange things happen politically.

It goes without saying (that is a brand-new phrase, which you never see running the rounds of the imitative newspapers, like "our parish" and such threadbare originalities) that the dinner was good. It was my birthday, and I was pleasantly remembered by the debonair Commodore in a felicitous speech, which I shall not report, as it was, like the chronic condition of my bank account, somewhat overdrawn. It was received with all the honors nevertheless, heartily and enthusiastically. Uncle John wanted to respond for me, but I forbade him. I knew he would be jocose, and I dislike levity on this subject. The birthday business is becoming serious. The family is growing too large. I think when one gets along in years, eighty, ninety or so, he ought to have leave of absence from birthdays for a decade, and then start over again where he left off. Gray hairs are venerable, but who wants to be venerable! Still, where the church windows aren't tight, gray hairs are better than no hair.

The evening was an edifying season of thanksgiving, from which we derived great personal comfort and satisfaction.

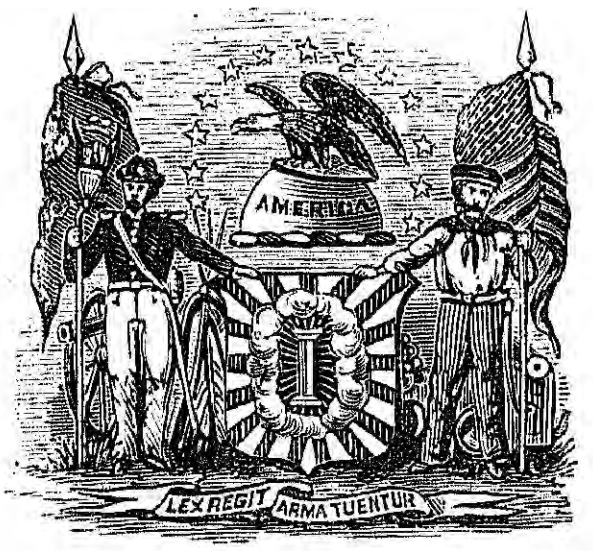
Tattoo, played in harmonized parts by the garrison bugles, flew sweetly over the mellowing water; a vesper hymn whose familiar strains brought back to Major Durkee recollections of camp-fires in the old Fifth Corps, with intermingled pleasant and painful experiences of the soldier's life. I thought of

Averell's cavalry bugles at Harrison's Landing, of the tattoo which the "four Colonels," Woodbury, Cass, Black, and Skillin, listened to the week before on the Chickahominy, but heard not, with closed ears, on the banks of the James, and will hear no more forever. We cannot but think of the gallant soldiers whose light went out in the Seven Days—the romantic period of the war for the Union;—of heroic endurance by an army unconquered in retreat, marching with back to the foe at night, but facing about and fighting with indomitable front by daylight. We ponder on the selfishness, the mean intriguing for place and patronage, which thwarted the wise plans of McClellan, and prevented the success that would have crowned his capable generalship but for malign intervention of the aptly-described "knaves, hypocrites, and pretenders." Thoughts of the wrong and injustice they did must haunt the guilty minds of those who prostituted patriotism to partisanship and pelf; and Nemesis will surround their dying pillows with crimsoned visions of loyal blood shed unnecessarily through their machinations. As Major Durkee and I belong to the New York Commandery, we thought it an appropriate time to sing the song of the Legion, which we trolled forth lustily, disregarding the warning "taps" sounded from the guard-house. But we are beyond the reach now of the order, "lights out!"

The arrangement, as a duet, which we sang is by the accomplished musician, Dr. Joseph Sieboth, of Utica. It is different from the common version, "My Maryland," for the Doctor has restored the original German music. I am also indebted to my friend for the arrangement of the Loyal Legionier, sent in a previous letter.

(From *Musikalischer Hausschatz der Deutschen.*)

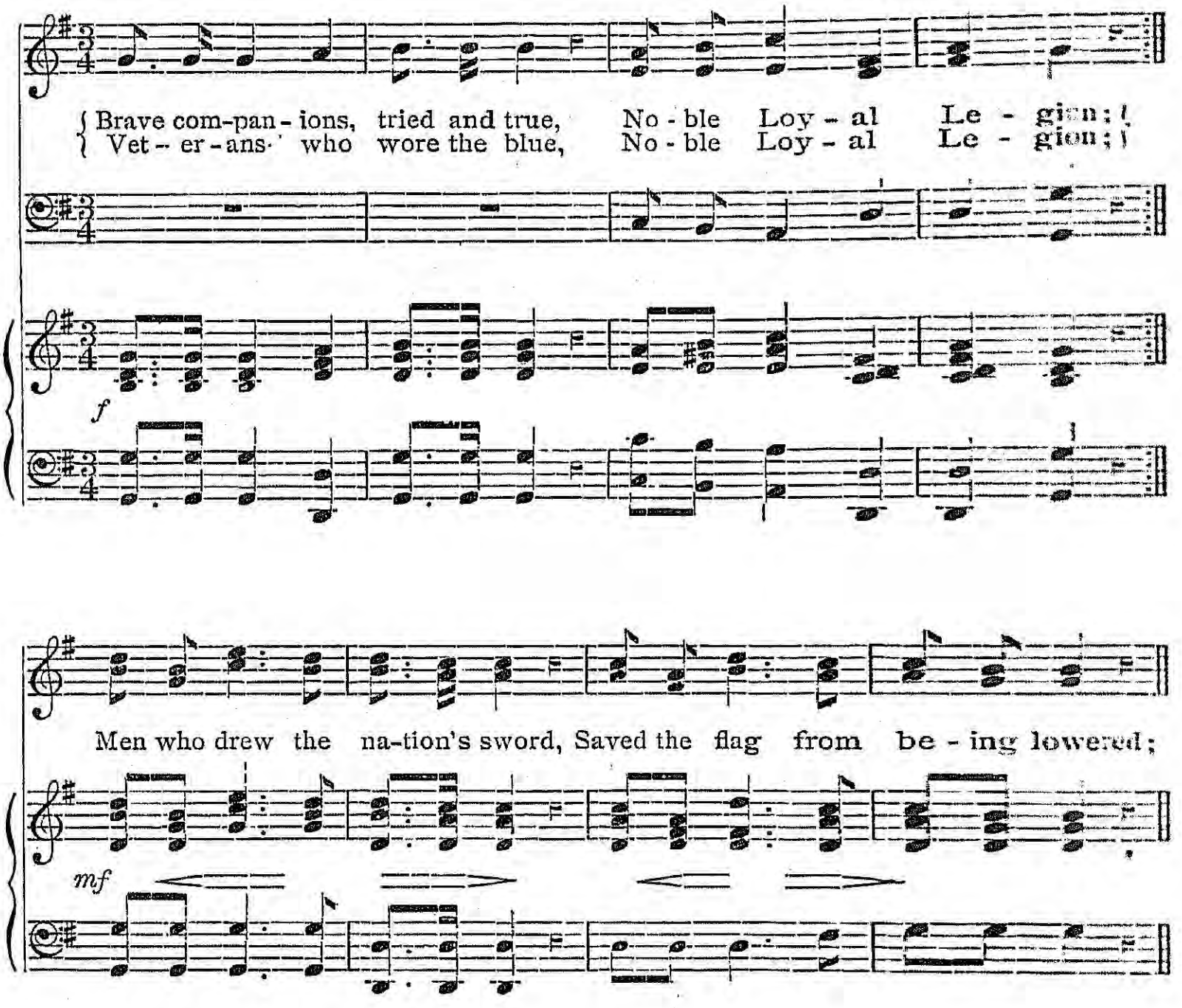
(For greater effect the accompaniment may be played an octave lower than it is written.)

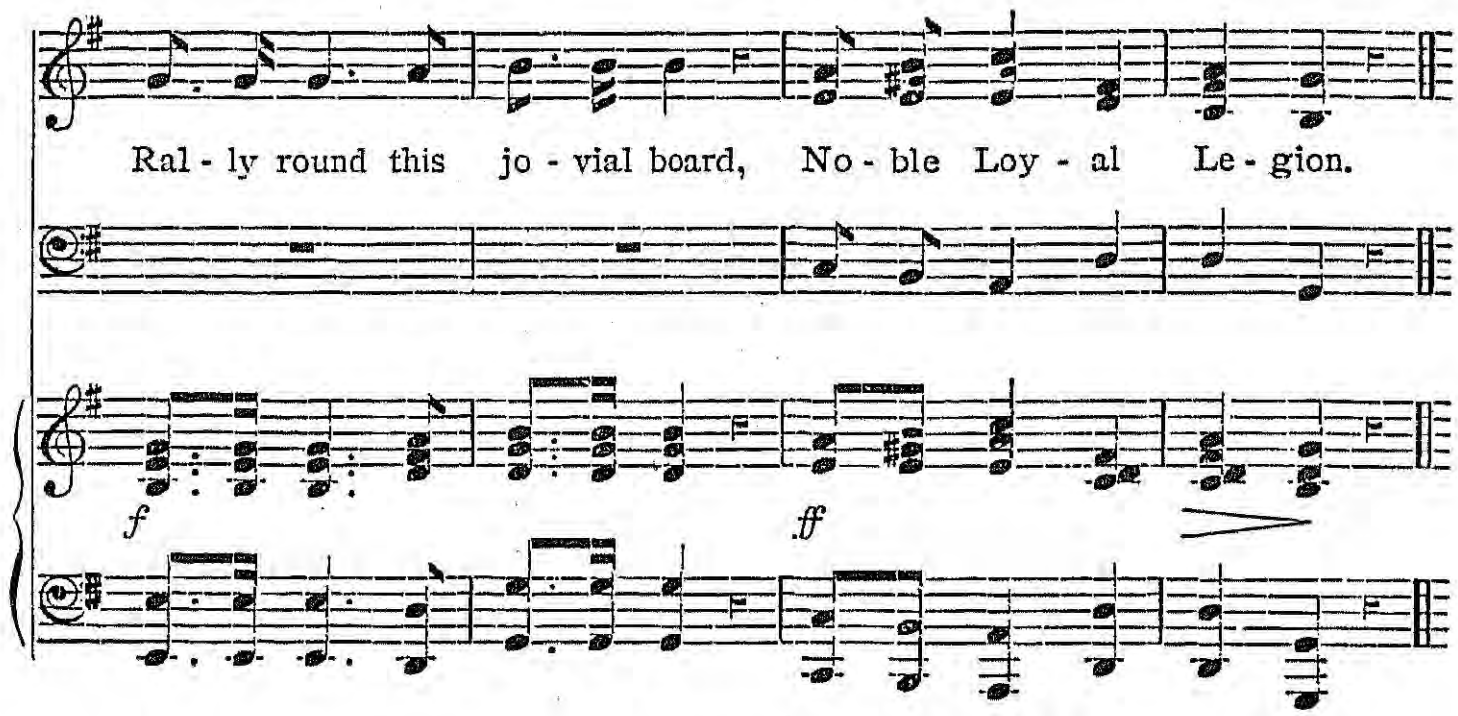


SONG OF THE LEGION.

DEDICATED TO THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES,

AIR—*Lauriger Horatius.*





Quick their country's call to heed,
Noble Loyal Legion,
Faithful in the hour of need,
Noble Loyal Legion,
Glorious deeds of patriot band,
Fighting for fair Freedom's land,
Bright on history's page shall stand.
Noble Loyal Legion.

Laureled banners on the wall,
Noble Loyal Legion,
Tender memories recall,
Noble Loyal Legion,
Joys with sadness interwine,
Hearts through humid eyes outshine,
Tears perfume the merry wine.
Noble Loyal Legion.

Year by year the ranks get thin,
Noble Loyal Legion,
Few recruits are taken in,
Noble Loyal Legion,
There's no place for traitor knave,
Sordid churl nor dastard slave—
Vainly such admission crave.
Noble Loyal Legion.

While of this heroic host,
Noble Loyal Legion,
One is left to drink a toast,
Noble Loyal Legion,
He'll remember days of yore,
Loved companions gone before,
Mustered on the shining shore.
Noble Loyal Legion.

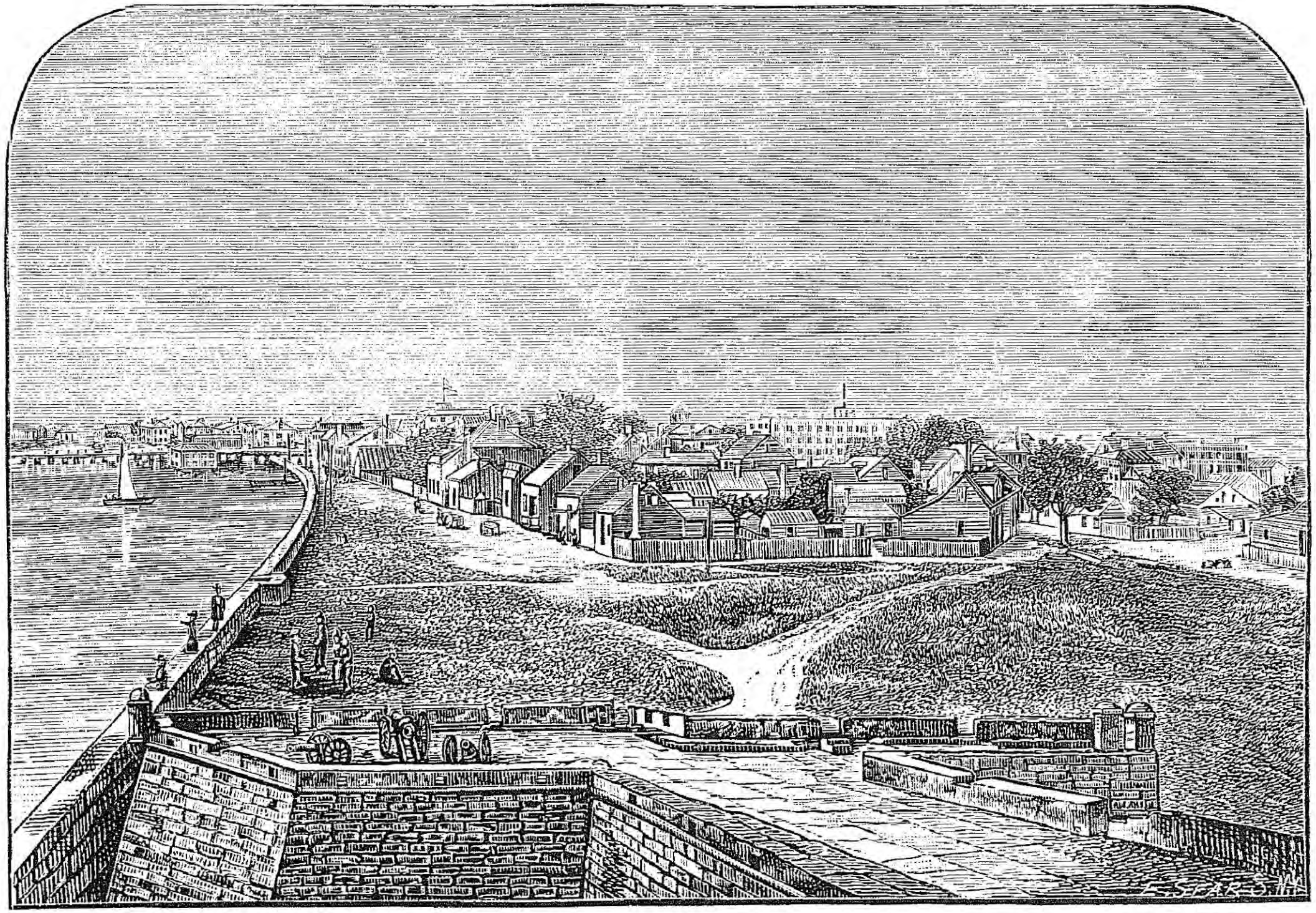
Fill your goblets to the brim,
Noble Loyal Legion,
Join in the Commandery hymn,
Noble Loyal Legion ;
May the last Companion here
When he sees grim death draw near,
Meet him with bold Legion cheer!
Noble Loyal Legion.

Captain Buckman, who served as an engineer officer in the Confederate Army, and planted some innocent shell-fish in Jacksonville harbor during the war, sang Benny Havens over and over again. It brought tears to his eyes at the thought of the old days, for he is a warm-hearted enthusiast and betrays the impulsiveness of his ardent Celtic nature when moved. It is refreshing to come across an enthusiast, in these cold, cynical, *nil admirari* times, when only vituperation excites warmth. Small praise, but abundant blame, seems to be the fashion. Mr. Jones is the editor of the *Times-Union*, a Democratic organ, and Mr. Driggs is a member of the Republican Committee, so that we were equal politically, with an odd number in the assemblage. The balance of power was held by Uncle John, a "fencer" of renown, who maintained it *in equilibrio*, with strict impartiality: he is a Republican who votes the Democratic ticket. The symposium was a period of uninterrupted joviality, fitly

crowning with agreeable recollections our last night in port, before the final sail for home. The Commodore's impressive readings from Longfellow, with interjected comments (sometimes inapplicable) by all the auditors, was an elocutionary effort long to be remembered. Our guests left in the morning, after a light early breakfast of fennel and an egg and rasher, bearing, we trust, their share of the happy thoughts which will cluster in retrospection around a day of undiluted pleasure in St. Augustine.

There was but one drawback to our visit. We failed to bring away an alligator. The steward had purchased one, but we left it ashore. No well-regulated family ought to come away from Florida without an alligator. A young alligator is quite an entertaining pet. It is what the ladies call "cunning," ranking next to the young nigger and little pig, which are held in high estimation in this category of admiration. The destruction of alligators in Florida every year is enormous, and it is said that before long they will be nearly extirpated. But if we failed on the alligator, Uncle John secured another pet in a mocking-bird, of remarkable merit as a singer, which he named Jim.

Shortly after the departure of our friends, we sailed out of the harbor, the sun tipping with silver the steel-blue waves (false heraldry, emblazoning metal on metal), a fresh breeze serving to get us over the bar, and enabling us to escape the Seth Low, which we feared would be lying in wait to give us a tow, which would have made a heavy inroad on the Commodore's treasure-chest. Everything seemed propitious for a quick passage. On the 30th we were off Cape Hatteras, and some stormy petrels sailed around, the first we had seen during the voyage. Their appearance is said to presage a storm, but we had none. They deceived us. I shall place no confidence in Mother Carey's chickens as storm-breeders



ST. AUGUSTINE, FROM FORT MARION.

hereafter Perhaps they had a gale on hand and reserved it for another vessel. If not, they owe us one. But they needn't be in a hurry to pay ; we are not inexorable creditors.

We saw here a fine sight, a large, full-rigged ship, under a cloud of canvas, from deck to truck, every sail set and drawing—main, lower and upper topsails, topgallants, royals and sky-sails. It was a graceful picture. The modern four-masted schooner presents an attractive appearance under full sail.

May-day came in bright and warm. Uncle John proposed that I should put some artificial flowers in my hair and dance with him around the foremast as a may-pole, but I said no ; I wanted no floral crown ; like Cæsar, I wore laurel to hide my baldness. He said he didn't see it, and I told him it was because I had neglected to employ the newspaper correspondents.

We had a fine run of fifty-two miles in four hours ; then cold, baffling winds set in, and our next twenty-four hours showed a progress of but thirty-one miles. The returns came in unfavorably, showing heavy losses. The winds are uncertain, like the German vote. If I wanted to say something unjust here, I would quote *Souvent femme varie*, and compare the wind to variable woman, but I deny the truth of the saying. The Latins knew better, they made the wind masculine. It is the man who is fickle, the woman is true, faithful, loyal, and devoted. She always will be, unless she gets spoiled by voting, or knocking around promiscuously among men in unfeminine associations. You can't restore the bloom to the peach after it has rolled on the ground.

During this calm, we had time for a good deal of discussion, and talked over our experiences since last February with much earnestness. We agreed in the main, but our

fondness for argumentation found wide scope during the idle floating along. One of the perplexing problems was to account for the fact that during our voyaging, visiting English, French, Dutch, and Spanish islands, attending operas and carnivals on Sunday, we never happened to see a case of drunkenness. The Commodore accounted for it by the climate, but I said if it was an atmospheric influence, New York City would be exempt from intoxication during the hot summer months, which are as warm as the tropics in winter. Then the light wine and beer theory, which is advanced to account for the superior temperance of Europe, will not hold good, for we have been in places where they drink spirits; where all the rum of commerce is produced. When asked how I accounted for it, I said: "My theory is that drunkenness is fostered, to a great extent, by excise liquor laws intended to operate prohibitively; that is, instead of being a source of revenue merely, under proper regulations, excise is diverted to restriction. Excise means revenue, not prohibition. These have powerful allies in the ignorant anti-drinking societies, which make no distinction between moderation and excess, between temperance and drunkenness. They promote the evil they ostensibly essay to cure. Moderate drinking is one of the cardinal virtues—Temperance; drunkenness is one of the seven deadly sins—Gluttony. The teetotal reformer jumbles them together and bespatters virtuous Temperance in his indiscriminating attacks on vicious Gluttony. It is no merit to abstain entirely from the use of intoxicants, unless the abstainer has a dangerous longing which might lead him to excess, in which case abstention is an effort of self-denial which entitles him to the same credit he would earn by imposing restraint on any other inordinate appetite. But the person who has no taste for liquor and takes a vow of total abstinence has no merit as the exemplar of a Christian virtue,

for the simple reason that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors is not a Christian virtue, any more than total abstinence from pork and beans would be: not so much if one were fond of pork and beans to excess, and didn't care for liquor.

"There is a class of busybodies, meddlers, fanatics, and bigots who have set up the modern heresy that there is something unchristian in drinking. They call themselves temperance men, or temperance menwomen, as the case—or rather gender—may be. This is a misnomer. Temperance doesn't mean total abstinence. It means moderation. Here is the authority of the lexicographers:

"Webster defines 'Temperance, Habitual moderation in regard to the indulgence of the natural appetites and passions; restrained or moderate indulgence; moderation; as *temperance* in eating and drinking; *temperance* in the indulgence of joy or mirth.'

"Worcester gives this definition: 'Temperance, Moderation; opposed to any improper indulgence, but especially to *drunkenness* and *gluttony*; sobriety; soberness.'

> "'Observe
> The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
> In what thou eat'st and drink'st.'—MILTON.

"But the professional teetotaler parades himself ostentatiously as a temperance man, when he is really nothing of the sort; he is an intemperate extremist. Teetotalism is the frigid zone, Temperance the temperate, Drunkenness the torrid. The two extremes are teetotalism and drunkenness, the golden mean is temperance, moderate eating and drinking.

"Yet these sciolous agitators will insist that they have a right to establish a Christian prohibition of drinking intoxi-

cating liquors. They usurp the prerogative of Christ and His Church in laying down the law. They are of the same class as those who quote the Decalogue, relating to the obligatory Jewish Sabbath, to enforce the observance of the optional Christian Sunday. They organize associations which they style Christian Temperance (meaning teetotal) societies, the fundamental principle of which is that prohibition of drinking is part of Christianity. This is misleading assumption. Christianity inculcates temperance, or moderate drinking, teetotalism is total-abstinent Mohammedism. The believer in the Bible drinks, if he wants to, the votary of the Koran is a teetotaler, a prohibitionist. There is not a line in the Bible that prohibits drinking in terms, unless it be in the one quotation I shall make presently. Drunkenness is denounced, but moderate drinking is encouraged. It is said that you can prove anything by the Bible, but there is one thing that cannot be found in it—a text absolutely prohibiting drinking. There are many that commend it. For example :

"Psalms civ. 15 : 'And wine that maketh glad the heart of man.'

"Proverbs xxxi. 6: 'Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.'

"'Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.'

"Judges ix. 13 : 'And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees ?'

"These texts could be multiplied, but they are enough for the purpose. I know you can find others, such as 'wine is a mocker,' and 'look not upon wine when it is red,' but these shafts are directed against immoderation.

"I can find but one text which would give color to this assumption of positive prohibition, and even this is susceptible of a different interpretation: 'But they who believe, and who fly for the sake of religion, and fight in God's cause, they shall hope for the mercy of God; for God is gracious and merciful. They will ask thee concerning wine and lots: Answer, In both there is great sin, and also some things of use unto men; but their sinfulness is greater than their use. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you, by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer: will ye not therefore abstain from them?'

"This is not a command; it is simply a request, and to make it prohibitive is a strained construction.

"But drunkenness is a horse (or pig) of another color from temperate drinking. So far from intolerance in this matter, a little lushing was probably not regarded as out of the way after Christianity was formally established and promulgated in the use of wine at the Last Supper. Before that, the Saviour of Mankind was stigmatized as a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners; as we find by Matt. xi. 19. The modern pharisees keep up the cry against publicans and sinners. My reason for believing that it wasn't unusual for the good fellows to get slightly fuddled in those days, is found in the Acts of the Apostles. After they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, the Jews, in order to get a hitch on them, accused them of being drunk; an amiable practice kept up to this day by liars and slanderers. Here is the text:

"Acts ii. 13. 'Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine.

"14. 'But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye men of Judea, and all *ye*

that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words :

" 15. 'For these men are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is *but* the third hour of the day.'

" It will be seen that St. Peter didn't ask the mob to accept his naked denial ; he backed it up with a convincing physical argument. It was too early in the day for the Apostles to be slewed. Later on, he wouldn't speak so confidently.

" These Christian temperance persons will argue with you that the wine of the Bible was unfermented and unintoxicating ; and in the next breath will quote the Scriptures against drunkenness, which they ignorantly or maliciously confound with temperate drinking. If it was not intoxicating, how could the sinners get drunk ? The fact is all wine is intoxicating ; if it were not, it wouldn't be wine at all. The substance must be fermented to become wine. The exceptional prohibitory case before referred to is the command to Aaron, Leviticus x. 9 : 'Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation.'

" This applies exclusively to the priests, and is restricted in time and place. Those of us who are priests, and go into the tabernacle, must abstain, but when we come out, there is no command against taking a modest quencher, as Swiveller would say.

" It is no wonder that the faith of the people is destroyed when false prophets arise and pretend that the Christian religion makes it sinful to drink. Yet there are some conventicles, or conferences (I don't know what they call these things) which will not permit a man to enter Heaven, through the particular gate they have charge of, if his breath smells of liquor. So the members of those persuasions or 'societies' drink on the sly, and eat cloves and cardamom seeds. Others

rule a man out of Heaven for using tobacco. I think myself St. Peter ought to draw the line at chewing. There is no more wrong in drinking a glass of good whisky than in eating a piece of bread. Any other belief is heresy.

"The reason why there is comparatively so little drunkenness in other countries is that nobody thinks of prohibiting the use of liquor; but few get drunk, if we measure by the American standard. Public opinion is in favor of drinking; public opinion frowns on intoxication. In our country, the loathsome drunkard, rolling in the gutter, glances through the window at a gentleman drinking a glass of wine at dinner, and yells out: 'You drink and so do I; there are two of us.' Then the humanitarian (a vicious word etymologically in the sense in which it is generally used, but probably correct in its employment here, for it means one who denies the divinity of Christ) slaps the miserable glutton on the shoulder and sniffles: 'You are right, my poor, weak, suffering brother. Keep on getting drunk so long as the gentleman keeps drinking and staying sober. You have as much right to drink as he has. You support my business of denouncing the saloon-keeper for making you drunk. Stay drunk!'

"It is useless to theorize on these matters. Drunkenness is a horrible evil, but pseudo-reformers don't take the right course to suppress it, even if they want to, which is doubtful. Their occupation would be gone; they would lose the frightful examples. There must be some object of denunciation to keep up interest in the churches. So, when there are no serious conflagrations, opportune railroad accidents, or frightful steamboat disasters to preach about, in star engagements, there is always left the stock business of iniquity in rum-selling, with the Bible lugged in occasionally by way of variety. Drunkenness is horrible. When the Lord wanted

to cause destruction to the world He used the type of the wine-cup of fury to the prophet Jeremiah. There is a story told of a monk, to whom Satan offered a choice of sins—incest, murder, or drunkenness. The poor monk chose the last, as the least of the three; and, when he was drunk, he committed the other two.

"In countries where there are no prohibitory laws, and no temperance (!) societies, there is but little intoxication; it flourishes with prohibitive excise laws. This is the fact, and one can draw his own inference. I may be wrong in my deduction. I am about as apt to be wrong as right on any subject. I know that these views are not in accord with those that obtain generally in the community, but many thinking persons will agree with me. The mass doesn't think. A man gets drunk and commits a crime. Then the unthinking mob howls, Prohibit the sale of liquor! It is an impracticability. The only way to prevent the use of liquor would be to make it a matter of religion as the Mohammedans do. The so-called temperance advocates attempt to make it a matter of Christian religion, but, unfortunately for them, it is inconsistent with Christianity. To use the political simile, which a majority of religionists understand better than they do the Bible, there is no room in the Christian platform for a liquor-prohibition plank. The Christian system is a Divine revelation, and there is no revelation against drinking. All through the Bible the use of wine in moderation is approved. To sum up, Temperance is a virtue, Drunkenness is a vice. It is a detestable form of Gluttony. Christ came on earth nineteen hundred years ago, this Christian Temperance business was unknown until within the past fifty years. Perhaps Our Saviour didn't know the law of His own promulgation."

"If you talk that way when you get home," said Uncle John, "you'll have the churches come down on you."

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

"Well let them come," said I; "I think I can hold my own in the argument. The great trouble with us is that we lack the courage to maintain intelligent opinions against the assumptions of those who claim to be holier than we. Truth is truth, whether clothed in black broadcloth and white choker, or in blue kerseymere and red scarf with a diamond pin. The difficulty is, we are afraid of Tartuffe, Mawworm, and Stiggins. Let a man be a teetotaler if he wants to. It is his own affair. But he musn't insist upon every other man being one. Because I don't want it, you mustn't have it. He can't fit his bridle to every mouth. In Sir Thomas More's laws of the Utopians, it is provided that no man shall be punished for religion, 'it being a fundamental opinion among them that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases.' And this great chancellor and renowned scholar, a rigid Roman Catholic, was so honest and conscientious that he let Henry VIII. cut off his head rather than acknowledge the right of the king to divorce and marry at will.

"One of the most unique practical temperance sermons is that given by Dr. Doran, in his 'Table Traits,' preached by a simple German prelate, the Bishop of Trèves, evidently on the banks of the Rhine. He said:

"'Brethren, to whom the high privilege of repentance and penance has been conceded, you feel the sin of abusing the gifts of Providence. But, *abusum non tollit usum.* It is written, "Wine maketh glad the heart of man." It follows, then, that to use wine moderately is our duty. Now there is, doubtless, none of my male hearers who cannot drink his four bottles without affecting his brain. Let him, however—if by the fifth or sixth bottle he no longer knoweth his own wife—if he beat and kick his children, and look on his dearest friend as an enemy—refrain from an excess displeasing to

God and man, and which renders him contemptible in the eyes of his fellows. But whoever, after drinking his ten or twelve bottles, retains his senses sufficiently to support his tottering neighbor, or manage his household affairs, or execute the commands of his temporal and spiritual superiors, let him take his share quietly, and be thankful for his talent. Still, let him be cautious how he exceed this; for man is weak, and his powers limited. It is but seldom that our kind Creator extends to any one the grace to be able to drink safely sixteen bottles, of which privilege he hath held me, the meanest of his servants, worthy. And since no one can say of me that I ever broke out in causeless rage, or failed to recognize my household friends or relations, or neglected the performance of my spiritual duties, I may, with thankfulness and a good conscience, use the gift which hath been entrusted to me. And you, my pious hearers, each take modestly your alloted portion; and, to avoid all excess, follow the precept of St. Peter—Try all, and stick by the best!'"

I talked very seriously to Uncle John about his unfortunate propensity to make puns, which I regard as a blemish on his otherwise blameless character, but he would not be convinced. On the contrary, he contended that, while the dullard, unable to coin them, affected to turn up his stupid nose at these witticisms, they were held in high repute by the *bel esprit*. Said he: "Look here; you have been casting at me old wives' fables, musty proverbs and quotations in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, which you probably dug out of the dictionary, and now I'll hurl at you an original, neat description of the pun, and see if you can rival it with your wordy exhumations. The pun hits the nail on the head; it is the veritable remacutetigistical condensation of verbalistic exploitation. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing," I answered; "it is a dumfounding sock-dolager."

"Puns," resumed Uncle John, "spring forth spontaneously. I can't stop them. They are like the effervescing bubbles of champagne.

> "'True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.'"

"If you are going to quote Pope," I said, "I'll try a few lines on you.

> "'Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

I have listened so much to your punning that I am becoming fearful of contagion; I am already in a state of endurance, and may end by embracing puns myself."

"You needn't be afraid," sarcastically remarked the verbalist, "you'll never be a punster. Nature didn't gift you with the requisite bright intellect and ready tongue. You lack the divine *afflatus*. Punster *nascitur*, *non fit* (there, you see, I can quote as well as you when I want to, but I prefer to be original). You may get off something occasionally if you stick to me, but your jokes will be valuable only for the novelty. They won't be good, but that you can make any will excite surprise. They will be like flies in amber.

> "'Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
> Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
> The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil they got there.'"

"Mercy," I cried, "I give it up. No more contests with you. You have been saving yourself for one grand final

effort by which I am routed, 'horse, foot, and dragoons.' You have cured me of big words and quotations. I renounce them with all their works and pomps."

But he wouldn't let me off. The ancient mariner seized my button-hole, with skinny hand, and carried the war into Hibernia. He said, "One of the popular stupidities is to associate wisdom with reticence and stilted dignity of deportment. If one is bright, cheerful, agreeable, a sayer of good things, he is set down as shallow and frivolous, but a dunderhead may get credit for gumption by wearing a thick suit of gravity."

"Yes," I interrupted, "gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind."

"Never mind that," resumed Uncle John; "Sophocles was not far out of the way, in one view, when he said that 'to know nothing is the sweetest life.' You talk about trifling things. There are no such things as trifles in the world. The smallest events have their influence. Indeed, the destinies of the world are influenced by what are called trifles. There has been a great parade of Napoleon's blowing out one of the candles. I think it was a mean thing for him to do, but he was always a demagogue, although the greatest man that ever lived, and practiced that little bit of economy to get his name in the papers.

"There is often much wisdom in folly. Let me read you what the learned monk Erasmus wrote, dedicatory of his great work 'In Praise of Folly,' to the erudite Sir Thomas More:

"'And it is a chance if there be wanting some quarrelsome persons that will show their teeth, and pretend these fooleries are either too buffoon-like for a grave divine, or too satyrical for a meek Christian, and so will exclaim against me as if I were vamping up some old farce, or acted anew the Lucian

again with a peevish snarling at all things. But those who are offended at the lightness and pedantry of this subject, I would have them consider that I do not set myself for the first example of this kind, but that the same has been oft done by many considerable authors. For thus several ages since, Homer wrote of no more weighty a subject than of a war between the frogs and mice, Virgil of a gnat and a pudding-cake, and Ovid of a nut. Polycrates commended the cruelty of Busirus; and Isocrates, that corrects him for this, did as much for the injustice of Glaucus. Favorinus extolled Thersites, and wrote in favor of a quartan ague. Synesius pleaded in behalf of baldness; and Lucian defended a sipping fly. Seneca drollingly related the deifying of Claudius; Plutarch the dialogue between Gryllus and Ulysses; Lucian and Apuleius the story of an ape; and somebody else records the last will of a hog, of which St. Hierom makes mention. So that if they please, let themselves think the worst of me, and fancy to themselves that I was all the while a-playing at push-pin or riding astride on a hobby-horse.'"

"Forbear, rash man!" I exclaimed, "I can submit to a good deal, but when you come to launch Erasmus at me, I have done. Go on with your joking; be as funny as you can! Erasmus! Holy smoke! as Aleck Taylor said when he saw a bishop light a cigar aboard the steamer America." *Exeunt* confabulations.

I became homesick at the thought of parting with Uncle John. He was anxious to get home, but I have none to go to, and the yacht has become a sort of home to me during these months of pleasant companionship, lightening care, and shedding the cheerful glow of hearty and sympathetic communion.

After a tedious wrestle with a head-wind and retarding fog, we sighted the Five Fathom light, off Cape May, on the second, and on the afternoon of the third we made the High-

land lights, and, passing Sandy Hook after dark, sailed up to our old anchorage, singing, as we went through the Narrows,

THE MONTAUK SONG.

When we come sailing back again,
Hurrah! Montauk!
From cruising on the Spanish Main,
Hurrah! Montauk!
As we cast anchor in the Bay
We'll hear the jolly boatmen say,
Oh, welcome home in merry May
The peerless yacht Montauk!

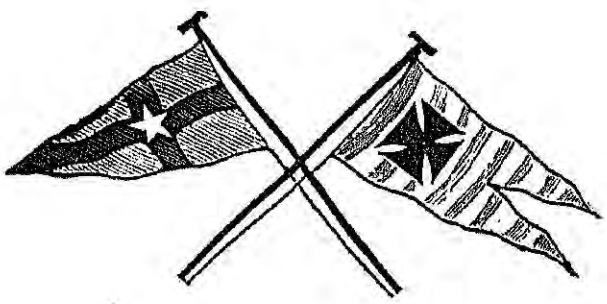
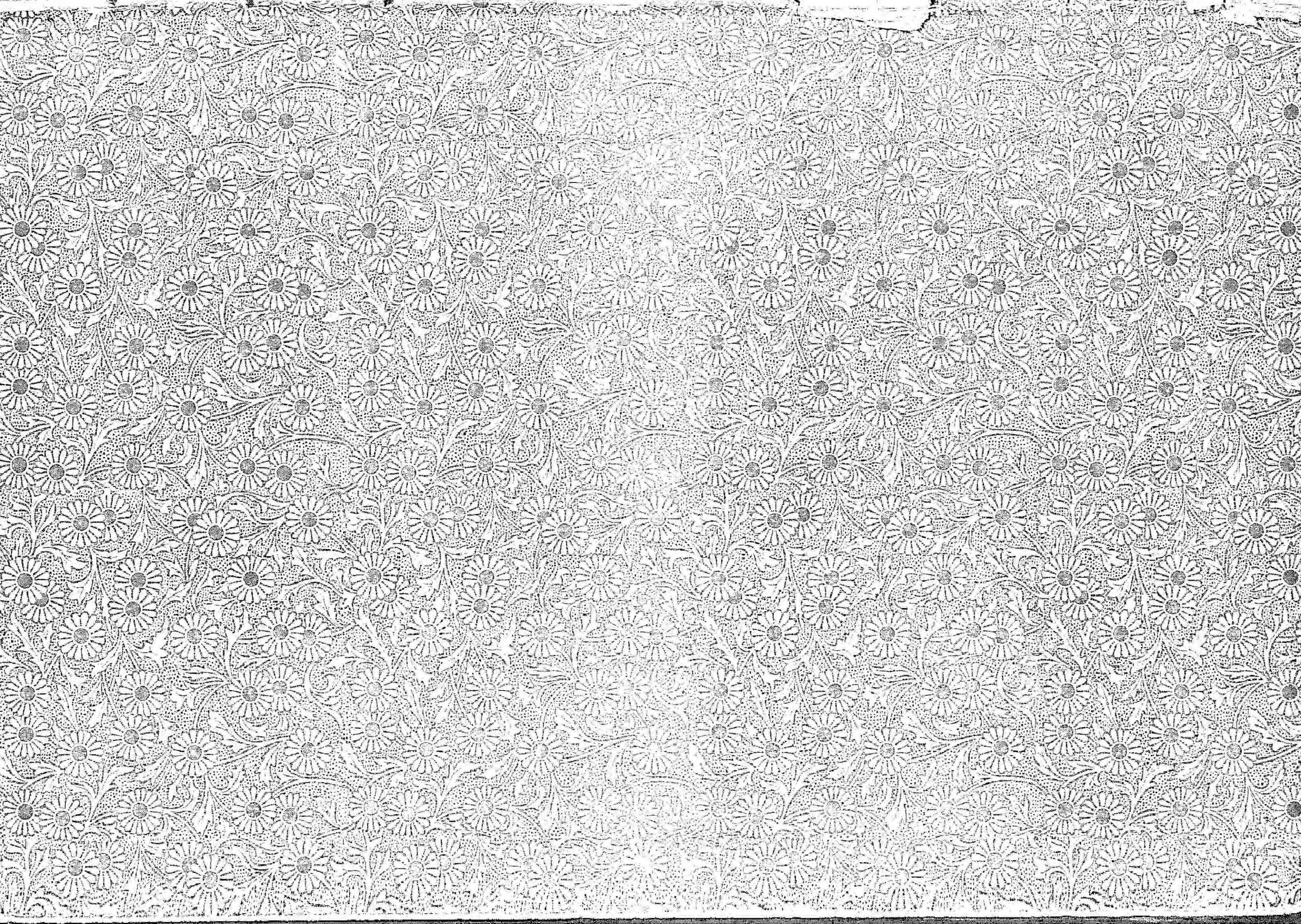
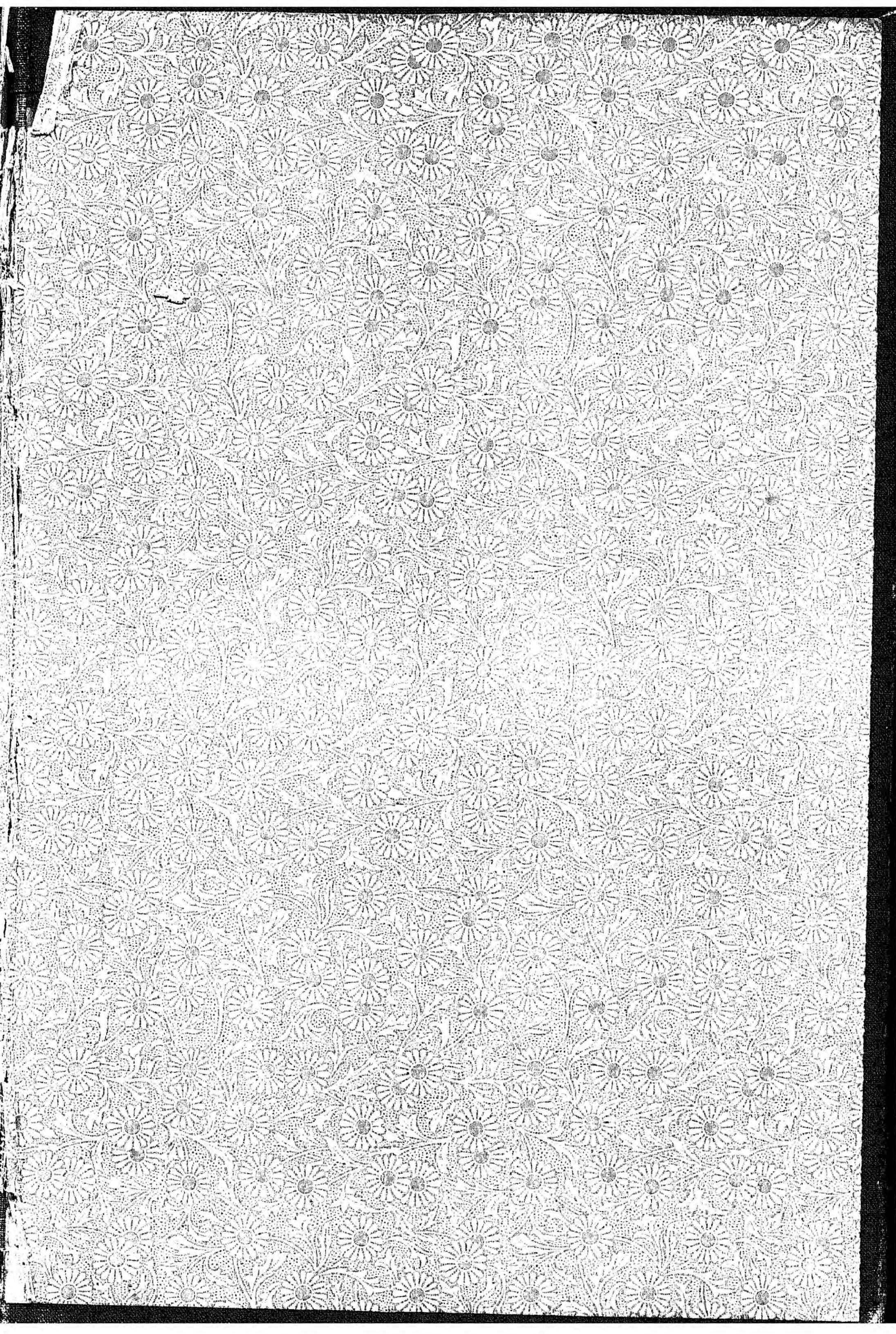
We'd nasty weather in Gulf Stream,
Hurrah! Montauk!
We heard the wild waves' vengeful scream,
Hurrah! Montauk!
When angry waves our brave craft struck
She met them with unflinching pluck—
She rode the waters like a duck,
The peerless yacht Montauk.

Bermudian hospitality,
Hurrah! Montauk!
Outstretched warm hearts with hands so free,
Hurrah! Montauk!
Bold yachtsmen cheered with three times three
The flag of New York's yacht navy—
And pretty girls came out to see
The peerless yacht Montauk.

We met among West Indian isles,
Hurrah! Montauk!
Kind greeting words and genial smiles;
Hurrah! Montauk!
And now we're here to sing the song,
That winds and waves will chorus strong—
May victories her fame prolong!
The peerless yacht Montauk.

Before departure we had fixed May first for the date of our return. We were not far out of the way. Half an hour before midnight, on the third, some welcoming lights were displayed from yachts in the Bay ; we came to anchor off Stapleton, Uncle John (the ruling passion strong to the end) shouting, as the chain ran through the hawse-hole, "Halloo, Mr. Breitfeld, you've dropped something"—and so ended

THE CRUISE OF THE MONTAUK.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